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THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND.

It is a heartless task, even for the most zealous advocate, to plead the cause of any set of men, whose personal conduct, however unquestionable their political claims may be, must, in the public mind, create a prejudice against them. Human nature is always slow to recognize—however obvious the fact may be—either title or virtue in the thing which it dislikes; and men may reasonably be difficult of belief, when any individual comes forward complaining of injustice, whose general bearing they know (practically) to be that of violence and offence.

And in this predicament—whatever may be the excuse set up for it—it is impossible to deny that the Catholics of Ireland now stand. Were England the only party concerned, the cause of "Emancipation" might be carried to-morrow. Our Catholic countrymen—the poorest of them—are too far educated and informed, for us to be very apprehensive of their being charmed with seditious insolence, or biassed by priestly craft. Their complaints, until of late years, were little heard, because, individually, they felt little inconvenience from their disabilities. And, as a body, they had no "leaders," because they were hardly numerous enough to be created into an "aggrieved faction," by brawling on behalf of which, obscure people might erect themselves into notice. In Ireland, however, the pressure of the "exclusions" operated differently; and the temper in which they were treated, therefore, took a different aspect. The heavy amount of interests at stake, made the trade of emancipation, there, a game worth following; and these are not times, even in Ireland—thanks to the effect of our "general education"—in which, when an opportunity offers for six men to ride into consideration upon the shoulders of sixty thousand, such directors are backward to be found. So that, in Ireland, the fact being, that the "wrongs" of the Catholics have (perhaps fortunately) placed a good number of persons on horseback, who must walk on foot again whenever those wrongs cease to be discussed, it becomes tolerably certain that their discussion will never cease, short of their redressal. And, however obstinately England may persist to exercise her power of refusing concession, as long as "rent" can be collected, and the cost of holding meetings, at which speeches can be made, sustained, she has small chance of being delivered from importunity.

For ourselves, we cannot stir one step upon this subject, without plainly declaring, that we protest against any inference, that we couple or

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mix up the question of "Catholic rights" with the conduct of the Catholic leaders, or even with the conduct of the Catholics themselves. Whatever excuses may go to palliate the conduct of the Irish Catholics within the last five years, we have no choice but to avow our disapprobation of that conduct, and our more than disapprobation of the individuals by whom it has been advised. We have not a word to say in favour of Catholicism as a system; and we take it to be an error which time—and not a very long time—will be sufficient to disperse. We look upon Mr. O'Connell and his friends as disturbers, on whom the law should keep its eye; and—for any thought of growing authority, or ascendancy, attaching to their creed—we would hazard the peace of England almost upon the bare suspicion of any such event to-morrow. But we believe it has been shewn, by all history, and all experience, that men's opinions—it matters little upon what subject—are seldom to be changed by coercion, and still less by advice or importunity. The conduct of the Catholic is repulsive, and his faith (we think) is that of ignorance and error; but he labours for the common sustenance, and he has fought for the common safety. The true question is, then, not whether we like his demeanour?—for he will hardly improve it, on being told that we do not. Nor yet, whether what he demands (ungraciously enough) will benefit him?—for of that it is for himself to judge. But the question is, whether we are withholding from the Catholic—no matter how his *manners* seem to us—that which is his *due*? For we have no right to punish insolence with the penalty belonging to treason; or to refuse payment of a creditor's money (especially where it has been long owing), because we quarrel with the way in which he happens to bring in his bill. If we withhold from the Catholic even the slightest privilege—the smallest point of freedom or immunity—more than we are compelled to bar him from, for the public safety and the public good; then, at once, without more argument, we are doing him injustice, and he is entitled to relief.

Our opinion is favourable to the removal of many of the restrictions which now affect the Catholics; but it does not extend to the conceding quite all the liberties which they claim; nor does it arise from any expectation of immediate advantage to be gained by such concession to Ireland.

It seems frivolous to us, for instance, and almost impertinent, that Catholics should talk of being allowed to "practise as lawyers" in our Protestant Spiritual courts; and still more unreasonable that they should think of holding "beneficial offices"—say teacherships, or church-livings?—in the universities of Oxford or Cambridge. To talk of grounding any such "claim" upon the fact that those universities were "founded by Catholics," is just as absurd as if Dr. Doyle were to claim a right to turn the Protestant clergy out of three-fourths of the churches and Cathedrals in England, and convert them into chapels for Roman Catholic worship—for they also were "founded by Catholics."

In the same way with respect to the sacrament of marriage, which the English Catholics complain can only be legally solemnized by a Protestant clergyman. Looking at this point fairly, marriage partakes so materially of the nature of a civil contract, that it becomes highly convenient, with reference to civil interests *merely*, that some fixed rule should be laid down for its execution. And, for the satisfaction of scrupulous consciences, there is the immediate remedy—the ceremony may be performed *twice over*—performed by a Catholic clergyman, either after the solemnization of the Protestant rite, or previous to it.

A third point—and one of far more consequence—upon which we are opposed to the demands of the Catholics, rests upon the plain expression, and, as it seems to us, unavoidable interpretation, of a very important document in their cause—the Catholic Bishop's Ordination oath. If it is said that we stand here upon a “question of words,”—then we must answer, that to the giving up of “words” (which have no meaning), there can be no rational difficulty or objection; and that when we—who are the stronger party—are prepared to concede so much which has real meaning to the Catholics, it looks suspicious any pride or refusal on their part about giving up a very little (which is said to have no meaning) to us. The oath, however, sworn by every Catholic Bishop to the court of Rome on his appointment, shall speak for itself. And it stands thus:

“I, from this time forward, will be obedient to my Lord the Pope, and to his successors.”—

To this there is no objection.

“The counsels with which they trust me *I will not disclose to any man.*”—

To this, we will not *take* any objection.

“I will assist to maintain the *royalties* of St. Peter *against all men.*”—

This might, perhaps, be a little doubtful.

“I will carefully preserve, defend, and *promote* the rights, privileges, and *authorities* of the Pope.”—

Even this we will suppose to be meant merely in a *spiritual* sense; though, seeing that spiritual objects are attained—and always have been—by temporal means, we are not so clear as we could desire to be, about the “great gulph” which parts an ecclesiastical from a civil ministry.

But our immoveable objection arises upon the next clause:

“I will not be in *any action, council, or treaty*, in which any thing prejudicial to the person, right, or *power* of the Pope is contrived; and, if I shall *know* any such things *treated of*, by *any whomsoever*, I will to the utmost of my power *hinder* them, and with all speed *signify* them to the Pope.”

Now the question here is not a question of expression. In the old Latin copy of the oath before us, the line,—“prejudicial to the power of the Pope, &c. is *contrived*,” would read more strictly “is *plotted*”—the latin word used being “*machinentur*.” But there is a plain, direct, and obvious undertaking, in the whole meaning of the paragraph, to “*hinder*,” and “*give information of*,” all policies treated for purposes hostile to the advantage of the Catholic faith. Thus much, then, seems certain.—(We are coming now to the question of admitting Catholics—or making them eligible to be admitted—to the Privy Council.)—That right of admission could never be enjoyed by Roman Catholic subjects universally; because *Catholic Bishops*—of their own act—must, we apprehend, be shut out and exempted from it. No man who had taken the oath which we have just copied, could—as it seems to us—without *direct perjury*, afterwards take the *Privy Counsellor's* oath; because, having already sworn to communicate and disclose, to a particular individual, *every thing* (upon a particular subject) which should come within his knowledge, he would there have to swear, most deeply and unequivocally, never to disclose *any thing* to *any* individual, or upon *any* subject, of that which should come within his knowledge. The words of the Privy Counsellor's oath are these:—

“You shall *keep close and secret all* such matters as shall be *treated, disputed, detailed, or resolved on* in council, without disclosing the same, or *any part thereof.*”—

And even "if any matter which is propounded shall touch any person sworn of the council, you shall in nowise open the same to him, but keep it secret."

Now, if this be a question of "words," it is such a question of words as Catholic honour and Catholic conscience are very deeply interested in properly arranging; and nothing can be more clear, we apprehend, than that, while the Ordination oath remains in its present state, no Catholic Bishop could take—much less keep—the Privy Council oath. But we go beyond this;—we think, upon a very little consideration, it will appear incontrovertible that Catholics must be excluded from the Privy Council altogether. Because, practically, we know that the duty of "confession" must place that which is in the knowledge of every Catholic—especially where the interests of religion were at stake—within the knowledge of his priest. And it seems hardly questionable, that whatever knowledge the priest acquires under such circumstances, he must find it his duty to communicate that knowledge to his superior, the Bishop;—who is already sworn to "signify the same," with "all possible speed," to the Pope. To admit any Roman Catholic nobleman or gentleman, therefore, into a council, in which matters directly important to Protestant safety and Protestant advancement, at home and abroad—matters "clearly prejudicial to the power of the Pope"—may, in all ordinary probability, be treated of, while there exists a prescribed and certain line of communication open, by which the views of that council will be conveyed to the power most vitally interested in frustrating them,—and through that power, in all probability, directly to a foreign enemy—to do this would be to go to an extent of liberality—or, more properly speaking, of rashness—for which we say, unhesitatingly, we are not prepared. Independent of the two objections which present themselves more immediately to any such admission—first, that (to shorten the channel of mischief) it is by no means improbable that a nobleman, who was a Privy counsellor, might, at once, have a Bishop, personally,

* A good deal of fencing, and, we might almost say, quibbling, appears to have been used in the course of the examination before the House of Lords, as to the statement or production of this "Catholic Bishop's oath;" and Dr. Doyle, who does not produce the oath, states a clause lately inserted, which he thinks removes all possible objection to it:—

"*Hæc omnia, et singula eo inviolabilius observabo, quo certior sum nihil in illis contineri quod fidelitati meæ erga Serenissimum Magnæ Britanniae et Hiberniae Regem ejusque ad Thronum successores debite adversari possit;*"—

which Dr. Curties, the titular Bishop of Armagh, translates thus:

"I so much the more willingly take this oath, because I see that it contains nothing but what is perfectly consonant to the duty I owe to the Serene King of Great Britain."

Dr. Curties, however, gives the oath itself; from which we extract, in the reverend gentleman's own words, the following passage:—

"*Neque ero in consilio, vel facto, seu tractatu, in quibus, contra ipsum Dominum nostrum, vel eandem Ecclesiam, aliqua sinistra vel prejudicialia personarum, juris, honoris, status, et POTESTATIS eorum machinentur. Et si talia a QUIBUSCUNQUE tractari vel procurari novero, IMPEDIAM hoc pro posse; et quanto citius potero SIGNIFICABO eidem Domino nostro, vel alteri per quem possit ad ipsius notitiam pervenire.*"

Now, if any person deems this oath "perfectly consonant" with the oath and duty of a British state-minister, or Privy-counsellor, we will only say at present—with that person we are at issue.

for his spiritual director; in which case much of the circuit of information is spared, and the communication with the foreign court is direct and ready:—and, *secondly*, that, subject merely to the understood and admitted obligation of “confession,” we do not see how any Catholic could conscientiously take the Privy Council *oath*—or any other oath—by which he would swear never to “confess”—or, in other words, to “disclose”—any thing of that which shall pass in his hearing to any human creature!

We know perfectly well that this is not a line of argument likely to be popular; and that politicians always make the most impression when they look at only one side of the subject. Indeed it is curious to see how completely the convenience of that course, in public affairs, is recognized, by the very parties who would shrink, with the greatest horror, from it, in any matter of private inquiry. The noble and learned Lord who occupies the woolsack, and who is understood, of all men in the country, to have made up his mind the most irreversibly against the claims of the Catholics, is proverbial—and perhaps honourably so—for the difficulty which he finds in making up his mind, in the most trifling claims of individual right. If our speculations are to tend, however—even remotely—to any practical or profitable purpose, that object can only hope to be advanced by our exhibiting, not merely the arguments on one side of the case, but a balance of the difficulties or advantages attendant upon both; and therefore, on the one hand, while we are favourable to the conceding nearly all the material eligibilities demanded by the Catholics; on the other, we are bound to say, that there are some which we should refuse to yield them. And, moreover, disposed as we are for the safety and benefit of Ireland, to go to the very farthest point that we dare, in favour of the Catholic body, yet it would be disguising the difficulty of our case if we were not distinctly to avow, that we look for very little of that sudden advantage to Ireland, from such a course, which some of the more thorough-going advocates of emancipation so confidently anticipate.

Now we should be ready, were it in our power, to grant to the Catholics, immediately, their admission to the House of Commons and to the House of Peers; their elective franchise in England; and full corporate rights in Ireland. We would allow them to claim silk gowns at the bar; and all the Judgeships, except the highest in Chancery, and those of the Ecclesiastical courts; and, in short, give them every material privilege which they claim, excepting only the rights of sitting in the Privy Council; of being chosen to the highest active offices of State, and to the first commands in the army and navy. And yet we have no belief that, if all this were done to-morrow, Ireland would *at once* be materially benefited—or even that the factious clamour, which makes the thought of that country so loathsome to the souls of all people in this, would be likely to cease.

We are quite at a loss to understand how any immediate benefit, in the way of “conciliation,” can be expected to accrue—from the granting to one fierce and irascible body, that power, which another body, nearly as fierce and unmanageable, has for years been striving, life and soul, to keep from them. For any relief expected to the worn-out ears of the people of England!—Out of the “Emancipation” itself, on the contrary, new matter—in profusion—for trading orators to make harangues about, would arise. Something—and this would not be a trifle—would have to be said in the way of triumph, for what had been

gained. Something, too, on the possibility—and this might very fairly lead to a fresh dispute—on the possibility of taking, by special pleading, a little more than had really been conceded. A great quantity of argument would still be marketable—purely because so much had been granted—in disputing for the remainder which was still denied. And the division of the “loaves and fishes”—the complaint that, after right to office was admitted, appointment to it was withheld—that some Protestant was made attorney general, when the post ought to have been given to a Catholic—or that some Catholic was raised to the dignity of constable, merely because he neglected his religious duties, and had been three Sundays together absent from mass—these would be grievances, not only to go on in discussion incessantly for many years, but such as something might be said from time to time upon, absolutely to eternity.

The evils too, unhappily, under which Ireland labours, are too many and too real to be cured, as by a charm, by the passing of any single bill through the English Houses of Parliament. We have never looked at “Emancipation” as at a question which, in that country, would merely affect the few: but its success this hour would not, in one moment, give peacefulness and education to the lower classes of the Irish—temperance and charity to the few resident gentry—or a disposition to live among those *by* whom they live, to the wealthy absentees. A soil, which its owners have abandoned to mercenary strangers to rack and make their profit of—upon which not even any stranger will live, who has a competence to live any where else. A population so dense and crowded, as to be lowering the market for labour—to ruin—upon each other: desperate from having no evil—scarcely even death as an evil—to fear; and lawless, even from that very perfect destitution, which leaves them nothing to hope for, nothing to protect. A disregard, common to all ranks, of neatness, decency, and of that peculiar quality which, in England, we call “comfort.” Crimes of a nature the most savage and ferocious; a constant trust in falsehood, and in some jobbing, crooked policy; and an almost insane propensity about the whole people—their wants absolutely apart—to acts of violence and fury. These causes of ill—relieved by some few bright qualities (but scarcely useful)—the virtues of a barbarous age—are the great features which present themselves to a stranger in his first view of the state of Ireland: and these are not calamities which the removal of Catholic restrictions (alone) can cure.

The mistake of the argument, however, here—as upon too many other subjects—seems to us to be the pressing always for immediate and extreme results. If we can do little, by any single measure, for the relief of Ireland in the present, a time must come, at which we shall have to lay a groundwork for improvement to that country in the future. Admit the statement, that the Catholic restrictions do not, “in fact,” touch one in five thousand of the Irish population; yet, do we not know that, “in fact,” it is not for “fact” alone—for reality—and for something which may be “had and received”—that men cut one another’s throats by thousands? How many more than the “one in five thousand,” in any society, are really affected by their admissibility, or non-admissibility, to posts of power and distinction? and yet, who would venture to propose an Act of Parliament in England, by which the meanest mechanic was to be shut out from his right of competing for that power and distinction? The first step—begin when we will—taken towards improving

the resources and condition of Ireland, must be the annihilation—cause and effect—the tearing up by the roots, and casting forth—of that accursed *Party spirit*, which no man but one who has lived in Ireland can credit the extent of. Our first step must be to make the country *habitable*—endurable to others than those who have no power to escape from it. For it is trash to talk of Absenteeism—of the non-residence of the wealthy—as other than as a stab to the very heart of prosperity in Ireland. Does she not want, to degradation and to starving, that better order of labour—that more profitable employment—which would arise from the expenditure of large sums annually, in objects of convenience, of luxury and splendour? Does she not want, still more pressingly, the presence and example of a class of persons, whose tastes (at least) convenience, habits and advantage, are interested in the maintenance of order, moral sense, and general security, about them? She will never obtain this advantage—she never can obtain it—while every village, every parish, in her dominions, is the hourly scene of personal and party discord; or while the bare suggestion of religious or political discussion raises her whole population—like the sound of a *tocsin*—in fury, and thirst for bloodshed, from one end of the country to the other. Ireland is a fertile country—a cheap country—blessed with a mild and wholesome climate; governed (as far as transactions between man and man are regulated) by equitable laws: what foreigner—for ease, for economy, or retirement—takes up his residence in Ireland?

As Irish society stands now, neither creed or dogma form any real matter of consideration; the name—the mere nominal distinction—Catholic or Protestant—is enough. Those who are the most regardless upon the religious part of the question, do not hate each other the less savagely—the less part thought of mercy or forbearance—on the political part of it. Every Catholic, as the law at present stands, is born a *marked* and an *excluded* man: this fact alone, though he possessed the virtues of an apostle, is enough to blast his moral sensibilities, and warp and influence his conduct throughout life. His Protestant neighbour—no more than his equal in wealth, in lineage, or in acquirement—perhaps his inferior in every one of these—is born to rule over and surpass him! And there is no strength in human sufferance to submit to this. From students, they come together to the Bar; ten years are passed, and the Protestant must step before his Catholic rival—take precedence of him in the court—give the law to him from the Bench, in his profession. In political life, the first may sit within that House, from which the last must be excluded. As a churchman, he succeeds to high dignities, to wealthy revenues and emoluments, which his proscribed neighbour may never hope to enjoy; but which his proscribed neighbour must help to pay for. Now, where the common chances of fortune produce this inequality, the loser forgives the triumph; but we repel the insolence of a superiority, which—apart from merit or exertion—is provided for by law. A man, without wealth—without talent—character—without visible superior pretension of any kind, cannot be tolerated—merely in virtue of his belonging to a particular class, or faction—to bestride, and overbear, and bully, and soak up all countenance or authority from the otherwise more naturally powerful, and more meritorious individuals who surround him. Wherever any unfair *job* of this kind is attempted, wherever a system of favoritism (backed merely by superior force, or undue influence) is contrived to be introduced, the unfailing conse-

quence is, that it gives birth, not merely to a state of constant discord and of party warfare, but to a warfare of the meanest malevolence, of the most dishonourable fraud and artifice; of insult—slander—treachery—in short, a warfare which brings every baser passion of our nature into play. Thus it is that an Irish political quarrel exhibits features which fill every man but an Irishman with astonishment: there is a savage ferocity about all its details which shocks him, and always a spirit of low stratagem—of falsehood or equivocation—from which he recoils.

It is folly, or wilful sophistry, to speak of these dissensions as agitating the higher classes of Ireland only. The quarrel of the master must become the quarrel of the servant, even where the interests of both were not identified, and the same. Who is there can doubt, that the rich Catholic must have influence with, or over, his poorer neighbour or dependant? That he will use that influence, by all means—lawful, or unlawful—to counteract the power that unjustly galls and presses upon him? That the Catholic peasant, on his part, will think and act in concert with his Catholic landlord, whom he sees shut out from his natural place and birthright, for the maintenance of their common faith? Our first object then should be, if we have a thought seriously to benefit Ireland, to cut off that source of eternal feud and quarrel—that scourge to all prosperity in the country—the distinction and preferment of one class of its inhabitants to another. If that object cannot be obtained entirely, then our aim should be, to obtain it as nearly as possible; to abolish all preferences, as far as the very boldest policy will permit, so as to give to the Catholics the greatest possible interest (consistent with security) in maintaining our existing system, if we cannot give them a disposition to be entirely content with it. And this is what we would understand by the term “Emancipation.”

For the extent, then, to which farther concession might be carried, we have already intimated our belief, that to seats in the Privy Council, and to some few situations of high and direct authority in the state, it would be incongruous that Catholics should be admitted. We cannot admit into those particular councils of a State, the very essence of the proceedings of which is *secrecy*, an individual whose first principles of faith would render the keeping secret those proceedings a spiritual crime.* But to the concession of all the other material immunities demanded—the admission to both Houses of Parliament—(councils the proceedings of which, however important, are not directly secret)—the right to places, generally, of honour and profit in the law—and to the privilege and freedom of all corporations; to all these admissions we are disposed readily to consent, nor can we find any danger capable of arising out of them, even deserving to be mentioned.

For, admitting all the worst religious tenets ascribed to the Catholics to be founded in fact, and that we have every danger to apprehend as far as concerns their will, we cannot see how these new privileges would give them the power of doing any mischief.

Catholic barristers, for instance, are excluded from receiving silk gowns;—how is it—unless a danger is created wherever people have cause given them to be satisfied—that the same man is more politically dange-

* The course which, since this paper went to press, the English government has found it expedient to resolve on with respect to Spain, is one in which the “power” of the Pope is more than likely to stand very seriously “prejudiced.”

rous in a silk gown than in a stuff one? The silk gown gives no title—not even any claim—to farther promotion. Judges and attorney generals are as commonly taken from the stuff gown as from the silk; and the advanced rank depends for its value entirely upon the man: for the silk gown inevitably *beggars* any barrister, who has not sufficient public estimation to support it. The real difference between the silk gown and the stuff one is simply this—that the gentleman who wears the first takes double the amount of fee, upon any given brief, which is taken by the second. And, although much general inconvenience is known to be sustained in the course of legal business, by keeping any counsel *behind* the bar whose popularity entitles him to *promotion*: it is difficult to perceive how the tranquillity of a country can be interested, in compelling Mr. Donovan to be content with half-a-crown, where Mr. O'Shaughnessy receives five shillings!

Let us take for the next point the case of the Judgeships. Why should we close against the Catholics (in England and Ireland together) thirty places of honour and profit, which it is impossible to call parts of direct political authority? The office of Judge is to a lawyer an honourable retreat from active labour; it is a rank which stamps—or ought to stamp—as meritorious the individual who receives it; and it has a pecuniary value of from four to eight thousand pounds a year. There seems to be no reason why such an office should not be as competently filled by a person of one religious persuasion as by a person of another? The office of Judge embraces the performance of no political duty, in the execution or neglect of which the security of the State could be suddenly endangered; and a sudden peril—one which should do much mischief at a blow, and before it can be checked or remedied—is all that we are entitled, in the consideration of a question like this, to guard against. And, for undue prejudice or partiality in private cases—suppose any such disposition likely to manifest itself—how would it be more difficult of correction and punishment in a Catholic Judge than in a Protestant one? No one supposes the danger of misconduct from a Protestant Judge throwing the country into insecurity or confusion. We know that such conduct might—and certainly would—lead to the ruin of the offender himself; but we should find it difficult to point out any course by which it would be likely to be the ruin of the State.

Then, for the third point of restriction which we propose to get rid of—the law which excludes Catholics from sitting in both Houses of Parliament—we think that exclusion will be the most impracticable for defence of all the three. In the first place, it is assumed by the opponents of Emancipation, that, if once Catholics were eligible to the House of Commons, not a single Protestant member—or at least scarcely a single one—would ever again be returned from Ireland. Now we do not well understand from what *data* this consequence is inferred. When one-half of the Protestant members of the House of Commons are already voting in favour of the Catholics of Ireland, why is it so impossible that wealth and character should continue (as they have always done in elections) to maintain their sway; and that some Catholics in Ireland should vote in favour of Protestants, who had merit to deserve their votes—not to say any thing of power to command them? We hardly think too favourably of Irish stability, nor yet, wrecked as the national character has been, too confidently of Irish principle; but yet

we scarcely believe that, if they had the right to elect Catholics to-morrow, the voters of Ireland would displace *all* the Protestants who have supported their cause in the House of Commons. And, for those Protestants who have opposed their claims there, *they* obviously stand in still less danger; because, if there had been any earthly power to exclude them, they would all have been turned out long ago.

The real probability is, that the number of Catholic members returned by Ireland would never exceed thirty or forty; the number returned in England would proceed only from the holders of a few close boroughs, perhaps there might be a dozen, probably not so many. But, even suppose every member returned by Ireland to be a Catholic—what are their numbers? one hundred—not quite a sixth, of the whole strength, or number, of the House. Added to the systematic “Opposition,” it is said, the force of these new members would be overpowering! It would amount—in a House composed of six hundred members—to a hundred and thirty, or to a hundred and fifty at most. But, even set aside the comparative strength or weakness—these terrors are founded on a fear of what the Catholics could do, united with the “Opposition?” Does any man out of Bedlam believe, that the “Opposition” in the House of Commons—that is to say, the monied and aristocratic party out of office for the time being—would join the Catholics of Ireland to overturn the Protestant religion, and pull down the State? Of what would such persons suppose the House of Commons to be composed—that assembly which governs and protects the interests of the whole people of Great Britain?—Of what do they take it to be made, who suppose that, by the influence of forty, or fifty, or sixty fresh members of a particular persuasion, it can be brow-beaten, or persuaded into acts contrary to the well-doing of the community? What a particularly imbecile, as well as disloyal, “six hundred,” we must have contrived to select from the whole mass of the British population, if such could be the case! Such a House ought not to be “reformed,” but to be “turned out of window.” We would venture to pronounce, that there is not a common club of journeymen carpenters, sitting at the sign of the “The Three Compasses,” in any street between Hyde Park Corner and Ratcliff Highway, who would not laugh at the notion that their measures were likely to be influenced by the admission of a tythe of Catholic joiners within their pale. It is unnecessary for us to labour a point so clear as this; but the real fact, we strongly suspect, would be—that, to the weight of the Opposition, the Catholics would, for a long time, add nothing. Every body knows that the strength of the Parliamentary Opposition does not lie in its numbers, but in its character—not in the vote of Mr. Moore or of Mr. Harvey: but in the voices of Mr. Brougham, of Mr. Tierney, of Sir Francis Burdett, and of some dozen other individuals, whose talents or honour (as the quality may be) give confidence to the country in the opinions which they support.* Now, from these persons, the great odds are, that the *enragé* Catholics first elected would receive, after the first half session, little or no countenance at all. Mr. O’Connell, as

* Again, we may refer to the events which have occurred since this paper was written. The support of the “Opposition” leaders to the course pursued by Ministers with respect to Portugal, was not merely constitutional and ample—it was instantaneous—enthusiastic.

the active agent of a rather desperate and very ill-treated cause, is looked at with a very different eye by the Whigs of England, from that with which—pursuing the same conduct—he would be regarded if he were the representative of a fairly-dealt-with party, and a member of the British House of Commons. A very considerable failing in the Irish character generally, is a want of that quality which we designate by the name of “tact;” and we strongly suspect that the first generation of Irish Catholic members would have those among them who would be very excessive about the interests of Ireland; and (by consequence) very unpopular. Their merciless speeches would cease to be reported in a week; their questions would be cut in a month; and in two sessions we should see them turning Ministerialists, to avoid desertion and insignificance altogether. The event would be—when they found their senses—that the Catholic members in the House of Commons would enjoy precisely that quantity of influence which properly belonged to them. By their exertion, the interests of Ireland (in detail) might perhaps be more accurately looked after than they are at present—which no one can doubt would be a circumstance of advantage.

And it is not by the apprehension of trifling difficulties, or of merely possible contingencies, that we should be deterred from doing an act which is one of general policy and justice. There never was a law passed, never a principle admitted, in which the existence of some imperfection might not be shewn. We ask for no faith in the intentions of the Catholics of Ireland; we will take their case in the most difficult view; we will suppose that they have no respect for oaths, and that they believe they can obtain absolution from them; that they refuse to renounce particular tenets, merely from pride—not because to do so would be a waver of their faith, but because it would be a desertion from their party; and, taking all this to be true—of which we do not believe any thing like one-half to be true—still, in what way can the Catholics of Ireland be more dangerous to us, after they are emancipated, than they are at present?

Surely no individual of common mind or education, can fancy, in these days, that it is possible either to improve, or to convince men, so long as we proscribe them? Let the pride of such people, or their principle, be their impelling motive, what does it matter, when we see that they are impelled—and impelled into a course which we have no earthly hope of arresting? We believe the impelling motive of the Catholics to be a mixed one; and we are glad to believe so, for it mends our case. A Catholic gentleman can hardly turn to Protestantism (as the law stands)—even though his reason should incline him to do so—without incurring the suspicion of interested motives. It is hardly possible for him, under any conviction, to desert the cause to which he has been born; which his ancestors have maintained; and which his friends, round him, are suffering for; while the law of the country renders him a *gainer* by the exchange. The very existence of the Penal Laws against Catholics, must confirm a Catholic of high and honourable feeling to his side; and, so far from finding any thing disheartening in this view, we repeat, that we are well pleased to take it—well pleased if we have only to satisfy the honourable scruples of a man, instead of having to over-convince his bigotry or his superstition. But the very centre-stone of our position—no matter what we have to satisfy—is still—as it has been from the begin-

ning—this—in Ireland, nothing can be done without concession to the Catholics: and England runs no risk in making such concession.

In Ireland, unity can never be attained without some measure approaching to Emancipation; unless it were by the other decisive measure of Extermination—which the spirit of the times will not permit us to apply. Six millions of persons—or five—or four—will never be persuaded—though they might be fried—into a quiet resignation of their civil rights. This very fact, that we must not be “executive,” it is that makes our attempting to be “unjust,” so peculiarly absurd. If we might hang or drown the whole five millions of Irish Catholic population; or—what would be better—bane all the men with Prussic acid, keeping alive the female children, and the grown women under forty; then, whatever might be thought of the humanity of our project, there would be some show of common sense and reason in it. But, what folly—“more gross than ever ignorance made drunk”—would be that of any military commander, who should voluntarily march into the field of battle, at the head of an army of twenty thousand men—knowing one brigade, of seven thousand among them, to be disaffected to himself, and to the cause they had to fight for?

Then, for the risk which England would encounter, in granting to the Catholics those concessions which we have described—except some little ebullition of triumph (which would be offensive, perhaps, to the eyes and ears of Irish Protestants) in the outset—a little vulgar insolence from falling demagogues, which men of sense would smile at—and a few bonfires (not of houses) among the peasantry, which a posse of extra constables would put down—what more should we have to fear from the people of Ireland (emancipated) than we have to fear at present? The same means—the same physical force—would keep the country then that keeps it now. We should still have the bayonets of the military to repress violence; the sentence of the judge, and the hand of the hangman, to punish offence. We do not shrink from the mention of these remedies; let them be used—so they be used justly; let them be used firmly and freely: we are better content that fifty men should die for wilfully violating the law, than that five hundred thousand should be kept in bondage or surveillance from an apprehension that they may violate it. If we have strength to keep Ireland down now—with every Catholic in it necessarily disaffected to our system—why not, at least, have equal power to keep it, when all the moderate party of the Catholics—to put our hopes upon the most modest footing—would have cause to be content?

For, eligibility to trust and office, it must be recollected, does not give men election to trust and office; and we should no more make a Catholic lawyer Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas than we do a Protestant, without first being well assured that he was a fit man for such a situation. The Catholics, after they were eligible to elevation, would still have to earn their elevation, like other people, by their talents, or by meritorious service; impertinence and dullness—after it had obtained all the eligibility in the world—would remain practically just in the same place where it is at present. And, for any apprehension of the increase—of the progress—of Catholicism in these days, when reason and education are rapidly advancing in every quarter of the globe!—when Catholicism in Spain and Portugal—even out of the operations of the late

disastrous war—has received a wound, which it may linger on with, but from which it never can recover—when, in France, the same seeds of knowledge have more than taken root—have shot up, and will never be eradicated, whatever may be the transient absurdities of bigots in power for a time—when, by a singular example of the generalizing spirit of intellect, the very same party—the liberal party—which in England is calling for Catholic Emancipation, is in Spain, at the very same moment, fighting—to the loss of life and country—against those very abuses which Catholicism most prizes and esteems most dear!—to talk of any apprehension of the advance of Catholicism in England or Ireland, under such circumstances, is literally to talk of an event so opposite from all ordinary probabilities, as to seem to convey an imputation of apathy or weakness upon the Ministers of our British Protestant Established Church.

For what can there be to us Protestants, so seducing in the apparently absurd dogmas of the Roman Catholic faith—what can there be so attractive about the chains which it puts upon a man, both mind and body—that we should think the members of our own Established Church—with all their attributes of wealth, supremacy, and talent—unable to make head against it? Into the value of the Roman Catholic's Creed it is not our intention now to enter; in a religious view, we shall never use the freedom of discussing its worth at all: but to us it does seem as impossible that darkness should resist the daylight, as that the Catholic faith should resist the progress of knowledge and education. We desire neither to print sermons for the people of Ireland, nor to attack them by missionaries; all we demand is—that, which in the long-run cannot be prevented—that the people should be taught to *read*. We care very little about their reading the Scriptures in the first instance—if there be any question raised upon it. Let them read only the “*Farmer's Magazine*,” Cobbett's “*Cottage Economy*,” the “*Complete Letter-Writer*,” the “*Whole Duty of Man*,” or even the “*Footman's Directory*.” This reading alone will bring with it a great deal of knowledge: if it only brought a little—having a *little*, they will soon contrive to have *more*. Cobbett's book, above all others—the “*Cottage Economy*”—well distributed in Ireland, would do ten times more good in that country—we speak it with no irreverence—than the distribution of the Scriptures. No peasant will read the contents of that book without being excited to search farther. The running stream might as easily be bound in fetters, as that natural operation of the human mind be prevented. The peasantry of Ireland are acute enough—stupidity is the last of their failings—on all matters where once they see their interests concerned. And for the effect of Concession—would it be possible, we ask, for Catholic gentlemen to *sit in an assembly like the House of Commons*, and go on there, either maintaining the superstitions of a dark and barbarous age, or justify the wilfully keeping their poorer countrymen in hopeless and degraded ignorance?

We know that the Catholic cause is guided badly; that it is urged in one quarter by bold and furious enthusiasts; and, in another, sought to be made a stepping-stone by pretenders, whom it would be a waste of attention even to name. But by every act of justice, let it be remembered, which we perform—by every step which goes to the redressal of real and well-founded complaints—so much is done towards putting down impudence and quackery into the obscurity which such qualities properly inhabit.

And—we dislike in general arguing from what are called “facts,” for the cause and effect, as regards these, is always liable to be disputed—but surely the system of coercion—as far as we can dare to try it—has been long enough, and obstinately enough, tried in Ireland. It has cursed the Protestant inhabitant of that country—who looked for advantage from it—with the hourly fears, as well as with the hideous passions, which belong to an oppressor. To the Catholic it has given the blood-thirsty, vindictive, treacherous spirit of a man, who feels that he is injured, and feels that no fair—no honest, candid means of redress, or of relief, are open to him. It is this system which has brought us to the misery, of hearing one portion of a people publicly adjured by the hatred which they bore to another portion!—and answering that adjuration. It is under this system that we have heard the painful bodily affliction—the deep and calamitous personal suffering—of at least a brave and open—of a firm and noble political opponent—made the subject of laughter—of ribald jest—of horrible exultation, merriment, and triumph. It is under this system that we have seen a public petition presented against a gentleman *eighty years of age*,—and one who, in his day, it is well known, was used to put up word for no man,—to remove him from a post, which he could scarcely hope to occupy a great while longer, upon the published statement that his *age and infirmities* made him *unfit* any longer to discharge the duties of it.

Acts like these arise out of feelings which Englishmen cannot comprehend. It is no wonder; for those feelings are the fruits of a political system, which—Heaven be praised!—has been unknown to us. It is only by abolishing and putting an end to that system which makes the two parties in Ireland—Catholic and Protestant—the *born* enemies of each other, that we can ever hope to eradicate those feelings, or cut down that accursed poison-tree of party-spirit, which blasts and withers all the wholesome existence of Ireland, and of Irishmen—rendering their society an offence, and their country a desert.

Catholic Emancipation will not produce a result like this instantly; but, *until* Emancipation is granted, that result can *never* be produced. When attained, that result will not cure all the evils and miseries of Ireland! but it will allay the burning fever that consumes her, and allow to other remedies the chance of operation and fair play. At least, the fury—lawlessness—the disaffection of the general population of the country—will then no longer be, as it is now—the boast, and—the *RELIANCE*—of a large class of its inhabitants!

The length to which this article has already extended itself—joined to the impossibility of competently discussing the Catholic Question within the limits of any single essay—compels us to close our argument for the present, though we leave many important circumstances connected with it untouched. We are no friends to the Catholic faith or system. None will be better content than we should, to see not a wreck or a fragment of that religion remaining; and upon some of the tenets and usages upheld by it—viewed with reference to their effect merely upon the temporal interests of mankind—we may hereafter take occasion to observe. But it is because we are convinced that it is in the very nature of every creed which is held by six millions of men, to gain additional strength and compactness from the restraints imposed upon it, that we are disposed to weaken those restraints—to untwist the string that holds the faggot—to withdraw the pressure which binds the Catholics toge-

ther. And it is because we do not understand the strange anomaly of alarming us about the advance of bigotry and priestcraft at one extremity of a kingdom, while we are instituting prosecutions to check the march of open infidelity at the other, that we apprehend no proselytism from the utmost exertions of the Roman Catholic clergy, except of such sucklings as would become followers of Richard Taylor, or Joanna Southcote.

In this view, therefore, it is, finally, that we intreat our readers to look at the Catholic Question—to look at it as a whole, not as a series of unconnected *items*—to attend to the grand result, not to the working of isolated parts. We intreat them to consider in what a position—how contrary to nature—the existing system places all parties in Ireland! Catholic ministers going from house to house, exhorting and influencing the Catholic tenant to break his solemn compact with his Protestant landlord; Protestant landlords marching up their Catholic tenants, to vote for that member as *their representative* in Parliament, who stood pledged to maintain the exclusion of all Catholics from the rights and privileges which their fellow-subjects hold for ever!

Let the gentlemen of England ask their own hearts and senses, if any system under which men are placed in a situation such as this, can ever prosper? We ask them—do they believe that, while the people of Ireland have no leisure for any other employment but to hate and curse each other, any improvement in the state of that country can rationally be hoped for? Our own object has been to take a view, less of the legal quibbles incident to the Catholic Question, than of its broad and general bearing. The exact extent to which we think concession should be carried, we have not opportunity *here* to lay down in detail; but we have stated our principle, that such concession should be large—free—ample—such as would give almost every thing that the Catholics demand, and every thing from which the security of this country, in its operations with foreign powers, does not necessarily exclude them. Our main anxiety has been to establish the *principle* of relief. To shew that no real danger can result from that course; and that, as regards Ireland, without it, practically, we may dismiss the question of improvement altogether. With our last line we repeat, that, of apprehension from the consequences of Emancipation, no particle approaches us. If England is strong enough to keep down Ireland now, and still to persevere—as she has so long persevered—in a course of wrong; she has at least the same strength to maintain that unhappy country with, if she were to try the experiment of doing justice.

THE RETROSPECT.

I HAVE not heard thy name for years;
 Thy memory ere thyself is dead;
 And even I forget the tears
 That once for thy loved sake were shed.

There was a time when thou didst seem
 The light and breath of life to me—
 When e'en in thought I could not dream
 That less than mine thou ere couldst be:—

Yet now it is a chance that brought
 Thy image to my heart again;
 A single flower recalled the thought:
 Why is it still so full of pain?

The jasmine, round the casement twined,
 Caught mine eye in the pale moonlight;
 It broke my dream, and called to mind
 Another dream—another night.

As then, I by the casement leant;
 As then, the silver moonlight shone;—
 But not, as then, another bent
 Beside me—I am now alone.

The sea is now between us twain,
 As wide a gulph between each heart;
 Never can either have again
 An influence on the other's part.

Our paths are different; perchance mine
 May seem the sunniest of the two:
 The lute, which once was only thine,
 Has other aim, and higher view.

My song has now a wider scope
 Than when its first tones breathed thy name;
 My heart has done with Love—and hope
 Turned to another idol—Fame.

'Tis but one destiny; one dream
 Succeeds another—like a wave
 Following its bubbles—till their gleam
 Is lost and ended in the grave.

Why am I sorrowful? 'Tis not
 One thought of thee has brought the tear:
 In sooth thou art so much forgot,
 I do not even wish thee here.

Both are so changed, that did we meet
We might but marvel we had loved :
What made our earliest dream so sweet?—
Illusions—long, long since removed.

I sorrow—but it is to know
How still some fair deceit unweaves—
To think how all of joy below
Is only joy while it deceives.

I sorrow—but it is to feel
Changes which my own mind hath told :—
What, though time polishes the steel,
Alas ! it is less bright than cold.

I have more smiles, and fewer tears ;
But tears are now restrained for shame :
Task-work the smiles my lip now wears,
That once like rain and sunshine came.

Where is the sweet credulity,
Happy in that fond trust it bore,
Which never dreamed the time would be
When it could hope and trust no more ?

Affection springing warmly forth—
Light word, light laugh, and lighter care ;
Life's afternoon is little worth
The dew and warmth of morning air.

I would not live again Love's hour ;
But fain I would again recall
The feelings which upheld its power—
The truth, the hope, that made its thrall.

I would renounce the worldliness,
Now too much with my heart and me ;
In one trust more, in one doubt less,
How much of happiness would be !—
Vainer than vain ! Why should I ask

Life's sweet but most deceiving part ?
Alas ! the bloom upon the cheek
Long, long outlives that of the heart.

L.E.L.

LOVE'S LAST MEETING :

[Modernized from an old Manuscript, found among the Records of the Medical School at Bologna.]

THE days of my youth ! the days of my youth !—how deeply do your recollections dwell within my soul !—how vividly does memory recall you, and the deeds to which you gave rise !—your bright hopes, your burning wishes, your blight of heart, your absolute despair ! He who receives a stunning blow early in life, will probably, through physical strength, rise, after a time, from under it ; and, if he be thrown into full collision with the world, the wound will heal over, though, from time to time, the scar which it leaves will ache. In his breast there will be the reverse of the oasis of the desert ; for, however the larger portion of the soul may bloom—to what extent soever it may be fertile—there will be always one spot of barren and burning waste, to contrast with and to check the flowering meads around it.

Oh, Florence ! thou whited sepulchre of outward beauty—thou inward charnel-house of all my happiness—of my soul's hopes !—how bitterly do I hate what others love so much—thy streets of palaces, and thy flowing Arno ! With what a leaden heart have I looked down, from thy surrounding amphitheatre of hills, upon thy fair villas, glittering among the dusky olives ; and thy noble church, rising like a crown, to complete this scene of queenly beauty ! What, indeed, is the loveliness of a natural object, if the associations connected with it be sad ? If the tidings be mournful, of what avail is the speaker's voice ?

When I went again to Florence, after long years, it was recalling into new life the great, the *one* misfortune of my youth. My heart beat against my side with the tumultuous throb of re-awakened agony ; I felt once more the desolation of a bruised spirit. Alas ! how strong are the impressions of local memory ! A sick shudder came over me as I passed the house where — !

Beauty beamed upon her brow—Love flashed from her eyes, and mantled on her glowing lips. The full confidence and utter unreserve of young affection, gave to her the dignity of their own singleness and simplicity. What, indeed, is more holy than female love in its first force and purity—before the world has chilled it, or repetition sullied the exquisite bloom of its unity and abandonment ! It is one of the highest and most intense of the mysteries of human nature—one of the most beautiful of its phenomena—the most engrossing of its impulses ! The sophisticated may sneer at its simple feelings—the corrupt may mistake its purity for coldness ; but that very simplicity is the cause, at once, and the effect of its strength and condensation : the very purity of the flame betokens its intense heat !

How beautiful she was !—Beauty ! oh, beauty ! which maketh the senses drunk, and the spirits reel under thy influence—which, like the wild honey of the ancient story, art delicious to the taste, but maddening to the brain !—how thy force and thy sweetness, are they not increased when we behold thee in the woman of our soul's love ! Here is her picture ! How lovely are their features !—their fine outline—their rich development—their placid expression ! How the eye feasts upon them !—how the soul is fed by the deep, calm thoughts which that countenance exhales ! Yet does not this treasured image more excel the most ill-favoured of the daughters of Eve, than it falls short of the

same face when lighted with the fire of love's heaven—when the cestus of affection added to it the lustre of its charm-conferring spell! In my bosom hast thou been nestled for years; the pulses of my heart have beat under thee; thou hast been to me what the figure of his patron-saint is to an anchorite—a treasure far more than earthly! Yet couldst thou but for a moment possess that look of love which those eyes were wont to shed upon me—that smile, which spake of fondness, as the glance did of intensity,—I would be content to part from thee for ever,—aye, even though my heart should burst in the effort it would need!

Truly have I compared the feelings with which I regard this image to those excited by devotion. “Buried love” has all the force and warmth of earthly passion, freed from all the grosser particles of earth;—it has all the ethereal purity of spiritual adoration, with a fervour and reality superadded, which, alas! our corporeal nature can scarcely ever feel towards that which is *only* spiritual. Our thoughts are turned towards a being whom we have adored when in the flesh, who now is raised to a state more exalted and purer than our own. The passion we feel for the woman, is tempered by the reverence with which we regard the spirit; and the two feelings united, form, probably, the highest and best which enter into the bosom of humanity.

The moon was struggling through a swift rack which drifted over her; her light fell fitfully upon the stream, and on the distant dome of the cathedral; the water rushed past our feet, as though swelled by the torrents from the mountains;—but we heeded not the gloom; we did not note the marks of recent tempest; our hearts communed with each other—*we were together!*

We parted that night in youth, in health, in high hope. For once, “the course of true love seemed to run smooth.” It is true, we could not yet be united; I was as yet only a student at Bologna, and I had a mother and sister who mainly depended on my exertions for support. But, in a few years, my studies would be finished; I should be settled in a sphere of humble usefulness; my hopes, my wishes, were fixed on domestic enjoyments—on that happiness which is to be tasted nowhere but in a happy home! It is one of the frequent effects of a strong and virtuous passion in early life to accelerate, by many years, that taste for simple and domestic pleasures, which all men feel as they approach the decline of years. I have since been a wanderer—I have travelled over a large portion of the earth; but, if the hopes of my youth had been realized, I should have been happy—oh! more than happy—in the narrow circle around my humble home—for *she* would have been its centre.

We parted that night in youth, in health, in hope—I never saw her again alive!

It was midnight; I was returning home from the lecture which I had been attending—for I had lately devoted much of my time to the prosecution of my studies, as a celebrated professor of medicine was, at that time, resident in Florence. As I approached the Piazza di St. Maria Novella, I perceived an unusual crowd and bustle in the street, and I advanced hurriedly to ascertain the cause—for that square held all that was most dear to me on earth! My eager inquiries, as to the cause of alarm, were speedily answered. When I entered the Piazza, I perceived several houses in flames—her's was one of them! I rushed through the crowd who flocked round the place;—a man inspired with such feelings

as those which instigated me, can make his way through any obstacle. I gained the door; smoke and flames were pouring through the aperture as from the crater of Vesuvius. I pulled my bonnet over my brows, and rushed up the stairs. On the first landing the chamber of Beatrice was to the left—that of her mother to the right. I turned to the left—the room was vacant! I began to hope she had escaped—I rushed into the opposite room. As I entered, I stumbled over something on the floor: it was her body, with that of her mother in her arms!—She had sunk in attempting to save her. It was only now that I perceived the terrible density of the smoke—to remove her was the only hope left. In an instant I bore her though the smoke, and flames, and crumbling ruins into the street.—She was dead!

What were my feelings? Heaven only knows! In its mercy it has decreed that a blow like this shall numb the heart it crushes. Those who have gone through the ordeal can give no account of it; those who have not, can form no idea of it. The first thing which made any impression upon me was a fellow-student, who was to me as a brother, pointing out the effect which the indulgence of my despair had upon my mother and sister. “They have claims upon you,” he said;—“the nearest, the most holy—live for them!” The truth of what he said struck me to the heart; and, like most persons whose minds are shaken by some great sorrow, I rushed from one extreme into the other. I had passed the few days which had elapsed since *the night* in a state of alternate desperate despair and stupor. I could not now restore myself to calmness. I needed a violent resolution, and I formed one. I determined, in despite of all my friend could say to dissuade me, to resume my studies at once; and I determined to accompany him that very evening to a lecture which the professor was to give.

It was the first time I had been in the fresh air since the catastrophe had happened. The state of the atmosphere, the aspect of the heavens, were precisely similar to what they had been when I looked upon them with her. The clouds racked over the moon—the Arno looked dark and troubled, and rushed by with a moaning noise. When I had last seen these sights—when I had last heard these sounds—she was my side. Oh God! where was she now? Those who have suffered a great affliction can, I am sure, full well recall to mind the impression of cutting pain which the contrast between the present time and a few short days before has made upon them. Every thing in the external world, every thing on the surface of society, seems to be proceeding in its usual train. No length of time has passed to account for so vast a change; a few days only have elapsed—but life is closed for them: one expanse of impenetrable gloom is all that the future is to them!

We walked hastily onward—I had no inclination to loiter on the way. We entered the room just as the lecture was beginning. A crowd of students had gathered round the table on which the “subject” lay. I joined them; and having, by degrees, penetrated the circle, I carelessly cast my eyes upon the body which lay before me.—It was *her's*!—The room reeled round with me—I fell senseless!

L.

TASTE.

A THOUSAND persons have asked me—"What is Taste?" I answer—as far (which perhaps is not far) as a definition can convey a meaning—Taste is the faculty of perceiving, and appreciating, the approach to, or deviation from, perfection, in all things.

This, power though doubtless nature has a hand in it, is chiefly the gift of cultivation—as a proof of which we find it possessed almost exclusively by the higher classes of society; and by hardly any in such general perfection as by the English. It is displayed in their houses, grounds, estates, animals of all sorts, equipage, servants, table, manners, and innumerable other things too minute to mention, but all showing the quality as much as the most important. For true taste is not only the gold coin to be used on great occasions, but it is also the silver continually called into play, and spent upon the most trifling objects. Its possessor will not merely be a judge of the merits of a painting, of a singer, or of a statue, but will be equally a critic of the framing of the one, the dress of the other, or the drapery of the third.

And this it is which makes taste so invaluable a possession: of all others, perhaps, the most important qualification for the true enjoyment of existence: for although it subjects its possessor to a variety of annoyances from which the herd of mankind is free, yet it is the property chiefly distinguishing the man from the brute, opening to him pure and copious springs of unpalling enjoyment, and supplying him with a strong bias towards the *agrémens* of life.

The man of taste will find something to admire in almost every corner of the globe—he can never be long *ennuyé*, for although he may by accident be thrown into situations diametrically opposite to his nature, and into the company of persons whose every look, word and gesture must be grating to his feelings, yet he will commonly escape the one and avoid the other, as it were instinctively, and, by contrast, even gain something in the occasional collision.

Taste is the discriminating talisman, enabling its owner to see at once the real merits of persons and things, to ascertain at a glance the true from the false, and to decide rightly on the value of individuals.

Nothing escapes him who walks the world with his eyes touched by this ointment—they are open to all around him: to admire or to condemn—to gaze with rapture, or to turn away with disgust, where another shall pass and see nothing to excite the slightest emotion. The fair creation of nature and the works of man afford him a wide field of continual gratification. The brook, brawling over its bed of rocks or pebbles half concealed by the over-hanging bushes that fringe its banks—or the great river flowing in unperturbed majesty through a wide vale of peace and plenty, or forcing its passage through a lofty range of opposing hills—the gentle knoll, and the towering mountain—the rocky dell and the awful precipice—the young plantation and the venerable forest—are alike to him objects of interest and of admiration.

So, in the works of man, a foot-bridge, thrown across a torrent, may be, in its way, as gratifying to the man of taste as the finest arch, or most wonderful chain-bridge in the world; and a cottage of the humblest order may be so beautifully situated, so neatly kept,

and so tastefully adorned with woodbine and jessamine, as to call forth his admiration equally with the princely residence of the British landholder, in all its pride of position and splendour of architecture.

In short, this faculty is applicable to every object—and he who finds any thing too lofty or too humble for his admiration, does not possess it. It is exercised in the every-day affairs of life as much as in the higher arts and sciences.

The *true* connoisseur is the *universal* connoisseur—who will admire beauty in all the animal creation—elegance—in equipage, dress, and style, as well as in person and manners—the picturesque, in the wilderness of nature as well as in the aptitude of art—music, in the murmur of a stream, and the wild moanings of an autumnal gale, as well as in the cathedral conclave, or the Philharmonic Society. And, in the less intellectual affairs of the table, the man of taste will not be more insensible to the rational enjoyment of a well-served dinner, nor to the quality of the wines and elegance of the dessert, than to the manners and conversation of his companions at the social board.

O most invaluable of all possessions! thou who teachest the true enjoyment of prosperity, and whisperest consolation in adversity—who in the one wilt select our associates from the flower of society, and in the other wilt teach us to avoid the degradation into which, without thee, we must inevitably fall—precious companion in crowds, and most refined sweetness of solitude—in wealth the wand of happiness, and in poverty the spring of comfort and content—grant that I may never be insensible to thy influence, and that I may never wilfully sin against thy chastening dictates!

A. N.

THE PALM-TREE.

.....Has his heart forgot, so far away,
Those native scenes—those rocks and torrents grey;
The tall bananas whispering to the breeze;
The shores—the sound of those encircling seas
Heard from his infant days—and the piled heap
Of holy stones, where his forefathers sleep?

BOWLES.

It waved not through an eastern sky,
Beside a fount of Araby;
It was not fanned by southern breeze,
In some green isle of Indian seas;
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep:

But fair the exiled palm-tree grew,
'Midst foliage of no kindred hue;
Through the laburnum's dropping gold
Uprose that stem of orient mould,
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
Purpled the moss-beds at his feet.

Strange looked it there!—the willow streamed
Where silvery waters near it gleamed;
The lime-bough lured the honey-bee
To murmur by the Desert's tree;
And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

There came an eve of festal hours—
Rich music filled that garden's bowers;
Lamps, that from flowering branches hung,
On sparks of dew soft colours flung;
And bright forms glanced—a fairy shew—
Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, 'midst the throng,
Seemed reckless all of dance or song:
He was a youth of dusky mien,
Whereon the Indian sun had been;
Of crested brow, and long black hair—
A stranger, like the Palm-tree, there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms:
He passed the pale green olives by,
Nor won the chestnut-flowers his eye;
But when to that sole Palm he came,
Then shot a rapture through his frame!

To him, to him, its rustling spoke,
The silence of his soul it broke!
It whispered of his own bright isle,
That lit the ocean with a smile;
Aye, to his ear that native tone
Had something of the sea-wave's moan!

His mother's cabin-home, that lay
Where feathery cocoas fringed the bay;
The dashing of his brethren's oar;
The conch's wild note along the shore;—
All, through his wakening bosom swept:
He clasped his country's tree, and wept.*

Oh! scorn him not!—the strength, whereby
The patriot girds himself to die—
Th' unconquerable power, which fills
The freeman, battling on his hills—
These have one fountain, deep and clear,—
The same whence gushed that child-like tear!

F.H.

* This incident is, I think, recorded by De Lille, in his poem of "Les Jardins."

DOMESTIC ECONOMY AND COOKERY.*

THE multiplication of books, upon all subjects, in the present day, amounts to a feature in the history of the time. No sooner does one original publication—no matter of what character—succeed, than the town is inundated with fifty speculators, breaking their necks which shall be first in imitation of it. Thus we have Brummagem Scotts writing novels; and Brummagem Byrons making verses; and Brummagem newspapers out of number; all outvying each other in doing wretchedly, that which somebody else has already made a hit by doing well. And so—from matters of fancy coming down to matters of fact—no sooner did Mrs. Rundall and Dr. Kitchener acquire a name by their standard works upon “roasting and boiling,”—than new “Cookery Books” sprang up faster than the mushrooms which they were to ordain the pickling of, in every publisher’s window in town: of which last extemporaneous creations, the volume now before us—“Domestic Economy and Cookery, for Rich and Poor,” in 700 pages, price nine shillings—presents rather an interesting specimen.

We make it a principle never to comment upon any book in this Magazine (except in the “small letter” notice at the end), unless it be a book very admirably excellent, or very particularly bad: and therefore it may be as well to set out on this occasion by stating, that the work now in question is not only “very particularly,” but rather *too bad*. Because, if a great accumulation of worn-out recipes upon the “aptest” manner of dressing beef-steaks, is to be exposed in booksellers’ shops, at the price of “nine shillings,”—a cost, by the way, at which we confess we do not well see how the “Domestic Economy” for “Rich and Poor” is to find its way readily into the hands of the *last* class of persons, to whose attention it is recommended—is it not too much to demand that the book—if there is neither novelty nor talent in it—should be got up with some share of human reason, and common sense, and respectability. Now, how far the “Domestic Economist” brings himself within the limit of this very open principle,—as “Reviewing” at length is a little out of our *métier*—a few *extracts* from the more comprehensible and unculinary parts of the book shall “frutify.”

In the first place, the “Domestic Economy” purports to be written by a “Lady;” and, we suppose, we need not ask whether she is a Married lady, for she sports the style of the *ring* in the her first page. The immediate topic is some unheard-of possible extension of the powers of “butchers’ meat” in affording sustenance. And the “Lady,” after intreating the use of all the faith her readers can afford, breaks out as follows:

“I once saw a French family, consisting of six grown persons, a child, and a jackdaw—who, by-the-bye, *was the heaviest of the eight upon the meat*—dine on one pound of lean veal, made into a rich *ragoût*, with mushrooms, morels, &c. and *goose fat*—the properties of which I have amply enlarged upon. This may astonish *my country folks*, as I assure them it did me: and, in the expectation that the *moral of it* may impress itself on others as it did on myself, I place it thus forward, as being the first thing that *opened my eye* to the advantages of French cookery. I may farther add, that this entire family was enjoying perfect health; and had never *heard* of many of those disorders which, under the different appellations nervous, bilious, &c., are too prevalent in this country.”

This style is certainly peculiar, for a lady; but we suspect that the authoress of the “Domestic Economy” knows that her *forte* lies particularly in it: for as soon as we get into the common phraseology in which people talk about matters of business, we fail in our English so fatally, as to become unintelligible.

As for example. After complaining that “the poor” will not understand,

* Domestic Economy and Cookery, for Rich and Poor; by a Lady. Longman’s London, 1827.

"That three pounds of one sort of meat may be had for the same price as one of another—"

A proposition which, in justice to "the poor," we declare we think very few of them would be hardy enough to contradict;—and assuring them that

"They may make wholesome beer for themselves, at one-eighth of the price which they pay for poisonous porter—"

A statement which we are afraid is perfectly untrue—our "Domestic Economist" proceeds to break out into the following very eloquent—but, to us, perfectly incomprehensible—*tirade*:

"In cookery, *generalization* has certainly been recommended, but very little *practised*; because that art, though indebted to some *professional men*, as Dr. Hill (Mrs. GLASSE), Dr. Hunter, and Dr. Kitchener—for the three best cookery books we have at present, engages still less than any other the attention of those, whose education renders them best calculated to simplify and improve."

Now, what the word "*generalization*" means here—unless as far as it is exemplified by making Mrs. Glasse a "*professional man*"—puzzles us—almost as much as it does to guess what we should understand by the following sentence:

"Not that cookery is in itself any *ways* inferior to many *others*," [other sciences, we presume] "in what they" [those who are "calculated to improve"] pride themselves in excelling; but they neglect it from the very reason that should have induced them to lend their assistance to it—namely, its universal practice; and, in this consideration, I perhaps may be excused when I say, that I *treat more of universals*, than the few who have restricted that term to themselves," &c.

Now these "*universals*" are worse to us than the "*generals*:"—but we go on.

"It is worse than ridiculous to hear the English *boasting* of their charitable and benevolent institutions, and *valuing* themselves on a comparison with the virtuous and unobtrusive frugality of the French, when there is twice as much wasted by their menials as would, if fitly administered, maintain in *honest independence* the wretches whose name is a sanction for drunkenness in a tavern, or dissipation at a masquerade!"

What are these persons—of what class—who have a claim to be "*maintained in honest independence*," and whose "*names*" are a "*sanction*" for "*drunkenness*" in one place, and "*dissipation*" in another? for we profess ourselves at a loss even to imagine!

The lady then proceeds to ascribe the "*manifest decline of cookery*," visible in the present age, to "*the fall of the Roman Catholic religion*;" as the frequency of fasts, meagre days, &c. "*forced the people to exert their ingenuity*." In which, if there were any force, the science of cookery ought, by all analogy, to have been higher, all over the world, three centuries ago, than it is now;—higher now in Ireland than in England;—higher in Italy than in France;—and highest of all in Spain—where it is as nearly as can be detestable. The following exquisitely probable anecdote is here appended in the shape of a note.

"The monks on the Continent at this moment are *reported* the best of cooks. I may say that I never saw a better dressed or better served dinner, than one that was begged, cooked, and served, by a mendicant friar. He came to Rome once a week, went his rounds, and brought his *gleanings* to an abbate who patronized him. The door was then shut, the outer cloak thrown off, and half a dozen bags, plump as their carrier, displayed themselves to the enraptured eyes of the benevolent host. Suffice it to say that, for a dinner of ten dishes, no one ingredient was wanting, not even oil. The receipt for one of them—baked curds—I regret I have lost. I shall refer to the receipts for a quarter of kid, dressed à l'Isaac, which was *truly* savoury. I had an opportunity of witnessing several sights of the kind, being introduced by the friendly abbate, as the Sorella —!" &c.

Truly has it been said, that travellers *do see* strange things.—But this story is yet nothing to one which follows. We are now on the fitness and necessity of ladies informing themselves, as to their husbands' affairs.

"If example be required, I will produce that of a lady, of more than patrician birth,

and of a mind as elevated as her rank. *Suspecting, from several circumstances, the embarrassed state of her husband's affairs, she went into the steward's office, and, locking the door after her, declared that she would not quit the place till he made her acquainted with her real situation. Her suspicions being more than confirmed, she prevailed on her husband to go and pay some visit, and then immediately dismissed the carriages, horses, servants, hounds—[these last were, of course, sent packing]—and at his return received him with open arms—[open house too, it would appear, for any thing that was left in it]—to a state of peace and comfort," &c. &c.*

"The creditors, by wisely trusting their honour and discretion, saved their own money, and prevented the ruin of the family—"

This is certainly the true sort of generosity—where a man is a gainer by the charity which he gives away—

"It was, however, a long and painful task of fourteen years: with less labour, the fortune might have been triply earned—"

As Hamlet says of Guildenstern's compliment, "We do not well understand that."

"Had the lady been a merchant's daughter, in all probability the family would have been ruined; for what judgment or feeling can be expected," &c. &c.

Here is a declaration, for a book printed at the back of Fetter-lane, and published in Paternoster Row!

We leave fried mutton, however, now, for the work of legislation; and various substitutes are suggested, for the ordinary articles of food in consumption, when these last happen to be dear or scarce. Though "servants," it is truly observed—in shewing the obstinacy with which such discoveries are resisted—"suffer with great difficulty, even trifling reductions."

"*Snails and frogs*—[we are alluding now to some late time of distress]—might have greatly assisted us at that period." "I regret this prejudice—[against them]—very much; as in this country, so liable to consumption—[physiologically 'consumption']—they might be of great service. I give receipts for preparing them; and should recommend that broths be made of them for consumptive patients; and, if necessary, WITHOUT THEIR KNOWLEDGE."

We need hardly intreat our consumptive friends to be upon their guard! If any one of them has a pond—or even a suspicious duck-pond—within a mile of his house, let him remove upon the sudden, before he swallows, unwittingly, the produce of it. We trust, moreover, that all consumptive persons—in mere gratitude for the exposure of this iniquitous plot against them—will in future push this Magazine in every direction. N.B. Those who are likely soon to die, can make it a condition in their wills that their heirs shall take it for ever.

"Beech mast, acorns, and horse-chestnuts, by steeping, might be made useful for food."

This is very true; and it would be no fraud now upon the hogs, for they are fed with barley-meal and potatoes.

"Ass and horse-flesh might be used."

But this is rather confined, we apprehend, to "times of scarcity."

"The physician of one of the embassies to China told me, that he had seen children lying upon the sides of tanks, gathering every thing that had life, and putting what they collected into little boxes, to prevent their escape: the produce was put into the rice pot."

We have observed the same gathering principle exercised in some parts of Europe; but the "produce" was never (within our knowledge) applied exactly to the same purpose.

The "poor," it appears, have peculiar tastes, which the world in common, we dare say, are not aware of—

"I find that poor people (the women especially) prefer porter negus to porter." And "gruel to either!"

But the fact is, that—

“What one-half of the community pays any price for, the other will not eat for pay.”

And then comes another delicious *morceau*, in the shape of an anecdote. The “rice pot” (literary) never picked up a richer bit than this—

“A gentleman, travelling to Scotland, found in Aberdeen the *turbot so cheap, that he determined to remain some time there*; and, wishing his servants to enjoy the luxury with him, he ordered *turbot and lobster sauce* for them all. Some days after the coachman gave up his place, feigning some necessity to return to London. Another—[probably the footman]—appeared, to take his leave. The master asked what was the matter. The servants said, that though their master could live upon fish, they could not. *So he very properly discharged them.*”

Beech mart and horse-flesh, however, are not our only substitutes for beef and mutton—

“Sauces and ketchups are, also, a great saving and comfort to the lower *classes*; particularly to *artisans*, who labour from morning till night,” &c. &c.—“To this *valuable class*, I anxiously wish to give instruction with respect to proper diet. Were they to use soups, and *little ragouts*, seasoned with *ketchups*, they would be better fed than upon chops and porter.”

A similar hint is before conveyed, in page 13, that the “poor” might make their own “*soy*.” But we wonder that our Domestic Economist should have omitted to recommend *turtle* to their consideration! It is true that, not having been accustomed to it, indeed, they might not like it at first; but, with a couple of glasses of iced punch between every other mouthful, they would soon be able to get it down; and it would be—if they *could* be brought to it—a most palatable and nutritious food.

Any little change, indeed, of this kind, we have no doubt would soon become the more grateful and agreeable to “the poor;” because, certain it is—even to an extent we protest we know nothing of—that they are monstrously ill-treated under the existing regime.

“It is a *notorious* fact, that the poor pay much more than the rich. As to tea, which is one of their greatest comforts, if a poor woman goes to buy it, she *approaches the counter as if it were for charity*, and receives for her money the most *abominable trash*. When the poor go to market, they are absolutely *blackguarded* into buying; and, though they are forced to pay much more than the middling classes, they receive, as if it were a charitable contribution, the *meat that is absolutely thrown at them!* In their *coals*, they are in the same manner *brow-beaten* and cheated. What wonder is it that they are *degraded below savages and slaves!*”

We ought almost to apologize to our readers; but there is such an obvious veracity about the *anecdotes* in this book, that we absolutely must have one more of them—

“For the honour of humanity, I am glad to have found some noble actions of *servants*. One instance I shall relate, of a servant who was cook in the family of an officer, the son of a nobleman, who went to a *very particular friend* of her mistress’s, and, after exacting the *strictest secrecy*, told her that her mistress was in the utmost want; that she pretended, before her husband, that she could make *every thing meet*, but that it was impossible; that she would *order dinner* before him, but, upon getting him to *go out*, she would countermand it, saying that she was *too ill to eat*,—‘and shall I, madam,’ continued the faithful creature, ‘see her living upon *gruel*, and we, her servants, taking our *tea and hot dinners*, and not dare to speak of it to any one!’ By the conduct of this faithful servant, the poor mistress was *preserved a little longer*, though *she certainly fell a sacrifice in the end!*”

The sufferings of those persons who have ten thousand pounds a year are indeed great; but we had not imagined their state had been so desperate, as that any of them absolutely died of hunger. We live, however—as the proverb says—to learn; and we have no doubt that our readers, as well as ourselves, will have learned a good many things from the “Domestic Economist,” which they had never learned before.

It is impossible for us, as we observed in the beginning, to go at length into

such a book as this. And with the "cookery" recipes we have not troubled ourselves: for *two* reasons—first, because it would be too tedious to make proof, by actual experiment, of their quality; and next, because nothing can be more simple or easy, from the vast number of cookery books already in print, than for any person to extract a sufficient number of *unobjectionable* ones. But a new book, which depends upon competition, fortunately (and fairly) for publications which have already acquired standing, becomes subjected to this test—either it has *some* novelty—some original matter—contained in its instructions, or it has not. Now, if there is *any* novelty in the book before us, the extracts which we have already given may seem to shew of what character, or value, that novelty is likely to be. If there be *no* novelty in it—nothing more than has appeared in other works—then, upon what merit—as a mere compilation (disfigured with a great deal of nonsense)—is it presented to the public? Our opinion is, that the book—good or bad—has not been written by a female.

SONG OF A SEA-FAIRY TO A LAND-FAIRY.

COME unto our coral caves,
Where winds ne'er blow,
But the smoothly-stealing waves
Like soft songs flow!
We have many a pearly shell,
Where you may enhoused dwell
Safe as in the perfumed chamber
Of the lily or red rose,
And be fair and sweet as those:—
We have paths, too, paved with amber,
And your tiny feet may tread
On golden sands unto your bed,
Or on thickly-sprinkled pearls,
White as are the teeth of girls
In their tender virginhood.
We have grots of shining spar,
Light as lit with moon and star,—
Vast of arch and high of dome,
Where the Triton-people come
To disport them, in still seas,
With such pastimes as most please
Creatures made for happy ease.

Come—by this they have begun;
For the wan, way-wearied sun,
Turns the beauty of his smile
From the green hem of your isle!
Faster than his smile doth fade
Comes black Night, with cloud and shade,
To dusk the western world, whilst he
Upon the silent, shining sea,
Wafted in the sea-horsed car
Of the great Jove of the deep
(Sedge-haired Neptune), still doth run,
With swift wheels, along the steep
Declining waters, to the far
Unseen chamber of his rest,
In the day-delighting east—
There to pause, until the call
Of Hesper, coming from the hall

Of the young, impatient Day,
 Bid him take his wonted way
 Through that bright arch, which doth span
 Wider than the eye of man
 Can o'ermeasure, though it strain
 Over earth and over main.

Come—ere yet his westering wheels
 Dip in the gold-sprinkled sea,
 And dusk Night, like Comus, reels
 From his lewd lair, lustfully!—
 We have fields of emerald-green
 (Such as are by seamen seen
 When they plunge into the sea,
 In some sick-brained fantasy,
 Dreaming their home-fields they see),
 Wherein many an unknown flower
 Blooms, and feels no seasons's power,
 But are ever sweet and fair,
 Though the sun shines never there,
 But only the pale-lid moon
 (Coming forth to hear the tune
 Of nightingale, by waters near
 Warbling to the dull Night's ear)
 Blesses them with milder beams,
 As devote to her deep streams!—
 There you may those flowers behold,
 Which *our* spring has dropt with gold;
 Others shining, night and day,
 With a silvery, star-like ray,
 Making every step you tread
 Bright, and soft, and essenced:—
 Daisies white, like water-stars,
 Beaming brighter than the spars
 That, when Neptune is a-bed,
 Light his sea-cave overhead:
 Lilies, white as thy cool hand;
 Violets, sweet as those on land,
 And as delicately blue
 As the fair veins running through
 Thy white brow, that whitest wonder:
 Fields among whose verdant weed
 Harmless creatures sport and feed,
 Gliding wave and billow under;
 Where, indeed, no monstrous thing,—
 Dolphins, rudely gambolling;
 Rough sea-lions, roaring thunder;
 Slimy serpent, and sleek seal;
 Savage sea-wolf, sinuous eel;
 Crocodiles, which covert keep,
 Dealing death when feigning sleep;
 Water-throwing whales, that make
 Ocean vibrate like a lake;
 Crafty sharks, that slily steal
 To snatch their savage, sudden meal;
 Wild sea-horses, spurning strong
 The sands, as fierce they scour along,
 Till the frothing waters foam;—
 None of these will, wanton, come

In the pearly paths which lead
 To your coral cell, or tread
 Where your feet will ever stray,
 To affright you, night or day !
 Nothing noxious there will move,
 Only such things you may love :—
 Timid mermaids, p'rhaps, may there
 Comb the pearls from their sleek hair,
 And, remote from rude alarms,
 Nicely dress their modest charms :—
 These are Ocean's gentlest daughters,
 And disturb not its still waters—
 Waters clear, of cleanly tide,
 Through whose depths may be descried
 All the stars which course the sky,
 All that stand there fixedly ;
 All that under water moves—
 Sluggish shells, and finny droves ;
 Every harmless thing that there
 May please, but not affright my Fair !

Come, sweet Fay, and follow me
 To the deepest-sanded sea,
 Where you may by day conceal
 Charms you would not all-reveal,—
 Safe among the finned droves,
 As among a flight of doves
 (Such as Venus, with much pains,
 More by love than luring, trains
 To teach her Loves their winged way
 From the groves of Paphia) ;
 And when Night grows dark again,
 And the Fairies' moon doth reign,
 And the dark Hours' lonely bird
 Over land and sea is heard,
 Creep from chamber of your house,
 Until morning to carouse
 In the camp of Oberon,
 Till his nightly sports be done,
 And the first voice of the day
 Bid us to our homes away !

Come—and ask no more persuading !
 Every fay and fairy maiden
 Have by this their court begun—
 Now the wan and weary sun
 Bathes his brow in the fresh sea,
 Sinking there, and so must we :—
 See the light-sailed Nautilus
 Waits to be a barque for us ;
 And the fays and fairies slim,
 From their halls and sea-shells hollow,
 Call us with their choral hymn,
 And a gentle whoop and halloo,
 Crying, " Follow, fairies, follow ! "

ON THE WANT OF MONEY.

It is hard to be without money. To get on without it is like travelling in a foreign country without a passport—you are stopped, suspected, and made ridiculous at every turn, besides being subjected to the most serious inconveniences. The want of money I here allude to is not altogether that which arises from absolute poverty—for where there is a downright absence of the common necessities of life, this must be remedied by incessant hard labour, and the least we can receive in return is a supply of our daily wants—but that uncertain, casual, precarious mode of existence, in which the temptation to spend remains after the means are exhausted, the want of money joined with the hope and possibility of getting it, the intermediate state of difficulty and suspense between the last guinea or shilling and the next that we may have the good luck to encounter. This gap, this unwelcome interval constantly recurring, however shabbily got over, is really full of many anxieties, misgivings, mortifications, meannesses, and deplorable embarrassments of every description. I may attempt (this essay is not a fanciful speculation) to enlarge upon a few of them.

It is hard to go without one's dinner through sheer distress, but harder still to go without one's breakfast. Upon the strength of that first and aboriginal meal, one may muster courage to face the difficulties before one, and to dare the worst: but to be roused out of one's warm bed, and perhaps a profound oblivion of care, with golden dreams (for poverty does not prevent golden dreams), and told there is nothing for breakfast, is cold comfort for which one's half-strung nerves are not prepared, and throws a damp upon the prospects of the day. It is a bad beginning. A man without a breakfast is a poor creature, unfit to go in search of one, to meet the frown of the world, or to borrow a shilling of a friend. He may beg at the corner of a street—nothing is too mean for the tone of his feelings—robbing on the highway is out of the question, as requiring too much courage, and some opinion of a man's self. It is, indeed, as old Fuller, or some worthy of that age, expresses it, "the heaviest stone which melancholy can throw at a man," to learn, the first thing after he rises in the morning, or even to be dunned with it in bed, that there is no loaf, tea, or butter in the house, and that the baker, the grocer, and buttermilkman have refused to give any farther credit. This is taking one sadly at a disadvantage. It is striking at one's spirit and resolution in their very source,—the stomach—it is attacking one on the side of hunger and mortification at once; it is casting one into the very mire of humility and Slough of Despond. The worst is, to know what face to put upon the matter, what excuse to make to the servants, what answer to send to the tradespeople; whether to laugh it off, or be grave, or angry, or indifferent; in short, to know how to parry off an evil which you cannot help. What a luxury, what a God's-send in such a dilemma, to find a half-crown which had slipped through a hole in the lining of your waistcoat, a crumpled bank-note in your breeches-pocket, or a guinea clinking in the bottom of your trunk, which had been thoughtlessly left there out of a former heap! Vain hope! Unfounded illusion! The experienced in such matters know better, and laugh in their sleeves at so improbable a suggestion. Not a corner, not a cranny, not a pocket,

not a drawer has been left unrummaged, or has not been subjected over and over again to more than the strictness of a custom-house scrutiny. Not the slightest rustle of a piece of bank-paper, not the gentlest pressure of a piece of hard metal, but would have given notice of its hiding-place with electrical rapidity, long before, in such circumstances. All the variety of pecuniary resources, which form a legal tender on the current coin of the realm, are assuredly drained, exhausted to the last farthing before this time. But is there nothing in the house that one can turn to account? Is there not an old family-watch, or piece of plate, or a ring, or some worthless trinket that one could part with? nothing belonging to one's-self or a friend, that one could raise the wind upon, till something better turns up? At this moment an old-clothes man passes, and his deep, harsh tones sound like an intended insult on one's distress, and banish the thought of applying for his assistance, as one's eye glanced furtively at an old hat or a great coat, hung up behind a closet-door. Humiliating contemplations! Miserable uncertainty! One hesitates, and the opportunity is gone by; for without one's breakfast, one has not the resolution to do any thing!—The late Mr. Sheridan was often reduced to this unpleasant predicament. Possibly he had little appetite for breakfast himself; but the servants complained bitterly on this head, and said that Mrs. Sheridan was sometimes kept waiting for a couple of hours, while they had to hunt through the neighbourhood, and beat up for coffee, eggs, and French rolls. The same perplexity in this instance appears to have extended to the providing for the dinner; for so sharp-set were they, that to cut short a debate with a butcher's apprentice about leaving a leg of mutton without the money, the cook clapped it into the pot: the butcher's boy, probably used to such encounters, with equal coolness took it out again, and marched off with it in his tray in triumph. It required a man to be the author of *THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL*, to run the gauntlet of such disagreeable occurrences every hour of the day. There was one comfort, however, that poor Sheridan had: he did not foresee that Mr. Moore would write his *Life*!*

* Taylor, of the Opera-House, used to say of Sheridan, that he could not pull off his hat to him in the street without its costing him fifty pounds; and if he stopped to speak to him, it was a hundred. No one could be a stronger instance than he was of what is called *living from hand to mouth*. He was always in want of money, though he received vast sums which he must have disbursed; and yet nobody can tell what became of them, for he paid nobody. He spent his wife's fortune (sixteen hundred pounds) in a six weeks' jaunt to Bath, and returned to town as poor as a rat. Whenever he and his son were invited out into the country, they always went in two post-chaises and four; he in one, and his son Tom following in another. This is the secret of those who live in a round of extravagance, and are at the same time always in debt and difficulty—they throw away all the ready money they get upon any new-fangled whim or project that comes in their way, and never think of paying off old scores, which of course accumulate to a dreadful amount. "Such gain the cap of him who makes them fine, yet keeps his book uncrossed." Sheridan once wanted to take Mrs. Sheridan a very handsome dress down into the country, and went to Barber and Nunn's to order it, saying he must have it by such a day, but promising they should have ready money. Mrs. Barber (I think it was) made answer that the time was short, but that ready money was a very charming thing, and that he should have it. Accordingly, at the time appointed she brought the dress, which came to five-and-twenty pounds, and it was sent in to Mr. Sheridan; who sent out a Mr. Grimm (one of his jackalls) to say he admired it exceedingly, and that he was sure Mrs. Sheridan would be delighted with it, but he was sorry to have nothing under a hundred pound bank-note in the

The going without a dinner is another of the miseries of wanting money, though one can bear up against this calamity better than the former, which really "blights the tender blossom and promise of the day." With one good meal, one may hold a parley with hunger and moralize upon temperance. One has time to turn one's-self and look about one—to "screw one's courage to the sticking-place," to graduate

house. She said she had come provided for such an accident, and could give change for a hundred, two hundred, or five hundred pound note, if it were necessary. Grimm then went back to his principal for farther instructions: who made an excuse that he had no stamped receipt by him. For this, Mrs. B. said, she was also provided; she had brought one in her pocket. At each message, she could hear them laughing heartily in the next room at the idea of having met with their match for once; and presently after, Sheridan came out in high good-humour, and paid her the amount of her bill, in ten, five, and one pounds. Once when a creditor brought him a bill for payment, which had often been presented before, and the man complained of its soiled and tattered state, and said he was quite ashamed to see it, "I'll tell you what I'd advise you to do with it, my friend," said Sheridan, "take it home, and write it upon parchment!" He once mounted a horse which a horse-dealer was shewing off near a coffee-house at the bottom of St. James's-street, rode it to Tattersall's, and sold it; and walked quietly back to the spot from which he set out. The owner was furious, swore he would be the death of him; and, in a quarter of an hour afterwards they were seen sitting together over a bottle of wine in the coffee-house, the horse-jockey with the tears running down his face at Sheridan's jokes, and almost ready to hug him as an honest fellow. Sheridan's house and lobby were beset with duns every morning, who were told that Mr. Sheridan was not yet up, and shewn into the several rooms on each side of the entrance. As soon as he had breakfasted, he asked, "Are those doors all shut, John?" and, being assured they were, marched out very deliberately between them, to the astonishment of his self-invited guests, who soon found the bird was flown. I have heard one of his old City friends declare, that such was the effect of his frank, cordial manner, and insinuating eloquence, that he was always afraid to go to ask him for a debt of long standing, lest he should borrow twice as much. A play had been put off one night, or a favourite actor did not appear, and the audience demanded to have their money back again: but when they came to the door, they were told by the check-takers there was none for them, for that Mr. Sheridan had been in the mean time, and had carried off all the money in the till. He used often to get the old cobbler who kept a stall under the ruins of Drury Lane to broil a beef-steak for him, and take their dinner together. On the night that Drury Lane was burnt down, Sheridan was in the House of Commons, making a speech, though he could hardly stand without leaning his hands on the table, and it was with some difficulty he was forced away, urging the plea, "What signified the concerns of a private individual, compared to the good of the state?" When he got to Covent-Garden, he went into the Piazza Coffee-house, to steady himself with another bottle, and then strolled out to the end of the Piazza to look at the progress of the fire. Here he was accosted by Charles Kemble and Fawcett, who complimented him on the calmness with which he seemed to regard so great a loss. He declined this praise, and said—"Gentlemen, there are but three things in human life that in my opinion ought to disturb a wise man's patience. The first of these is bodily pain, and that (whatever the ancient stoics may have said to the contrary) is too much for any man to bear without flinching: this I have felt severely, and I know it to be the case. The second is the loss of a friend whom you have dearly loved; that, gentlemen, is a great evil: this I have also felt, and I know it to be too much for any man's fortitude. And the third is the consciousness of having done an unjust action. That, gentlemen, is a great evil, a very great evil, too much for any man to endure the reflection of; but that" (laying his hand upon his heart,) "but that, thank God, I have never felt!" I have been told that these were nearly the very words, except that he appealed to the *mens conscia recti* very emphatically three or four times over, by an excellent authority, Mr. Mathews the player, who was on the spot at the time, a gentleman whom the public admire deservedly, but with whose real talents and nice discrimination of character his friends only are acquainted. Sheridan's reply to the watchman who had picked him up in the street, and who wanted to know who he was, "I am Mr. Wilberforce!"—is well known, and shews that, however frequently he might be at a loss for money, he never wanted wit!

the scale of disappointment, and stave off appetite till supper-time. You gain time, and time in this weather-cock world is every thing. You may dine at two, or at six, or seven—as most convenient. You may in the mean while receive an invitation to dinner, or some one (not knowing how you are circumstanced) may send you a present of a haunch of venison or a brace of pheasants from the country, or a distant relation may die and leave you a legacy, or a patron may call and overwhelm you with his smiles and bounty,

“As kind as kings upon their coronation-day;”

or there is no saying what may happen. One may wait for dinner—breakfast admits of no delay, of no interval interposed between that and our first waking thoughts.* Besides, there are shifts and devices, shabby and mortifying enough, but still available in case of need. How many expedients are there in this great city (London), time out of mind and times without number, resorted to by the dilapidated and thrifty speculator, to get through this grand difficulty without utter failure! One may dive into a cellar, and dine on boiled beef and carrots for tenpence, with the knives and forks chained to the table, and jostled by greasy elbows that seem to make such a precaution not unnecessary (hunger is proof against indignity!)—or one may contrive to part with a superfluous article of wearing apparel, and carry home a mutton-chop and cook it in a garret; or one may drop in at a friend's at the dinner-hour, and be asked to stay or not; or one may walk out and take a turn in the Park, about the time, and return home to tea, so as at least to avoid the sting of the evil—the appearance of not having dined. You then have the laugh on your side, having deceived the gossips, and can submit to the want a sumptuous repast without murmuring, having saved your pride, and made a virtue of necessity. I say all this may be done by a man without a family (for what business has a man without money with one?—See *English Malthus and Scotch Macculloch*)—and it is only my intention here to bring forward such instances of the want of money as are tolerable both in theory and practice. I once lived on coffee (as an experiment) for a fortnight together, while I was finishing the copy of a half-length portrait of a Manchester manufacturer, who had died worth a plum. I rather slurred over the coat, which was a reddish brown, “of formal cut,” to receive my five guineas, with which I went to market myself, and dined on sausages and mashed potatoes, and while they were getting ready, and I could hear them hissing in the pan, read a volume of *Gil Blas*, containing the account of the fair Aurora. This was in the days of my youth. Gentle reader, do not smile! Neither Monsieur de Very, nor Louis XVIII., over an oyster-pâté, nor Apicius himself, ever understood the meaning of the word *luxury*, better than I did at that moment! If the want of money has its drawbacks and disadvantages, it is not without its contrasts and counterbalancing effects, for which I fear nothing else can make us amends. Amelia's hashed mutton is immortal; and there is something amusing, though carried to excess and caricature (which is very unusual with the author) in the contrivances of old Caleb, in “*The Bride of Lammermuir*,” for raising the wind at breakfast, dinner, and supper-time. I recollect a ludicrous instance of a disappointment in a dinner which happened to a

* In Scotland, it seems, the draught of ale or whiskey with which you commence the day, is emphatically called “taking your morning.”

person of my acquaintance some years ago. He was not only poor but a very poor creature, as will be imagined. His wife had laid by fourpence (their whole remaining stock) to pay for the baking of a shoulder of mutton and potatoes, which they had in the house, and on her return home from some errand, she found he had expended it in purchasing a new string for a guitar. On this occasion a witty friend quoted the lines from Milton :

“ And ever against *eating* cares,
Wrap me in soft Lydian airs !”

DEFOE, in his *Life of Colonel Jack*, gives a striking picture of his young beggarly hero sitting with his companion for the first time in his life at a three-penny ordinary, and the delight with which he relished the hot smoking soup, and the airs with which he called about him—“ and every time,” he says, “ we called for bread, or beer, or whatever it might be, the waiter answered, ‘ coming, gentlemen, coming ;’ and this delighted me more than all the rest !” It was about this time, as the same pithy author expresses it, “ the Colonel took upon him to wear a shirt !” Nothing can be finer than the whole of the feeling conveyed in the commencement of this novel, about wealth and finery from the immediate contrast of privation and poverty. One would think it a labour, like the Tower of Babel, to build up a beau and a fine gentleman about town. The little vagabond’s admiration of the old man at the banking-house, who sits surrounded by heaps of gold as if it were a dream or poetic vision, and his own eager anxious visits, day by day, to the hoard he had deposited in the hollow tree, are in the very foremost style of truth and nature. See the same intense feeling expressed in Luke’s address to his riches in the *City Madam*, and in the extraordinary raptures of the “ Spanish Rogue” in contemplating and hugging his ingots of pure gold and Spanish pieces of eight : to which Mr. Lamb has referred in excuse for the rhapsodies of some of our elder poets on this subject, which to our present more refined and tamer apprehensions sound like blasphemy.* In earlier times, before the diffusion of luxury, of knowledge, and other sources of enjoyment had become common, and acted as a diversion to the cravings of avarice, the passionate admiration, the idolatry, the hunger and thirst of wealth and all its precious symbols, was a kind of madness or hallucination, and Mammon was truly worshipped as a god !

It is among the miseries of the want of money, not to be able to pay your reckoning at an inn—or, if you have just enough to do that, to have nothing left for the waiter ;—to be stopped at a turnpike gate, and forced to turn back ;—not to venture to call a hackney-coach in a shower of rain—(when you have only one shilling left yourself, it is a *bore* to have it taken out of your pocket by a friend, who comes into your house eating peaches in a hot summer’s-day, and desiring you to pay for the coach in which he visits you) ;—not to be able to purchase a lottery-ticket, by which you might make your fortune, and get out of all your difficulties ;—or to find a letter lying for you at a country post-office, and not to have money in your pocket to free it, and be obliged to return for it the next day. The letter so unseasonably withheld may be supposed to contain money, and in this case there is a foretaste, a sort of actual possession

* Shylock’s lamentation over the loss of “ his daughter and his ducats,” is another case in point.

taken through the thin folds of the paper and the wax, which in some measure indemnifies us for the delay: the bank-note, the post-bill seems to smile upon us, and shake hands through its prison bars;—or it may be a love-letter, and then the tantalization is at its height: to be deprived in this manner of the only consolation that can make us amends for the want of money, by this very want—to fancy you can see the name—to try to get a peep at the hand-writing—to touch the seal, and yet not dare to break it open—is provoking indeed—the climax of amorous and gentlemanly distress. Players are sometimes reduced to great extremity, by the seizure of their scenes and dresses, or (what is called) *the property of the theatre*, which hinders them from acting; as authors are prevented from finishing a work, for want of money to buy the books necessary to be consulted on some material point or circumstance, in the progress of it. There is a set of poor devils, who live upon a printed *prospectus* of a work that never will be written, for which they solicit your name and half-a-crown. Decayed actresses take an annual benefit at one of the theatres; there are patriots who live upon periodical subscriptions, and critics who go about the country lecturing on poetry. I confess I envy none of these; but there are persons who, provided they can live, care not how they live—who are fond of display, even when it implies exposure; who court notoriety under every shape, and embrace the public with demonstrations of wantonness. There are genteel beggars, who send up a well-penned epistle requesting the loan of a shilling. Your snug bachelors and retired old-maids pretend they can distinguish the knock of one of these at their door. I scarce know which I dislike the most—the patronage that affects to bring premature genius into notice, or that extends its piecemeal, formal charity towards it in its decline. I hate your Literary Funds, and Funds for Decayed Artists—they are corporations for the encouragement of meanness, pretence, and insolence. Of all people, I cannot tell how it is, but players appear to me the best able to do without money. They are a privileged class. If not exempt from the common calls of necessity and business, they are enabled “by their so potent art” to soar above them. As they make imaginary ills their own, real ones become imaginary, sit light upon them, and are thrown off with comparatively little trouble. Their life is theatrical—its various accidents are the shifting scenes of a play—rags and finery, tears and laughter, a mock-dinner or a real one, a crown of jewels or of straw, are to them nearly the same. I am sorry I cannot carry on this reasoning to actors who are past their prime. The gilding of their profession is then worn off, and shews the false metal beneath; vanity and hope (the props of their existence) have had their day; their former gaiety and carelessness serve as a foil to their present discouragements; and want and infirmities press upon them at once. “We know what we are,” as Ophelia says, “but we know not what we shall be.” A workhouse seems the last resort of poverty and distress—a *parish-pauper* is another name for all that is mean and to be deprecated in human existence. But that name is but an abstraction, an average term—“within that lowest deep, a lower deep may open to receive us.” I heard not long ago of a poor man, who had been for many years a respectable tradesman in London, and who was compelled to take shelter in one of those receptacles of age and wretchedness, and who said he could be contented with it—he had his regular meals, a nook in the chimney, and a coat to his back—but he was forced to lie three in a bed,

and one of the three was out of his mind and crazy, and his great delight was, when the others fell asleep, to tweak their noses, and flourish his night-cap over their heads, so that they were obliged to lie awake, and hold him down between them. One should be quite mad to bear this. To what a point of insignificance may not human life dwindle! To what fine, agonizing threads will it not cling! Yet this man had been a lover in his youth, in a humble way, and still begins his letters to an old-maid (his former flame), who sometimes comforts him by listening to his complaints, and treating him to a dish of weak tea, "MY DEAR MISS NANCY!"

Another of the greatest miseries of a want of money, is the tap of a dun at your door, or the previous silence when you expect it—the uneasy sense of shame at the approach of your tormentor; the wish to meet, and yet to shun the encounter; the disposition to bully; the fear of irritating; the real and the sham excuses; the submission to impertinence; the assurances of a speedy supply; the disingenuousness you practise on him and on yourself; the degradation in the eyes of others and your own. Oh! it is wretched to have to confront a just and oft-repeated demand, and to be without the means to satisfy it; to deceive the confidence that has been placed in you; to forfeit your credit; to be placed at the power of another, to be indebted to his lenity; to stand convicted of having played the knave or the fool; and to have no way left to escape contempt, but by incurring pity. The suddenly meeting a creditor on turning the corner of a street, whom you have been trying to avoid for months, and had persuaded you were several hundred miles off, discomposes the features and shatters the nerves for some time. It is also a serious annoyance to be unable to repay a loan to a friend, who is in want of it—nor is it very pleasant to be so hard-run, as to be induced to request the repayment. It is difficult to decide the preference between debts of honour and legal demands; both are bad enough, and almost a fair excuse for driving any one into the hands of money-lenders—to whom an application, if successful, is accompanied with a sense of being in the vulture's gripe—a reflection akin to that of those who formerly sold themselves to the devil—or, if unsuccessful, is rendered doubly galling by the smooth, civil leer of cool contempt with which you are dismissed, as if they had escaped from your clutches—not you from their's. If any thing can be added to the mortification and distress arising from straitened circumstances, it is when vanity comes in to barb the dart of poverty—when you have a picture on which you had calculated, rejected from an Exhibition, or a manuscript returned on your hands, or a tragedy damned, at the very instant when your cash and credit are at the lowest ebb. This forlorn and helpless feeling has reached its *acme* in the prison-scene in Hogarth's *RAKE'S PROGRESS*, where his unfortunate hero has just dropped the Manager's letter from his hands, with the laconic answer written in it:—"Your play has been read, and won't do."* To feel poverty is bad; but to feel it with the additional sense of our incapacity to shake it off, and that we have not merit enough to retrieve our circumstances—and, instead of being held up to admiration, are exposed to persecution and insult—is the last stage of human infirmity. My friend, Mr. Leigh Hunt (no one is better qualified than he to judge)

* It is provoking enough, and makes one look like a fool, to receive a printed notice of a blank in the last lottery, with a postscript hoping for your future favours.

thinks, that the most pathetic story in the world is that of Smollett's fine gentleman and lady in goal, who have been roughly handled by the mob for some paltry attempt at raising the wind, and she exclaims in extenuation of the pitiful figure he cuts, "Ah! he was a fine fellow once!"

It is justly remarked by the poet, that poverty has no greater inconvenience attached to it than that of making men ridiculous. It not only has this disadvantage with respect to ourselves, but it often shews us others in a very contemptible point of view. People are not soured by misfortune, but by the reception they meet with in it. When we do not want assistance, every one is ready to obtrude it on us, as if it were advice. If we do, they shun us instantly. They anticipate the increased demand on their sympathy or bounty, and escape from it as from a falling-house. It is a mistake, however, that we court the society of the rich and prosperous, merely with a view to what we can get from them. We do so, because there is something in external rank and splendour that gratifies and imposes on the imagination; just as we prefer the company of those who are in good health and spirits to that of the sickly and hypochondriacal, or as we would rather converse with a beautiful woman than with an ugly one. I never knew but one man who would lend his money freely and fearlessly in spite of circumstances (if you were likely to pay him, he grew peevish, and would pick a quarrel with you). I can only account for this from a certain sanguine buoyancy and magnificence of spirit, not deterred by distant consequences, or damped by untoward appearances. I have been told by those, who shared of the same bounty, that it was not owing to generosity, but ostentation—if so, he kept his ostentation a secret from me, for I never received a hint or a look from which I could infer that I was not the lender, and he the person obliged. Neither was I expected to keep in the back-ground or play an under-part. On the contrary, I was encouraged to do my best; my dormant faculties roused, the ease of my circumstances was on condition of the freedom and independence of my mind, my lucky hits were applauded, and I was paid to shine. I am not ashamed of such patronage as this, nor do I regret any circumstance relating to it but its termination. People endure existence even in Paris: the rows of chairs on the Boulevards are gay with smiles and dress: the saloons, they say, are brilliant; at the theatre there is Mademoiselle Mars—what is all this to me? After a certain period, we live only in the past. Give me back one single evening at Boxhill, after a stroll in the deep-empurpled woods, before Buonaparte was yet beaten, "with wine of attic taste," when wit, beauty, friendship presided at the board! Oh no! Neither the time nor friends that are fled, can be recalled!—Poverty is the test of sincerity, the touchstone of civility. Even abroad, they treat you scurvily if your remittances do not arrive regularly, and though you have hitherto lived like a *Milord Anglais*. The want of money loses us friends not worth the keeping, mistresses who are naturally jilts or coquets; it cuts us out of society, to which dress and equipage are the only introduction; and deprives us of a number of luxuries and advantages of which the only good is, that they can only belong to the possessors of a large fortune. Many people are wretched because they have not money to buy a fine horse, or to hire a fine house, or to keep a carriage, or to purchase a diamond necklace, or to go to a race-ball, or to give their servants new liveries. I cannot myself enter into all this.

If I can *live to think, and think to live*, I am satisfied. Some want to possess pictures, others to collect libraries. All I wish is, sometimes, to see the one and read the other. Gray was mortified because he had not a hundred pounds to bid for a curious library; and the Duchess of ——— has immortalized herself by her liberality on that occasion, and by the handsome compliment she addressed to the poet, that “if it afforded him any satisfaction, she had been more than paid, by her pleasure in reading the *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*.”

Literally and truly, one cannot get on well in the world without money. To be in want of money, is to pass through life with little credit or pleasure; it is to live out of the world, or to be despised if you come into it; it is not to be sent for to court, or asked out to dinner, or noticed in the street; it is not to have your opinion consulted or else rejected with contempt, to have your acquirements carped at and doubted, your good things disparaged, and at last to lose the wit and the spirit to say them; it is to be scrutinized by strangers, and neglected by friends; it is to be a thrall to circumstances, an exile in a foreign land; to forego leisure, freedom, ease of body and mind, to be dependent on the good-will and caprice of others, or earn a precarious and irksome livelihood by some laborious employment; it is to be compelled to stand behind a counter, or to sit at a desk in some public office, or to marry your landlady, or not the person you would wish; or to go out to the East or West-Indies, or to get a situation as judge abroad, and return home with a liver-complaint; or to be a law-stationer, or a scrivener or scavenger, or newspaper reporter; or to read law and sit in court without a brief, or be deprived of the use of your fingers by transcribing Greek manuscripts, or to be a seal engraver and pore yourself blind; or to go upon the stage, or try some of the Fine Arts; with all your pains, anxiety, and hopes, most probably to fail, or, if you succeed, after the exertions of years, and undergoing constant distress of mind and fortune, to be assailed on every side with envy, back-biting, and falsehood, or to be a favourite with the public for awhile, and then thrown into the back-ground—or a jail, by the fickleness of taste and some new favourite; to be full of enthusiasm and extravagance in youth, of chagrin and disappointment in after-life; to be jostled by the rabble because you do not ride in your coach, or avoided by those who know your worth and shrink from it as a claim on their respect or their purse; to be a burden to your relations, or unable to do any thing for them; to be ashamed to venture into crowds; to have cold comfort at home; to lose by degrees your confidence and any talent you might possess; to grow crabbed, morose, and querulous, dissatisfied with every one, but most so with yourself; and plagued out of your life, to look about for a place to die in, and quit the world without any one's asking after your will. The *wiseacres* will possibly, however, crowd round your coffin, and raise a monument at a considerable expense, and after a lapse of time, to commemorate your genius and your misfortunes!

The only reason why I am disposed to envy the professions of the church or army is, that men can afford to be poor in them without being subjected to insult. A girl with a handsome fortune in a country town may marry a poor lieutenant without degrading herself. An officer is always a gentleman; a clergyman is something more. Echard's book *On the Contempt of the Clergy* is unfounded. It is surely sufficient for any set of individuals, raised above actual want, that their characters

are not merely respectable, but sacred. Poverty, when it is voluntary, is never despicable, but takes an heroical aspect. What are the begging friars? Have they not put their base feet upon the necks of princes? Money as a luxury is valuable only as a passport to respect. It is one instrument of power. Where there are other admitted and ostensible claims to this, it becomes superfluous, and the neglect of it is even admired and looked up to as a mark of superiority over it. Even a strolling beggar is a popular character, who makes an open profession of his craft and calling, and who is neither worth a doit nor in want of one. The Scotch are proverbially poor and proud: we know they can remedy their poverty when they set about it. No one is sorry for them. The French emigrants were formerly peculiarly situated in England. The priests were obnoxious to the common people on account of their religion; both they and the nobles, for their politics. Their poverty and dirt subjected them to many rebuffs; but their privations being voluntarily incurred, and also borne with the characteristic patience and good-humour of the nation, screened them from contempt. I little thought, when I used to meet them walking out in the summer's-evenings at Somers' Town, in their long great-coats, their beards covered with snuff, and their eyes gleaming with mingled hope and regret in the rays of the setting sun, and regarded them with pity bordering on respect, as the last filmy vestige of the ancient regime, as shadows of loyalty and superstition still flitting about the earth and shortly to disappear from it for ever, that they would one day return over the bleeding corpse of their country, and sit like harpies, a polluted triumph, over the tomb of human liberty! To be a lord, a papist, and poor, is perhaps to some temperaments a consummation devoutedly to be wished. There is all the subdued splendour of external rank, the pride of self-opinion, irritated and goaded on by petty privations and vulgar obloquy to a degree of morbid acuteness. Private and public annoyances must perpetually remind him of what he is, of what his ancestors were (a circumstance which might otherwise be forgotten); must narrow the circle of conscious dignity more and more, and the sense of personal worth and pretension must be exalted by habit and contrast into a refined abstraction—"pure in the last recesses of the mind"—unmixed with, or unalloyed by "baser matter!"—It was an hypothesis of the late Mr. Thomas Wedgewood, that there is a principle of compensation in the human mind which equalizes all situations, and by which the absence of any thing only gives us a more intense and intimate perception of the reality; that insult adds to pride, that pain looks forward to ease with delight, that hunger already enjoys the unsavoury morsel that is to save it from perishing; that want is surrounded with imaginary riches, like the poor poet in Hogarth, who has a map of the mines of Peru hanging on his garret walls; in short, that "we can hold a fire in our hand by thinking on the frosty Caucasus"—but this hypothesis, though ingenious and to a certain point true, is to be admitted only in a limited and qualified sense.

There are two classes of people that I have observed who are not so distinct as might be imagined—those who cannot keep their own money in their hands, and those who cannot keep their hands from other people's. The first are always in want of money, though they do not know what they do with it. They *muddle* it away, without method or

object, and without having any thing to shew for it. They have not, for instance, a fine house, but they hire two houses at a time; they have not a hot-house in their garden, but a shrubbery within doors; they do not gamble, but they purchase a library, and dispose of it when they move house. A princely benefactor provides them with lodgings, where, for a time, you are sure to find them at home: and they furnish them in a handsome style for those who are to come after them. With all this sieve-like economy, they can only afford a leg of mutton and a bottle of wine, and are glad to get a lift in a common stage; whereas with a little management and the same disbursements, they might entertain a round of company and drive a smart tilbury. But they set no value upon money, and throw it away on any object or in any manner that first presents itself, merely to have it off their hands, so that you wonder what has become of it. The second class above spoken of not only make away with what belongs to themselves, but you cannot keep anything you have from their rapacious grasp. If you refuse to lend them what you want, they insist that you *must*: if you let them have any thing to take charge of for a time (a print or a bust) they swear that you have given it them, and that they have too great a regard for the donor ever to part with it. You express surprise at their having run so largely in debt; but where is the singularity while others continue to lend? And how is this to be helped, when the manner of these sturdy beggars amounts to dragooning you out of your money, and they will not go away without your purse, any more than if they came with a pistol in their hand? If a person has no delicacy, he has you in his power, for you necessarily feel some towards him; and since he will take no denial, you must comply with his peremptory demands, or send for a constable, which out of respect for his character you will not do. These persons are also poor—*light come, light go*—and the bubble bursts at last. Yet if they had employed the same time and pains in any laudable art or study that they have in raising a surreptitious livelihood, they would have been respectable, if not rich. It is their facility in borrowing money that has ruined them. No one will set heartily to work, who has the face to enter a strange house, ask the master of it for a considerable loan, on some plausible and pompous pretext, and walk off with it in his pocket. You might as well suspect a highway-man of addicting himself to hard study in the intervals of his profession.

There is only one other class of persons I can think of, in connexion with the subject of this Essay—those who are always in want of money from the want of spirit to make use of it. Such persons are perhaps more to be pitied than all the rest. They live in want, in the midst of plenty—dare not touch what belongs to them, are afraid to say that their soul is their own, have their wealth locked up from them by fear and meanness as effectually as by bolts and bars, scarcely allow themselves a coat to their backs or a morsel to eat, are in dread of coming to the parish all their lives, and are not sorry when they die, to think that they shall no longer be an expense to themselves—according to the old epigram:

“Here lies Father Clarges,
Who died to save charges!”

VILLAGE SKETCHES.

No. V.

A Christmas Party.

THE wedding of Jacob Frost and Hester Hewitt, commemorated in my last, took place on a Monday morning; and, on the next day (Tuesday), as I was walking along the common—blown along would be the properer phrase, for it was a wind that impelled one onward like a steam-engine—what should I see but the well-known fish-cart sailing in the teeth of that raging gale, and Jacob and his old companions, the grey mare and the black sheep-dog, breasting, as well as they might, the fury of the tempest. As we neared, I caught occasional sounds of “herrings—oysters! oysters—herrings!” although the words, being as it were blown away, came scatteringly and feebly on the ear; and when we at last met, and he began in his old way to recommend, as was his wont, these oysters of a week old (note that the rogue was journeying coastwise, outward-bound), with a profusion of praises and asseverations which he never vented on them when fresh,—and when I also perceived that Jacob had doused his old garments, and that his company had doffed their bridal favours,—it became clear that our man of oysters did not intend to retire yet awhile to landlordship of the Bell; and it was soon equally certain that the fair bride, thus deserted in the very outset of the honey-moon, intended to maintain a full and undisputed dominion over her own territories—she herself, and her whole establishment—the lame ostler, who still called her Mistress Hester—the red-haired charity girl, and the tabby cat, still remaining in full activity; whilst the very inscription of her maiden days, “Hester Hewitt’s home-brewed,” still continued to figure above the door of that respectable hostelry. Two days after the wedding, that happy event seemed to be most comfortably forgotten by all the parties concerned—the only persons who took any note of the affair being precisely those who had nothing to do with the matter; that is to say, all the gossips of the neighbourhood, male and female—who did, it must be confessed, lift up their hands, and shake their heads, and bless themselves, and wonder what this word would come to.

On the succeeding Saturday, however, his regular day, Jacob re-appeared on the road, and, after a pretty long traffic in the village, took his way to the Bell; and, the next morning, the whole *cortège*, bride and bridegroom, lame ostler, red-haired lass, grey mare, and black sheep-dog, adorned exactly as on the preceding Monday, made their appearance at church; Jacob looking, as aforetime, very knowing—Hester, as usual, very demure. After the service there was a grand assemblage of Master Frost’s acquaintances; for, between his customers and his play-mates, Jacob was on intimate terms with half the parish—and many jokes were prepared on his smuggled marriage and subsequent desertion;—but he of the brown jerkin evaded them all, by handing his fair lady into the cart, lifting the poor parish girl beside her, and even lending a friendly hoist to the lame ostler; after which he drove off, with a knowing nod, in total silence; being thereunto prompted partly by his wife’s intreaties, partly by a sound more powerful over his associations—an impatient neigh from the old grey mare, who, never having attended church before, had begun to weary of the length of the service, and to wonder on what new course of duty she and her master were entering.

By this despatch, our new-married couple certainly contrived to evade

the main broadside of jokes prepared for their reception ; but a few random jests, flung after them at a venture, hit notwithstanding ; and one amongst them, containing an insinuation that Jacob had stolen a match to avoid keeping the wedding, touched our bridegroom, a man of mettle in his way, on the very point of honour—the more especially as it proceeded from a bluff old bachelor of his own standing—honest George Bridgwater, of the Lea—at whose hospitable gate he had discussed many a jug of ale and knoll of bacon, whilst hearing and telling the news of the country side. George Bridgwater to suspect him of stinginess !—the thought was insupportable. Before he reached the Bell he had formed, and communicated to Hester, the spirited resolution of giving a splendid party in the Christmas week—a sort of wedding-feast or house-warming ; consisting of smoking and cards for the old, dancing and singing for the young, and eating and drinking for all ages ; and, in spite of Hester's decided disapprobation, invitations were given and preparations entered on forthwith.

Sooth to say, such are the sad contradictions of poor human nature, that Mrs. Frost's displeasure, albeit a bride in the honey-moon, not only entirely failed in persuading Master Frost to change his plan, but even seemed to render him more confirmed and resolute in his purpose. Hester was a thrifty housewife ; and although Jacob was apparently, after his fashion, a very gallant and affectionate husband, and although her interest had now become his—and of his own interest none had ever suspected him to be careless—yet he did certainly take a certain sly pleasure in making an attack at once on her hoards and her habits, and forcing her into a gaiety and an outlay which made the poor bride start back aghast.

The full extent of Hester's misfortune in this ball, did not, however, come upon her at once. She had been accustomed to the speculating hospitality of the Christmas parties at the Swan, whose host was wont at tide times to give a supper to his customers, that is to say, to furnish the eatables thereof—the leg of mutton and turnips, the fat goose and apple-sauce, and the huge plum-puddings—of which light viands that meat usually consisted, on an understanding that the aforesaid customers were to pay for the drinkables therewith consumed ; and, from the length of the sittings, as well as the reports current on such occasions, Hester was pretty well assured that the expenditure had been most judicious, and that the leg of mutton and trimmings had been paid for over and over. She herself being, as she expressed it, “ a lone woman, and apt to be put upon,” had never gone farther in these matters than a cup of hyson and muffins, and a cup of hot elder-wine, to some of her cronies in the neighbourhood ; but, having considerable confidence both in the extent of Jacob's connexions and their tippling propensities, as well as in that faculty of getting tipsy and making tipsy in Jacob himself, which she regarded “ with one auspicious and one dropping eye,” as good and bad for her trade, she had at first no very great objection to try for once the experiment of a Christmas party ; nor was she so much startled at the idea of a dancing—dancing, as she observed, being a mighty provoker of thirst ; neither did she very greatly object to her husband's engaging old Timothy, the fiddler, to officiate for the evening, on condition of giving him as much ale as he chose to drink, although she perfectly well knew what that promise implied, Timothy's example being valuable on such an occasion. But when the dreadful truth stared

her in the face, that this entertainment was to be a *bonâ-fide* treat—that not only the leg of mutton, the fat goose, and the plum-puddings, but the ale, wine, spirits and tobacco were to come out of her coffers, then party, dancing, and fiddler became nuisances past endurance, the latter above all.

Old Timothy was a person of some note in our parish, known to every man, woman, and child in the place, of which, indeed, he was a native. He had been a soldier in his youth, and having had the good luck to receive a sabre wound on his skull, had been discharged from the service as infirm of mind, and passed to his parish accordingly; where he led a wandering pleasant sort of life, sometimes in one public-house, sometimes in another—tolerated, as Hester said, for his bad example, until he had run up a score that became intolerable, at which times he was turned out, with the work-house to go to, for a *pis aller*, and a comfortable prospect that his good-humour, his good fellowship, and his fiddle, would in process of time be missed and wanted, and that he might return to his old haunts and run up a fresh score. When half tipsy, which happened nearly every day in the week, and at all hours, he would ramble up and down the village, playing snatches of tunes at every corner, and collecting about him a never-failing audience of eight and ten-year-old urchins of either sex, amongst which small mob old Timothy, with his jokes, his songs, and his antics, was incredibly popular. Against Justice and Constable, treadmill and stocks, the sabre-cut was a protection, although, I must candidly confess, that I do not think the crack in the crown ever made itself visible in his demeanour until a sufficient quantity of ale had gone down his throat, to account for any aberration of conduct, supposing the broadsword in question never to have approached his skull. That weapon served, however, as a most useful shield to our modern Timotheus, who, when detected in any outrageous fit of drunkenness, would immediately summon sufficient recollection to sigh and look pitiful, and put his poor, shaking, withered hand to the seam which the wound had left, with an air of appeal, which even I, with all my scepticism, felt to be irresistible.

In short, old Timothy was a privileged person; and terrible sot though he were, he almost deserved to be so, for his good-humour, his contentedness, his constant festivity of temper, and his good-will towards every living thing—a good-will which met with its usual reward in being heartily and universally returned. Every body liked old Timothy, with the solitary exception of the hostess of the Bell, who, having once had him as an inmate during three weeks, had been so scandalized by his disorderly habits, that, after having with some difficulty turned him out of her house, she had never admitted him into it again, having actually resorted to the expedient of buying off her intended customer, even when he presented himself pence in hand, by the gift of a pint of home-brewed at the door, rather than suffer him to effect a lodgment in her tap-room—a mode of dismissal so much to Timothy's taste, that his incursions had become more and more frequent, insomuch that "to get rid of the fiddler and other scape-graces, who were apt to put upon a lone woman," formed a main article in the catalogue of reasons assigned by Hester to herself and the world, for her marriage with Jacob Frost. Accordingly, the moment she heard that Timothy's irregularities and ill example were likely to prove altogether unprofitable, she revived her old objection to the poor fiddler's morals, rescinded her consent to his admis-

sion, and insisted so vehemently on his being unordered, that her astonished husband, fairly out-talked and out-scolded, was fain to purchase a quiet evening by a promise of obedience. Having carried this point, she forthwith, according to the example of all prudent wives, began an attack on another, and, having compassed the unordering of Timothy, began to bargain for uninviting her next neighbour, the widow Glen.

Mrs. Martha Glen kept a baker's and chandler's shop in a wide lane, known by the name of the Broadway, and adorned with a noble avenue of oaks, terminating in the green whereon stood the Bell, a lane which, by dint of two or three cottages peeping out from amongst the trees, and two or three farm-houses, the smoke from whose chimneys sailed curlingly amongst them, might, in comparison with that lonely nook, pass for inhabited. Martha was a buxom widow, of about the same standing with Mistress Frost. She had had her share of this world's changes, being the happy relict of three several spouses; and was now a comely rosy dame, with a laughing eye and a merry tongue. Why Hester should hate Martha Glen was one of the puzzles of the parish. Hate her she did, with that venomous and deadly hatred that never comes to words; and Martha repaid the obligation in kind, as much as a habitually genial and relenting temper would allow, although certainly the balance of aversion was much in favour of Mrs. Frost. An exceedingly smooth, genteel, and civil hatred it was on both sides; such an one as would have done honour to a more polished society. They dealt with each other, curtsied to each other, sate in the same pew at church, and employed the same charwoman—which last accordance, by the way, may partly account for the long duration of discord between the parties. Betty Clarke, the help in question, being a sharp, shrewish, vixenish woman, with a positive taste for quarrels, who regularly reported every cool inuendo uttered by the slow and soft-spoken Mrs. Frost, and every hot retort elicited from the rash and hasty Martha, and contrived to infuse her own spirit into each. With such an auxiliary on either side, there could be no great wonder at the continuance of this animosity; how it began was still undecided. There were, indeed, rumours of an early rivalry between the fair dames for the heart of a certain lame shepherd, the first husband of Martha; other reports assigned as a reason the unlucky tricks of Tom Martin, the only son of Mrs. Glen by her penultimate spouse, and the greatest pickle within twenty miles; a third party had, since the marriage, discovered the jealousy of Jacob to be the proximate cause, Martha Glen having been long his constant customer, dealing with him in all sorts of fishery and fruitery for herself and her shop, from red-herrings to golden pippins; whilst a fourth party, still more scandalous, placed the jealousy to which they also attributed the aversion, to the score of a young and strapping Scotch pedlar, Simon Frazer by name, who travelled the country with muslins and cottons, and for whom certain malicious gossips asserted both ladies to entertain a lacking *penchant*, and whose insensibility towards the maiden was said to have been the real origin of her match with Jacob Frost, whose proffer she had accepted out of spite. For my own part, I disbelieve all and each of these stories, and hold it very hard that an innocent woman cannot entertain a little harmless aversion towards her next neighbour without being called to account for so natural a feeling. It seems that Jacob thought so too—for on Hester's conditioning that Mrs. Glen should be excluded from the party, he just gave himself a wink

and a nod, twisted his mouth a little more on one side than usual, and assented without a word; and with the same facility did he relinquish the bough of misletoe, which he had purposed to suspend from the bacon rack—the ancient misletoe bough, on passing under which our village lads are apt to snatch a kiss from the village maidens: a ceremony which offended Hester's nicety, and which Jacob promised to abrogate; and, pacified by these concessions, the bride promised to make due preparation for the ball, whilst the bridegroom departed on his usual expedition to the coast.

Of the unrest of that week of bustling preparation, words can give but a faint image—Oh, the scourings, the cleanings, the sandings, the dustings, the scoldings of that disastrous week! The lame ostler and the red-haired parish girl were worked off their feet—"even Sunday shone no Sabbath day to them"—for then did the lame ostler trudge eight miles to the church of a neighbouring parish, to procure the attendance of a celebrated bassoon player to officiate in lieu of Timothy; whilst the poor little maid was sent nearly as far to the head town, in quest of an itinerant show-woman, of whom report had spoken at the Bell, to beat the tambourine. The show-woman proved undiscoverable; but the bassoon player having promised to come, and to bring with him a clarionet, Mrs. Frost was at ease as to her music; and having provided more victuals than the whole village could have discussed at a sitting, and having moreover adorned her house with berried holly, china-roses and chrysanthemums after the most tasteful manner, began to enter into the spirit of the thing, and to wish for the return of her husband, to admire and to praise.

Late on the great day Jacob arrived, his cart laden with marine stores for his share of the festival. Never had the goodly village of Aberleigh witnessed such a display of oysters, muscles, periwinkles and cockles, to say nothing of apples and nuts, and two little kegs, snugly covered up, which looked exceedingly as if they had cheated the revenue, a packet of green-tea, which had something of the same air, and a new silk gown, of a flaming salmon-colour, straight from Paris, which he insisted on Hester's retiring to assume, whilst he remained to arrange the table and receive the company, who, it being now about four o'clock P. M.—our good rustics can never have enough of a good thing—were beginning to assemble for the ball.

The afternoon was fair and cold, and dry and frosty, and Matthews's, Bridgwaters', Whites' and Jones's, in short the whole sacmerage and shopkeepery of the place, with a goodly proportion of wives and daughters, came pouring in apace. Jacob received them with much gallantry, uncloaking and unbonneting the ladies, assisted by his two staring and awkward auxiliaries, welcoming their husbands and fathers, and apologizing, as best he might, for the absence of his helpmate; who, "perplexed in the extreme" by her new finery, which happening to button down the back, she was fain to put on hind side before, did not make her appearance till the greater part of the company had arrived, and the music had struck up a country dance. An evil moment, alas! did poor Hester choose for her entry! for the first sound that met her ear was Timothy's fiddle, forming a strange trio with the bassoon and the clarionet; and the first persons whom she saw were Tom Martin cracking walnuts at the chimney-side, and Simon Frazer saluting the widow Glen under the misletoe. How she survived such sights and sounds does appear wonderful—but survive them she did—for at three o'clock, A. M., when our reporter left the

party, she was engaged in a sociable game at cards, which, by the description, seems to have been long whist, with the identical widow Glen, Simon Frazer and William Ford, and had actually won fivepence-halfpenny of Martha's money; the young folks were still dancing gayly, to the sound of Timothy's fiddle, which fiddle had the good quality of going on almost as well drunk as sober, and it was now playing solo, the clarionet being *hors-de-combat* and the bassoon under the table, Tom Martin, after shewing off more tricks than a monkey, amongst the rest sewing the whole card-party together by the skirts, to the probable damage of Mrs. Frost's gay gown, had returned to his old post by the fire, and his old amusement of cracking walnuts, with the shells of which he was pelting the little parish girl, who sate fast asleep on the other side; and Jacob Frost in all his glory, sate in a cloud of tobacco smoke, roaring out catches with his old friend George Bridgwater, and half a dozen other "drowthy cronies," whilst "aye the aye the ale was growing better," and the Christmas party went merrily on.

M.

THE RETURN OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

[From the French of the President Henaut.]

WHEREFORE regret those happy days,
When Love was lord the wide world o'er?
Our hearts from Time's dull tomb can raise
Those days, and all their bliss restore:
Let us love—let us love—and again behold
The happy times of the Age of Gold.

The flowers still flourish in our fields,
As beautiful as then they were;
The rose the same sweet odours yield;
The birds the same bright plumage bear:
Let us love—let us love—and again behold
The happy times of the Age of Gold.

Still in the spring the nightingale
Sings in the flower-enamelled meads;
And still the brooks love's same sweet tale,
Whisper amidst the answering reeds—
Let us love—let us love—and again behold
The happy times of the Age of Gold.

Still Zephyr breathes, and still doth he
For Flora feel unchanging love;
And still doth th' enamoured bee
Amongst the fair young lilies rove:
Let us love—let us love—and again behold
The happy times of the Age of Gold.

H. N.

WAR:—ITS USES.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

I BELIEVE, Mr. Editor, it is Lady Mary Wortley Montague who says that she considers the world as having now attained the age of FIFTEEN; and that our wars remind her of the boxing matches of schoolboys, who fight without very well knowing for what. I do not remember this lively lady's words; but I have no doubt that she has said in ten syllables as much as such a dull dog as I am would require ten lines for. "At some future day," I think she goes on to say, "the world will arrive at the age of FIFTY or SIXTY:" and then, I presume, we shall discover that all this was very foolish; and, like Pyrrhus, be content to sit down to our wine, and be happy.

How many lustrums go to a minute of the world's life, is a problem in calculation which the Phoenix and the Sun fire-offices have not yet pretended to solve; and therefore I should be much obliged to Mr. Morgan, or Mr. Babbage, if they could throw any light upon the matter.

The divine gentlemen, indeed, have at times offered us a variety of calculations on the subject; but the worst of it is, that they do not agree. They go on squabbling about the Millenium, which answers, I suppose, to about *FOURSCORE* of this tedious, halting, snail-paced globe, or to a hundred and thirty (for aught I know), if it was originally built on the proportional model of old Parr. Probably that is the very reason why this said Millenium is not yet arrived, as it ought to have done a long time ago.

When it is to come, I really cannot inform you: yet when it does come, I shall be very sorry; though I have been a good deal fatigued and deafened in my life-time with "gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder." The fact is, Mr. Editor, that I am on half pay; so that while old "FIFTEEN" is at this vagary, there is nothing left for us, her children, but to go on beating each other's eyes to a state of caliginosity and nigrescence. For in time, we must hope, the *old fool* of FIFTEEN will begin again to divide itself against itself; gaining just as much by that operation (but that is between you and me) as Beelzebub would do if he was ass enough to try the same experiment: eating off its own head, mining its own intestines, crimsoning its own green waters, obscuring its own fair sunshine with fiery and sulphureous vapours; sinking, burning, cutting, slaying, hacking, hewing, marauding, thieving, plundering, bombarding, trumpeting, spearing, shooting, thundering, smoking, starving, fortifying, besieging, drumming, ravishing, taxing, debating, bullying, diplomatizing, cannon-founding, ship-building, making treaties, breaking treaties, digging up villanous saltpetre, tailoring uniforms, amputating legs, trepanning skulls, issuing brevets, and persuading itself that it is a noble, glorious, chivalrous, brilliant, honourable, generous, enviable, immortal thing, to put on a fool's coat, sell itself to slavery for a guinea, and run its head into the mouth of a cannon for a shilling, whenever it is ordered.

What a glorious thing is war! What are its causes, what are its proceedings, what are its effects, what are its uses? Are these all the categories which the question involves?—the *quo*, *quomodo*, *quando*, *quare*, and all the other Q's which the Magister and his followers have regimented? No. What are its beauties, its blessings, its delights, its

pains, its deformities, its gains, its losses, its?—Heavens! there is no end to the categories. I guess that I have not time to be so lengthy. Besides, the Aristotelian logic is apt to be inconvenient to us, degenerated dogs of these evil days, who have not learnt how to dance horn-pipes in fetters. Pray, Mr. Editor, allow us to reason and arrange in our more gentleman-like modern ways!

The beauty of boxing is plain and palpable. Crimson is the most beautiful colour in the rainbow, in the first place. A black eye produces variety in the human face divine; and variety, all the world knows, is one of the great sources of beauty. Consult Burke, if there is any doubt. Besides, have not all the poets written about black eyes? Had not Juno black eyes—even when there were no boxing matches? Ask Homer. Read the Koran: you will find that the houris (dear creatures! I wish I had a few) had black eyes. “Eyes of the gazelle,” (not the *gazette*, Mr. Compositor,) says Lord Byron: of the antelope, says another: stag’s eyes, says a third. Black eyes, says Solomon; black eyes, says Hafiz. Look at Spain—look at Italy—as well as Persia: do not they even *make* their eyes black—like the boys at Eton? It is a hollow case.

Such is the beauty of boxing. But that is the physical beauty: there is a moral beauty, besides, in the institution.

The boxings of the *young* fools of fifteen, are typical of events to come: they serve also for the education and organization of the *old* fool of FIFTEEN. Who shall doubt the moral beauty of boxing, when it levels a lord with a link-boy, a duke with the driver of a stage coach? Men are born equal by nature; aristocracy is a tyranny: *abas le tyran!* Teach him to box, at Eton; send him to the Fives Court; conduct him to Crib, and Molyneux, and the Chicken, that he may learn to respect the rights of man.

Perhaps, Sir, you think that I am jesting? I never was more serious in my life. I say, Sir, that the moral beauty of boxing consists in its being generative of courage; and I sincerely hope that it will never be abolished—at least not till OLD FIFTEEN gives up war-making. I assure you, Sir, upon my honour, that I served in the Peninsula, and that the only men of honour and spirit in the army were the Eton men; at least they topped the whole—though we had some good officers, too, from the other great schools. But as sure, Sir, as you saw a fellow ducking in action, making himself snug under a merlon, or sideling along by a hedge, you would have found that he was brought up at a country school. There was one regiment, Sir, where every officer ran away, and left the men drawn up in face of the French: I found ten of them, Sir, hid in a gravel pit. Every man of them had been at private schools. I dare say they never boxed in their lives. One of our Eton lads, Sir, rallied the men, and led them on by himself. The fact speaks volumes—as they say.

Well, Sir, does it not follow that no man can have any courage who has not been well boxed and boxed well? What if you kill a stupid fellow, now and then? that shews game, Sir,—game on both sides. And then the young Fifteens get accustomed to the sight of blood; which, let me tell you, Sir, is a very good thing.

It is another great advantage of boxing that it makes boys quarrelsome and honourable: that is, tender of their honour—susceptible. What would an officer be without his honour? The true man of spirit and

honour is the man who imagines that every body means to insult him: who is always on the watch, therefore, for an affront; and who never forgives till he has washed it out in his enemy's blood. That is what I call true honour; and if a man of this noble spirit happens to make a little slip of the tongue, he defends it with his life, as a man of honour ought. Is not this the way, too, that my friend Lady Mary's OLD FIFTEEN makes war? And how shall young Fifteen learn what is right and honourable, if he does not begin with boxing?

Now, Sir, it is another great merit of the system of boxing, that it tries the spirit of a fellow. A little boy comes from his mamma's apron-string, and we try him by means of the big lads, who are reposing on their well-earned laurels. He is boxed all round; pitted against the steady hands; and we learn to know his calibre and his bottom: we fit him for promotion and prepare him for the army—for the reality of war. Nothing is to be done with such a fellow unless you thrash him well, particularly if he is a Lord: and another great advantage is, that the *emeriti*, the big boys, have the pleasure of seeing how he stands it. How should they learn to delight in carnage, else; and what would OLD FIFTEEN do if they did not?

How are boys to settle their quarrels, if they do not box? No more than OLD FIFTEEN can, without gunpowder. And why does OLD FIFTEEN quarrel? Why, to be sure, because he knows that his arsenals are well filled, and his men well drilled. Depend upon it, Sir, that personage never thinks of quarreling unless he can bear it out. There is just the beauty of boxing! It makes young Fifteen quarrelsome; and how would the world get on without quarreling, I should be pleased to know? It has never done that yet. Nay, how would OLD FIFTEEN get on without bullying? Did not England bully Copenhagen? Napoleon bully Spain and the Pope? Does not Leadenhall-street bully all India? Are not Lady Amherst and Dr. Abel bullying the Birman empire?

And here is another advantage of boxing, in young Fifteen, Mr. Editor: it makes a coward pass for a boy of courage; and, consequently, he learns to do the same when he is a man.

But I shall dismiss young Fifteen, because I am afraid of becoming lengthy. As to OLD FIFTEEN, what we shall do when he comes to fifty, heaven only knows! Promotion is slow enough as it is; heaven forbid that he should ever live to be eighty; for then, indeed, will Othello's occupation vanish.

But he does some foolish things in the midst of his wisdom. Let Lady Mary sift out the good and the bad, as she can best: that is her affair; I give you my commentaries in the lump. One mighty foolish thing—that cannot be denied—is, that he does not every where follow the same rule that he does in New Zealand. Only consider how the roads are cut up with those cursed bullocks: look at the rascally drivers, and thieves of peasants, and the infernal broad wheeled waggons, hampering the passage of our guns, and all the tag-rag and bobtail of commissaries' clerks. Many a good victory does he lose every day, because the country has been cleared and the supplies cannot come up. *The enemy should be eaten.*

Beat him first, and eat him afterwards. And consider how a man would fight when he saw his dinner before him!—the reward of his victory! Only consider an army without incumbrances; not even hos-

pitals. Why should our tombs be "the maws of crows and kites?"—Far more honourable would be a sepulchre in the enemy's body. On the principles of political economy, the present system is bad. Consider the quantity of produce that is wasted: the quantity of beef and bread consumed to rear animals, only that you may afterwards kill and bury them!

The truth is, that Signor FIFTEEN takes occasional fits of retrogradation; or is wiser in certain places than in others: in times and places both. He had more sense at thirteen than he has now—somewhat more still at ten—or I am much mistaken. He sentimentalizes, here and there, and now and then, which is abundantly silly; as if war was not war. Bless my soul! when he had invented gunpowder, he had just touched the point of perfection; and, like a fool, he has surrendered all the advantages.

Defenceless women and children!—forsooth—that is the cant. Why, the very beauty of a place is to be defenceless; because we march into it. When he was ten, among the Jews, he understood these things better. Think of the convenience of getting women and children for nothing—of getting slaves without sending to Sierra Leone for them, and having to squabble with Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Macaulay. No wages, no month's warning, no mutinies in the kitchen and the servants' hall. Think, Sir, what noble opportunities we have lost; all the consequences of losing sight of the first principles of just, glorious, and necessary war.

There is no end of the follies of OLD FIFTEEN; but let us look a little after his wisdoms; for, heaven be praised, there is always a compensation of good and evil in him, whether he is making war or love—laws or leather breeches. Think of full pay, bat and forage-money, rations, two horses, an orderly, coals and candles, wine allowance, and all the delights of glorious reviews, glorious quarters, glorious wine! Dear OLD FIFTEEN, I hope you will soon begin again to the old work; to be the admiration, the delight, of the dear, dear sex, to carry them off from all competition by means of a red rag and an ounce of gold bullion. To be tailored at once, in an hour, into a gentleman, a soldier, and a man of honour—to have nothing to do—good Lord! I should never have done.

And war it is that brings us taxes: and what should we do but for taxes? are they not the spur to industry, the stimulus to commerce, the reward of the brave, the cause of the circulation of money—which is nothing when it stagnates—the estate of tax-gatherers, and the exchequer, and the custom-house, and the excise office, and the tax office, and the stamp office, and all the offices and officers? And are not taxes the absolute produce of war? Do they ever flourish as they flourish in war?

Not to speak of the necessity of diplomacy;—and what need should we have of diplomacy, without war? And diplomatists—they could not enjoy themselves with twelve thousand a year and a service of plate, and a pension of four thousand, if there was no diplomacy? and there could be no diplomacy if there was no war.

And then what would Lord Palmerston do if there was no War-office? and all the clerks; to say nothing of Mr. Barrow, and Mr. Croker, and the Admiralty, and the Navy-board, and the rest of it. Why, Sir, OLD FIFTEEN would fall to pieces; he would pine, languish, melt down, fuse away to nothing—the order of things would be subverted.

Then, Sir, there would be no officers, no army; we should all be Jesuits; we should get under the Pope and the Lord Chancellor; the parsons, and the doctors, and the lawyers, would rule us: we should do nothing but pray, and take physic, and go to law. No, Sir, I do not want to be governed by the Pope, and to have a millenium. And if the Chancellor was to get the command, we should never have the day of judgment at all; for he would never be able to make up his mind about it.

Sir, I ask you as a candid man, and I will abide. We must have kings! that, I hope, Sir, you grant; as I know you are not a radical. Would you have a king to be a parson? why that would be rank popery, to begin. You would not have him a doctor, I am sure; for he would be soon shaving and blistering all his subjects. The prime minister would be an apothecary, and the Chancellor a midwife; and a pretty midwife he would make, Sir, when he does not deliver a suit in a century.

No, Sir, a king must not be a parson, nor a doctor. Suppose him a lawyer! Why, Sir, he would levy twenty battalions of bumbailiffs and sheriffs' officers; there would be no men left out of prison in the country! Gallowses would grow up like poplars; and I should like to know which would be cheapest, a thousand suits of the uniform of the Guards, or a thousand suits in equity. Why, Sir, the people would soon be stripped stark naked. There would not be a suit of clothes in the country shortly; for we should be dressed up in law suits, and trimmed with red tape.

As to a king being the editor of a journal, even of your journal, Sir, I suspect that the sale would soon fall off, and the worthy publisher would look very blue. Why then, Sir, a king must be a soldier: nothing else can he or shall he be; and therefore, Sir, OLD FIFTEEN must keep on in the old way: he must keep up war, depend upon it.

If it had not been for war, we should have had no saltpetre for our hams. We should have no courage, which is of more consequence still. We should soon turn into sheep, and the foxes would eat us up; the very rats would make their nests in us. It is war that makes the courage of a man, as it makes his honour, and his generosity, and all his fine sentiments and his humanity.

War, Sir, war! It is war that gives us our colonies: and it is our colonies that give us tea, coffee, and rum-punch, and maintain the bulwark of our island, our navy.

War, Sir! it was by war that OLD FIFTEEN propagated religion. Did he not propagate Mahomet, and Flanders, and old Saxony, and Paraguay? Lord, Sir! I should never end if I was to describe the blessings of war, if it was only in this particular case.

And how do you civilize nations—and what would the world be without civilization? Have we not civilized America, and taught Paris a great moral lesson? And did not Old Rome civilize Britain, and all the world? The sword—the sword, Sir, is the true engine of civilization. A ton of gunpowder is worth ten tons of sermons, even though they should be Mr. Irving's. The cannon-law—(cannon with two n's, Mr. Corrector)—is the law of nations: it is law, gospel, civilization, moralization, commerce, humanization, colonies, tea, sugar, rum, and every thing else. All good is founded on war—all benefits spring from it. OLD FIFTEEN understands his trade better than Lady Mary thought for.

Sir, I relieve you from more advantages, lest I should suffocate you.

Else I might shew you how war makes us rich, in many ways—how it makes proctors, with bills five yards long—prize-agents, army-agents, commissioners, contractors, stock-jobbers—and bankrupts, who are the richest of all people, since they live splendidly on less than nothing, which is much more clever than living on nothing—a thing likely to be my case shortly.

For what do nations go to war? A foolish question enough! For what, but that they may fight; and they fight that they may make peace—without which they could not make war again: for, if it was not for that, peace would be a very bad thing. *Per-se*, it is bad; but, being accessory to war, it is good. *Bellum, pax rursus*—then war again—and so on.

But this is another matter, in which OLD FIFTEEN is duller now than he was at thirteen. The Romans managed it all without peace. Ah! those were glorious days! Now, too, we must find reasons for war; or, if we cannot find them, we must invent them. That is the curse of sentiment again, which is the disease of the age. These original noble old thieves never troubled themselves about “reason;” they made war when they pleased, and left any body else (that pleased) to guess the reason.

I could tell you a good deal about the Romans; but it makes me melancholy whenever I think of those times. Besides, I have something else to do; because I must tell you of the reasons for going to war in these degenerate and piping times of reason and justice.—“But dinner waits, and I am tired;” says your reader, so am I.

H. I.

STANZAS.

O HEART! thou child of sun and shade,
I value thee but as the shrine,
Wherein the sweetest gifts are laid
That ever fell from lip, betrayed
To thoughts whereof it felt afraid—
And these are thine!

O! hide thy wealth from worldly eyes
That fascinate with shame and sin,
That seek the things they cannot prize,
And ask me where this love-pearl lies,
And drain my meanest arteries:—
It is within.

Ah! thou, whose looks my moonlight make,
Whose truths upon thy tongue lie curled,
And now and then with witcheries wake
My soul,—shall blood of thine e'er slake
The thirstings of this human snake?
I dread the world!

Can we not launch a spirit-bark
Until the tide of tears shall cease,
And make it as Affection's ark,
Where some untired, redeeming spark
May find us through the trackless dark—
A thing of Peace?

Or if the moonless wave should bear
Our hearts where not a hope can fly,
There's triumph in such lone despair;
And all our mutual lifetime there
Shall be a long and pensive prayer
That we may die!

S.L.B.

A WEEK 1873 FULL-LENGTHS, N^o. III.—THE TAX-GATHERER.

WE have somewhere heard or read of a laudable custom existing in some foreign states, by which all the public executioners are gathered into one family compact, and from which stock government always looks for and meets with a due supply of rope-men and wheel-men, making of the younger branches turnkeys and assistants. It is a most wise ordination—a splendid invention to blunt the naughty prejudices of the world—to make the otherwise sufferers smirk and whistle in the sour, hard-lined face of public opinion. Thus hangmen are great and invulnerable in their connexions; each may trace “a long line of ancestry.” Moreover, he has a living world of his own, ample enough to supply all the wants of mutual recognizance, sympathy and praise, which poor human nature, whether breaking stones in the highway, or cracking filberts in a regal hall, desires and pines for. With what delicate, yet peculiar care, must the education of the future hangmen be directed; what parental lessons on tender-heartedness and the locality of the jugular, must be needful, in order to sustain the renown of the house, and to make, as Dryden has it, a gentleman “die sweetly.” How ideas of self-importance must grow up with the young rogues! how they must leer at and speculate on the unchanged part of the community! perhaps some little Caligula in corduroy wishing, in all the yearnings of early genius, that the whole township had but one neck. How complacently these puny varlets must play at marbles in the parth-way of a field of hempseed; what significant looks they may send after the passengers! Can any one doubt the benefit, both political and social, of such constant intermarryings of the families of these humble branches of the executive? We think not.

It is now, perhaps, high time that we speak of our Tax-gatherer; we have, indeed, from the first, been making an indirect, crab-like advance to him: some men are not to be run at full butt; and, we think, no man less so—here we put it to the candour of our readers—than a Tax-gatherer. We have spoken of the republican coalition—the Owen, New-Harmony-like establishment of foreign hangmen. We think a hint might be taken from it for the benefit of our Tax-gatherers; they are an ill-used race; a reviled, abused *genus*. We feel for their privations; our pen weeps ink over their injuries. We roundly assert, that Tax-gatherers should, like the unassuming law-officers before noted, make head against the mocks and scoffings of the world—they ought to consolidate—to become one body.

We have said Tax-gatherers were an injured race; our proof, like a dutiful page, follows close upon the heels of, and gives his weapons to, the knight Assertion. There are two broad ways—not to mention the hundred alleys, the sweet green lanes—to a man's comfort and good opinion: firstly, the road of praise to his covering of flesh; secondly, the highway of approbation to its intellectual co-mate. Are there such ways to a Tax-gatherer?—alas! we think not. Or if there be, are they travelled—are they gone over?—never. The Muckslush-heath of honest Brulgruddery is not less frequented. Our proof is ready. We once more put it to our readers—at least, to our housekeeper-readers, for we are not to be tricked by the gratuitous candour of the tenants of lodgings for single gentlemen, “within twenty minutes walk of 'Change”—but we put it to those experienced persons, who really know what the face of a Tax-gatherer is—who have stared at it, pondered on it, speculated on

every feature and line of it—we put it to them, whether they ever saw a handsome Tax-gatherer? We would not be dogmatic, but we think not. Now, is not this an afflicting state, that a man should, by absolute prejudice, be thus “curtailed of his fair proportions?” for it matters not, let the humble compiler of the revenue be bright and glistening as Sol, he is set down and noted as foul and murky as Erebus. We repeat it: no Tax-gatherer was ever thought, save by his wife, a good-looking man. (We much doubt whether a pawnbroker, knowing his customer, would advance a single doit on his miniature.) We now aim at proof the second. Did any of our readers (housekeepers again) meet with a really urbane, amiable, and milky-hearted Tax-gatherer? If so, were ever his good qualities brinted?—No. His highest praise has been couched in “the man is well enough:” a great eulogium certainly, if philosophically solved—but philosophy rarely mingles in our transactions with Tax-gatherers: there, all is *£. s. d.* and matter-of-fact.

Let us, however, take “one victim:” let us set out with our Tax-gatherer on his morning’s round.

* * * * *

Well, the Tax-gatherer has for the last hour been the unresisting victim of two battledores, a negative and an imperative; he has been struck from house to house by “Not at Home” and “Call Again.” And here let us for a moment sympathize with the feelings—(if he hath any feeling left)—of the poor pedestrian, than whom the unclosed door no sooner reveals to the giggling servant, or to the daughter, who has come skipping and shaking her curls along the passage, and perhaps dwelling on the last note of *Di Tanti Palpiti*, or of Arne’s *Monster Away!*—no sooner does the Tax-gatherer stand confessed, than the inhabitant looks blank—the visage lengthens—a business-like seriousness overspreads the face, and either set of the above three syllables drop heavily as bullets from the lips of beauty: sometimes, indeed, the transaction may be enlivened by a querulous shrillness of voice, a sudden bodily whisk of the party called upon, and at length, the conference be impressively terminated by a slamming-to of the door. Indeed, a curious man might find some employment in remarking on the entrance of a Tax-gatherer into a retired and quiet street, how many of these portal concussions should attend him on his route. And then narrowly to observe the features of the visited, when they glance from the face of the Tax-gatherer to the missile in his hand; that dreadful little book—that key to the *History of England*—and, like that history, the record of so many departed sovereigns. How the parties recoil from that puny volume! they shrink back as they look on its unloosed brazen clasp, as though the jaws of a griffin were distended before them. If the man stood ready at the threshold, to hurl into the dwelling-house a Congreve-rocket, the habitant could not behold either the Tax-gatherer or his instrument with greater trepidation. Ingenuity might be goaded to find pertinent similitudes to the book of a Tax-man, with so many and such conflicting attributes is it endowed by its beholders. A sleeping snake, the paw of a leopard, the bill of the butcher-bird, are all common and inexpressive similes. Its sober and harmless-looking covers, of humble sheep, are, in imagination, transformed into the skin of a tyger, that has desolated a village, swallowing a rajah, his body-guards, men, women, and young children; or to that of a swine that has “eaten her nine farrow:” its pages are held to be veritable leaves from the upas-tree:

there is also thunder in their rustling. Hard lot to be deemed thus terrible, both in person and in agents. We feel for the Tax-gatherer; we feel for the slights which are put upon him, the ready white lie which is hourly served up to him. Even infants that can scarcely stammer, the mere babes of the poor housekeeper, are taught to note his person well—to become deeply acquainted with his coat and gaiters, in order to give the “not at home” without error or prevarication.

But, say our readers—and doubtless feelingly they say—a day of reckoning does come. Truly, it does; but the Tax-gatherer is almost the only man to whom the taking of money is not altogether a pleasurable process. Alas, the coin told into his hand awakens no delirious throb which, communicating with the neighbouring arteries, by some means (we are no anatomist) arrives at the heart, and awakens that internal music, which the eyes and mouth of a plodding dealer frequently indicate to be stirring within him. The payment is too often embittered by comment; whilst counting out the money, there are some grievous interpolations. It may be, too, that he is the unwilling hearer of divers snatches of sentences, which an ill-minded man might brand as disaffected, nay, as being dwarf cousin-germans to the blood-streaked giant, Treason. Perhaps he has to deal with a sturdy old gentleman, who has magnanimously kept up a consistent growl against all parties, for the last forty years; a man, of substance, but close withal: one who was never guilty of any shew or extravagance, save in the binding of the nine hundred volumes of Mr. Cobbett in extra-calf. Must we not sympathize with the poor Tax-gatherer as the servant, closing the door, leaves him closetted with this antiquated malcontent? Why does not Wilkie strike off such a scene? Let us fancy the man of office a thin—(thin men of office are, we allow, anomalies)—meagre, unassuming person—his antagonist, rotund and red-faced: the first recognizing glance of the parties is, with the short, fitful grunt of the householder, worth all the remainder of the meeting. It is not to be supposed that the official visitor quits this house with feelings too much pampered with kindness and courtesy. His next interview may be with some bitter-witted wight, marvellously deep in history; who, to while away the time whilst the receipt is being written, asks our humble revenue officer, if he ever heard of Wat Tyler? and then, without waiting for a reply, adds, “he was a blacksmith, and with his hammer once knocked out the brains of a Tax-gatherer”—at the same time looking our subject full in the face, to discover whether sympathy for the departed, or a feeling of self-preservation preponderates.

There are, to be sure, a few bright moments in the practice of our Tax-gatherer. Some of these may be in his visit to a rare old lady, whose husband was loyal to the very eye-brows, and who was, in some way or other, disposed of for the benefit of his country—or perhaps her great-grandfather was footman at the palace, or breeches-maker to one of the young princes. These persons are, however, we grieve to record it, rare as unicorns. Our Tax-gatherer is also, in some few places, consulted as—next to the newspaper—the greatest oracle. Some quiet, lone, political widow, who has little else to do but to keep her eye on the movements of Messrs. Peel, Huskisson, and Canning, holds no mean opinion of our subject: this loquacious dame always dives into the very depths of finance, and perforce takes our Tax-gatherer along with her. After buffeting with him all the conflicting billows of our home and

foreign policy—after duly touching on the price of sugars, the imperial measure, and Catholic Emancipation, she startles him with this subtle question—"when does he think the window-lights will come off?" This is a query of some weight, and our Tax-gatherer begs leave to defer his solution until the next meeting. Our officer does not, however, quit the widow, without first gallantly acquiescing in her acute deduction, that "if tobaccos fall, snuff *must* come down."

Yet, what are these few blissful moments of relaxation compared to the many days of hard enduring of our Tax-gatherer! What, if for a brief—alas! how brief—space his mental eye reposes, on what Mr. Burke calls "the soft green of the soul," displayed by meek and placable woman, what "antries vast" he meets with in the ruder sex! How his loyalty is shocked and jarred by base and disaffected comparisons! One customer, whose knocker our Tax-gatherer could swear to, even to the minutest scratch or perforation, having many a time surveyed it for fifteen minutes in a shower, shocks, beyond expression, the patriotism of his official visitor. He declares, whilst bringing forth his rate by sixpences, that, "for his part, he is always paying—he knows not where the money goes to:" he then, with a groan and much physical determination, thrusts the receipt into his fob; and then concludes his homily, by declaring that "he hears America is very prettily governed for five hundred a year, and potatoes are just as dear there as in England." These, and a thousand like these, are what our man of the little book is doomed to suffer.

It may be urged, that we have endowed our Tax-gatherer with too much meekness—that he is a collector for a romantic tale—and that our real, mundane, gaitered—(he mostly wears gaiters)—Tax-gatherer, is of a more repelling and dogmatic kind. Is it to be wondered at if, in the end, he really become so? Let the above narrated exigencies account for the transition. If a man's heart be soft as the back of a glow-worm, there are buffetings and affronts which will render it repulsive as the mail of the armadillo; if the features of the young Tax-gatherer display candour and good-nature, can we wonder if the cheeks of the more experienced collector be wholly official; be, in fact, like the royal arms, adorned with a *Dieu et mon Droit*? Verily, Tax-gatherers are not the folks that carry away the enviable posts of this world.

We trust we have done some little service to the Tax-gatherer. And yet, perhaps, we may not be altogether considered a candid advocate, being a housekeeper of twenty years' standing, and the parent of ten small children.

We will conclude by repeating, that a Tax-gatherer is to be compassionated. In the metropolis, indeed, and in large cities, his fate may be more endurable; but, in a provincial district, where he calls on every inhabitant, it is an employment not befitting mere mortal bones and sinews. We have said, that a Tax-gatherer is shunned, and, in a manner, generally maltreated; so rooted in us is this opinion, that we should hold the man to afford a splendid instance of magnanimity and absence from vulgar prejudice, who could have it indisputably authenticated, that he ever, during his official visit, invited the Tax-gatherer to take—wine and cake.

J.

THE HOURI;

A PERSIAN SONG.

SWEET Spirit ! ne'er did I behold
 Thy ivory neck, thy locks of gold ;
 Or gaze into thy full dark eye,
 Or on thy snowy bosom lie ;
 Or take in mine thy small white hand,
 Or bask beneath thy smilings bland ;
 Or walk, enraptured, by the side
 Of thee, my own immortal bride.

I see thee not—yet oft I hear
 Thy soft voice whispering in my ear ;
 And when the evening breeze I seek,
 I feel thy kiss upon my cheek ;
 And when the moonbeams softly fall
 On mead and tower, and flower-crowned wall,
 Methinks the Patriarch's dream I see—
 The steps that lead to heaven and thee.

I've heard thee wake, with touch refined,
 The viewless harp-strings of the wind ;
 And on my ear their soft tones fell,
 Sweet as the voice of Israfil !*
 I've seen thee, in the lightning's sheen,
 Lift up for me heaven's cloudy screen,
 And give one glimpse, one transient glare,
 Of the full blaze of glory there.

Oft, 'midst my wanderings wild and wide,
 I know that thou art by my side ;
 For flowers breathe sweetlier 'neath thy tread,
 And suns burn brighter o'er thy head ;
 And though thy steps so noiseless steal,
 And though thou ne'er thy form reveal,
 My throbbing heart and pulses high
 Tell me, sweet Spirit, thou art nigh.

O for the hour, the happy hour,
 When Azrael's† wings shall to thy bower
 Bear my enfranchised soul away,
 Unfettered with these chains of clay !
 For what is he whom men so fear—
 Azrael ! the solemn and severe—
 What but the white-robed priest is he,
 Who weds my happy soul to thee.

Then shall we rest in bowers that bloom
 With more than Araby's perfume,
 And list to many a lovelier note
 Than swells th' enamoured Bulbul's‡ throat ;
 And gaze on scenes so fair and bright,
 Thought never soared so proud a height,—
 And one melodious ziralet §
 Through heaven's unending year repeat.

H. N.

* Israfil, the angel of music.
 † Azrael, the angel of death.

‡ Bulbul, the nightingale.
 § Ziralet, a song of rejoicing.

LETTER UPON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL, FROM A GENTLEMAN IN
LONDON TO A GENTLEMAN IN THE COUNTRY.

Give me a brick, Sir, for my bolster;
An armourer is my upholster.

Counter-Rat.

WAR—"horrid war!"—has driven all other matters out of men's heads here since the 12th of this last month. In the House of Commons, Mr. Hume, and his calculations together,—with one long, simultaneous, unceremonious groan—even from the Opposition,—have been voted a "*bore*." Corn disputes, currency questions, and measures of economy, and all such fitting topics for a "piping time" of leisure, have been sent pell-mell to the devil. The whole of the leading people on the *côté gauche* have behaved nobly; and Mr. Baring, as the representative of the mercantile interest, in a most sound and constitutional speech,—and Mr. Brougham, as the organ of the Whig aristocracy, in a short speech, the effect of which, however, was absolutely tremendous,—both agreed, that to doubt the capability of England to sustain a war, or the propriety of its instantly, under the existing circumstances, making active preparations for one, would be to compromise our own safety as an independent nation, and to disgrace ourselves in the eyes of Europe for ever. All the speeches on this occasion—except the opening, upon the "message"—were short. The general feeling seemed to be, that it was time now to be acting—not shaping sentences, and talking. Mr. Brougham's speech was one of the most impressive that ever I heard even him deliver. There was not one word in it that was not straight to the point; and the manner was even more powerful than the substance spoken. I certainly never saw or heard any man—except, perhaps, Kean the actor, in some of his most successful efforts—whose points seemed visibly to *tell* upon his audience—falling like the huge strokes of some vast machine that drives piles, or beats out native iron—like those of the member for Winchelsea. The thing—as a mere exhibition—is worth travelling an hundred miles to see. It is not eloquence—unless thunder be eloquence. It is real power, of the most terrific calibre, applied to and moving the real affairs of life.

Of course, it would be absurd here to attempt any speculation as to the probable results of the impending contest; but the very jobbing in the Greek Committee never was more transparent than the necessity for undertaking it. How far circumstances should have led us to interfere two years back, when the French first occupied Spain, may be matter of question; but, as that measure has operated, I am quite sure we ought not to regret any emergency which (in good time) re-raises the point between ourselves and France. There is a fable, about "a bitch that lent her kennel." I don't recollect whether it is in *Æsop* or *Phædrus*; but it is a very good one; and it seems to me to have been written very much with a view to cases like the present. I can't give the precise words; but it goes something to the following effect:—

"A bitch that was heavy with whelp came to another bitch, who had a convenient kennel, and begged leave, because she was poor and houseless, to lie in, and bring forth her puppies in it. The wealthy bitch, who was of an easy temper, consented, and gave up her kennel, allowing the other to take possession. In about two months, however, the owner of

the dwelling, thinking it was time to return home, called at her kennel, to request that the new tenant would remove. The latter received her with great courtesy—expressing much gratitude for the favour that had been shewn her—but begged the indulgence of only one more month, as her puppies were yet young and feeble—unable to go abroad, and to shift for themselves. To this farther delay the mistress of the kennel consented, though to her own personal inconvenience; and went away, relying, at the time appointed, to find her house clear, and set in order for her reception. But she reckoned without her host; for, when she returned, at the end of the third month, and declared that ‘she was sorry to disturb any body, but could absolutely wait no longer’—‘Then, in that case,’ said the strange bitch, looking to her puppies, who were now grown up fierce and strong, and able to back their mother—‘in that case, come on! and get possession how you can—for, I promise you, you shall never again set foot in this kennel, unless you are strong enough to turn me out of it—me, and my litter of pups.’”

Now France is the bitch that has borrowed the kennel; she has got possession of Spain—getting that, peaceably, by negociation, which she could never (we should say) have got by war. She need never want an argument or excuse—as long as arguments or excuses will serve—for keeping possession of it; and, in the meantime, she fixes herself and her interests more firmly in the country every day. By-and-bye, we shall plainly request her to “turn out;” and it is not quite impossible that, when we put the question, “Peace or war! are you prepared to evacuate Cadiz?” she may reply, “I am prepared to do so, *provided* you will, on the same day, walk out of Gibraltar.” Now, I confess, I should like to see this question—if it is to be one—set at rest as *soon* as possible. The intention of the French king may be sincere—I think it must be sincere. Princes are not bound quite by the same ties that attach individuals; but the Bourbon family can hardly forget—not perhaps that it was England that replaced them on their throne—but that England sheltered and sustained them, in their seemingly hopeless reverse of fortune. On France, too, as a country, we have claims. We were moderate with her—and not “light-fingered”—in our day of victory. From the very hour after the battle of Waterloo, upwards, England was her friend and her protector—not her foe. All this seems to assure us, that France can have no disposition to go to war with England; but—I am very much of Macbeth’s opinion—something inclined to “make assurance doubly sure;” and I think we might as well now, in Spain, wait upon the French, as it were, to the door—see them at Bayonne—and then all parties will be satisfied, and there will be no occasion for any “assurance” at all. I do not believe that France has, or has had, any intention of seizing Spain; but it is written, that you shall not lead nations—any more than “men”—“into temptation;” and, if any such caprice were to occur to her, it would be a monstrous convenience to commence operations upon it, with the disputed ground *already in her possession*.

Next to the Spanish question, the law of LIBEL has been the most popular late subject of discussion. All the world almost has been indicting or indicted; and there have been two cases tried—one, an indictment by M. Bochsa, against the *Examiner* newspaper, tried before the Lord Chief Justice in the Court of King’s Bench;—and the other, an action for damages against the *Times*, in the matter of “the idiot Smith,” tried

before the Chief Baron in the Court of Exchequer; upon which a few words, I think, might be said with advantage to the public.

The facts of both cases I assume to be in every body's recollection. M. Bochsa, who is a harp-player and musical composer, was appointed one of the principal directors in a new scientific institution, under "fashionable patronage," which is called the "Academy of Music," and of which the Archbishop of Canterbury (I believe) is a patron. The *Examiner* newspaper, which thought the whole institution—as I think it—rather a tweedle-dum sort of affectation, expressed some surprise that M. Bochsa, who (as it stated) was a "fugitive felon," and had been condemned in France to the galleys, to be branded, &c., should be associated in any undertaking with one of the first dignitaries of the church of England. M. Bochsa then indicts the *Examiner* newspaper. The publication of the paragraph complained of, and its offensive character, are proved. These proofs, in a case of indictment, are sufficient to constitute LIBEL; and they are *all* the proof at which the court will look. No evidence of the *truth* of the paragraph complained of can be received; because the statement, although it be *true*—if it be calculated to injure—is nevertheless a LIBEL. Accordingly, the jury is not permitted to declare any thing, but that "an offensive paragraph"—(they know not why or wherefore)—"has been published;" and the judge then convicts Mr. Hunt, who will receive sentence, by fine or imprisonment—or both—to any extent or amount that the Court of King's Bench shall think fit.

The second case is an action for damages—not an indictment. And here, evidence of the truth of the statement published may be received, and will form an answer (or "justification") to the action. But, then, that "justification" or proof of truth—by the practice of the court—must be to the LETTER. Your statement must not only have a foundation in truth, but all the circumstances of it must be strictly borne out, or you have a verdict against you; the effect of which practice is, that no man, whatever his caution, could ever write an account of any transaction which he had not (at least) seen with his own eyes, without being saddled with costs and damages, if the account were offensive, and an action for LIBEL were brought against him. In the present case, the facts were shortly these. In January 1825, a Staffordshire magistrate, of the name of Broughton, heard that an idiot, or lunatic, named George Smith, who had been confined for many years in the private house of his brother and sister, was treated with great neglect and inhumanity—a variety of particulars being stated to this effect, some of which were exaggerated, and into which it is not necessary that I should enter. Mr. Broughton, who is a clergyman as well as a magistrate, upon this, proceeded to the house of the Smiths; and there found such a state of things, as he thought made it his duty to take the lunatic at once out of the hands of his relatives, and to send him to the county asylum for security. The whole impression upon this gentleman's mind—as appears afterwards, from his own evidence on the first trial—was of a very unfavourable description. Then, subsequent to this public proceeding by the magistrate, and when the affair of the lunatic was, of course, already bruited through the country, a paragraph, purporting to be a general account of the case, appeared in a paper called the *Salopian Journal*; in which the neglect of the Smiths towards their relative was described with a variety of circumstance, and at considerable length. For that paragraph an ac-

tion was brought against the *Salopian Journal*, in which the plaintiff obtained £100 damages. Another action against the *Birmingham Journal*, for copying that paragraph (and, I rather think, adding some remarks), was tried at Gloucester, and the verdict was for £400 damages. Subsequently, a third action is brought against the *Times*, for copying the *Birmingham Journal*. The *Times* does not "justify," or offer to prove the truth of the copied statement; because the *Birmingham Journal*, in the former action, had tried to "justify," and the justification had been incomplete. The verdict for the plaintiff, however, against the *Times*, (in the court at Westminster), was only for £5; and ten of the jury were disposed to give him only a farthing.

Now it will occur to every body, I think, who reads Mr. Hunt's case (the *Examiner*), that the law of LIBEL in this country stands in a most extraordinary position. The power which it gives to courts in cases of indictment is terrific; and, at the same time, the law itself is so absurd—so monstrous—that it needs only to be a little more hotly acted upon than it has been, and there can be no doubt that it *must* be altered. The peculiarity of the law of LIBEL, applicable to cases of indictment—and that in which it differs from the law of every other known offence—is that it brings the defendant into court—not to be tried—but to be convicted. It is not merely that the plaintiff's proof of the publication of something calculated to injure or provoke him, shall constitute the offence—but that it shall conclude the trial. The *Examiner* has stated that M. Bochsa is a "convicted felon." On the trial that single statement is proved; and the defendant cannot *open his mouth*—and he *must* be found guilty. Mr. Hunt has stated that M. Bochsa was convicted of felony; the *Times* newspaper, on the day after Mr. Hunt's trial, publishes an extract from the *Moniteur* of February the 17th, 1818, purporting to be a report of the sentence pronounced by the Court of Assize of Paris upon Nicholas Bochsa, for seven distinct forgeries. The conclusion of that report runs thus: "The court pronounces Nicholas Bochsa guilty of all these forgeries" (there being still others, upon which he is not tried), "and condemns him to twelve years of forced labour—to be branded with the letters T. F.," &c. &c.; and yet, if Mr. Hunt had offered the record of that very conviction and sentence, as evidence in the Court of King's Bench, to justify that which he had said, he could not, BY LAW, have been *heard*, even so far as to say that they existed.

Then what a precious state of affairs will this law—if it be only well acted upon—place us in! It is a LIBEL to say that a man has been convicted of felony, who *has* been convicted of felony; and you cannot be heard—nor even allowed to produce his conviction—in your defence. There is not a thief sentenced to be transported at the Old Bailey, who has not a clear case of indictment—and the certainty of a verdict—against every newspaper that publishes his trial; and Heaven knows what would become of the people who print the "Dying Speeches," if it were not that dead men bring no indictments, any more than they tell tales; for even the rope which cuts short Thomas Huggins' or Alexander Spriggins's breath, is no estoppel to his right of action.*

* The restriction does not stop here. It is not at all confined to newspapers—if the law is to be acted upon. The law laid down in Sir Francis Burdett's case *distinctly* was, that *putting a letter into the post* amounted to "publication;"—in which case, any

And the defendant, too, in a case of LIBEL—here lies the monstrous incongruity—is treated by the Court in a manner entirely the reverse of that which it treats a man upon his trial for every other crime. In every offence but LIBEL, five-sixths of the crime is taken to lie—as it must lie—not in the simple *act done*—but in the spirit, or circumstances, under which that act was committed. A man on his trial for Murder has the *act* of having done that which caused death proved against him. But this is not “murder;” and he proceeds at once to *explain away* the act—to change its apparent signification. He shews that the blow which killed was accidental—that death was not intended—that there was a fair fight—that what he did was in self-defence;—and the act of “killing,” which, done maliciously, *might* have been “murder”—as the malicious publication of an offensive fact may be LIBEL—is reduced to “manslaughter,” or he is entirely acquitted.

So, in a case of robbery. The prisoner took the goods: this is the *act*—like the act (in libel) of publication. But he shews that the goods were his own, and had been got from him by fraud—that he was on such terms with the prosecutor as gave him some constructive right in the property;—and the value of the offence is changed. So, in forgery: the writing of a man’s name is proved—but the prisoner shews that he had an authority to write it. But, in LIBEL, the mere dry, single *act*—the “publication” being shewn—no explanation can be heard from the defendant—no defence—no account of the really important point, the MOTIVE. But we proceed to conviction.

Now, why not let an indictment for LIBEL go to the jury like any other indictment? Why not let the truth of the statement complained of be *shewn*—not as, of itself, a necessary justification, however fully it may be made out—but as shewing the defendant’s intent—being his defence; and leaving the jury to consider—as they do of every other defence—whether it amounts to a justification or not? This is not proposing to make the truth of any statement—of necessity—its defence; because we know that there are abundant cases in which the “truth” is no honest or fair subject of publication;—as, for instance, in the case now pending of Madame Vestris, the actress; who, whatever her private habits may be, has never obtruded those habits upon the public; and whom no one will suppose a common pennyless blackguard ought to be allowed to make money of, by putting forth a mass of scandalous filth, under the title of her “Memoirs.” But still, though you will not let the “truth” amount to a *claim* (under indictment for LIBEL) for necessary acquittal, why not let it form (where it can be shewn) that which it is—a matter for *consideration*?

The real legislative answer to this—and it is an answer which I am not quite prepared to deny—is the possible inconvenience in a case of political libel. The press is an engine of terrific power; and if you give to juries the power of choosing, it is possible that some jury may, at some time or other, acquit a man whom it is material for the public peace to have found guilty. But then—if we grant this tremendous licence to courts of law—giving up, in fact, as regards LIBEL, the

any man who wrote to his friend in the country that he had seen Mr. So-and-So, their mutual neighbour, tried and convicted of forgery, might as certainly (though the fact were true) be indicted for a libel, and must as certainly be found guilty—as Mr. Hunt has been found guilty of a libel upon M. Bochsa.

safety of trial by jury altogether—what a paramount necessity does this create for the most absolute freedom from prejudice—the most cautious moderation always—on the part of the judge! And this point (with which I must wind up) brings me to a few words upon the seeming inclination of the Lord Chief Baron's mind upon the subject of LIBEL, as expressed the other day, in the trial against the *Times*, in the Court of Exchequer.

In the first action, in the matter of the idiot Smith—tried against the *Birmingham Journal*, at Gloucester—the verdict was for the plaintiffs, with damages £400. It struck most persons, I believe, as a very extraordinary verdict; not at all of necessity, because they believed all the circumstances which the paragraph complained of had stated against the Smiths—but because there was not the smallest ground for supposing the existence of any *malice* in the defendant. On the “justification” set up, it was sworn by Mr. Broughton, the magistrate, a man of consideration, and a clergyman, and on whose veracity there could be no impeachment,—that he found the lunatic, at his first visit, in a most wretched condition—such as induced him immediately to order his removal to the county asylum, where his health and condition very rapidly improved; and this statement was corroborated by two or three perfectly respectable and apparently disinterested witnesses—one of whom was the keeper of the asylum, who fetched the patient from the house of his relatives. Now, after these events, I should say it was the absolute duty of any journalist—if newspapers for any useful purpose ought to be permitted to exist (which is a question that I will not stop to discuss here);—that, having before him so many unquestionable facts, any newspaper editor would have exposed himself to a fair charge of cowardice—and probably to suspicion of corruption—who had omitted to publish an account of the case. If such a case was not to be published, to what end does a newspaper exist? I am far here from losing sight of the interests of the Smiths. No case can be more pitiable than that of a family upon whom (under such circumstances) the care of a human being bereft of reason devolved. But we cannot lose sight of the *common* advantage. No persons suffer a heavier affliction than those upon whom the keeping of lunatics devolves; but all experience has shewn us, that there is no earthly duty in which persons require more vigilance exercised over them, and more attention. All people who have the guardianship of those who have no means of resistance, live in danger of themselves. The cases are endless—every day recurring—in which keepers of schools—masters of workhouses and prisons—tradesmen taking parish-apprentices—masters of ships at sea—possessors of slaves abroad—and, more than *all*, keepers of lunatics at home—are found either offending, or negligent of their duty. Now here is a case in which strange circumstances are publicly reported: the newspaper writer is cognizant of some most important and undisputed facts. If it so happens that he mixes up in his account some incidents which turn out to be untrue—is not the most that can be fairly said, that he has made use of some reports which *strict caution* would have avoided? And this is an error to have given—against an original writer—£50 damages for; not against a man who “copied,” in the course of business, £400.

But now hear the Chief Baron of the Exchequer: his Lordship is of another way of thinking. The £400 damages gained against the *Bir-*

Birmingham Journal encourages the Smiths to bring actions all round the kingdom; and, among others, one against the *Times*;—in which his Lordship treats the case as if it were one of the most atrocious—one of the “blackest,”—as Mr. Scarlett said of an action brought once by Messrs. Day and Martin of Holborn,—ever presented to a jury. The *Times* cut two paragraphs out of a country newspaper; and the Chief Baron says such an act is an “offence against God and man!”—The jury may as well “open their houses at night to house-breakers, as not prevent the proprietors of newspapers, when they repeat such atrocious libels as these!”—It is his Lordship’s duty to tell the jury, that “the law implies malice from a man’s acts.”—When they warrant such an inference, I presume?—though that they may very easily be made to do, where he is not permitted (as in a proceeding by indictment) to explain them.* The general respectability and honesty of a libeller, moreover, is a reason why he should pay two thousand pounds instead of one. “The *Times*,” his Lordship says, “is a highly respectable paper—in general very free from libel; but, if a paper be highly respectable, its readers therefore give the more credit to any libel which may be found within its columns.” This is rather hard; but the best point is to come. The *Times* merely copied the article in question from another paper. At worst, it only—being “in general very free from libel”—cut out a paragraph from a country paper too negligently, without taking the caution to be sure that what was there stated was strictly true. Now mark what follows! His Lordship—the very Chief Baron, who is insisting upon never-varying punctuality, and tewing the *Times* so mercilessly for its little omission on this occasion of duty—goes on, the very next moment, in the teeth of all caution and punctuality, to pronounce against the *Times* itself a most grievous and unquestionable LIBEL! In a case tried some years ago against the *Observer* newspaper, for a paragraph copied from a country paper, and headed “Infamous Conduct of an Attorney!” I recollect it laid down in the strongest terms by the judge who tried, that the heading of the paragraph—which was not copied from the country paper, but added by the *Observer* itself—was the most scandalous and unjustifiable portion, and merited the heaviest punishment, of the whole libel. Now, the Chief Baron—*misere succurrere!*—let his Lordship pity the imperfection of our common nature!—the Chief Baron, sitting as a judge, actually goes on to charge the *Times* (in his charge to the jury) with the heavy offence of—absolutely and directly—having added the Heading at the top of *their* paragraph—from the *Birmingham Journal*, which is “BARBAROUS OUTRAGE!” He inveighs against the act as an addition which “made the paragraph the defendant’s own,” and “pledged their credit to its veracity.” And it is not until the end of his summing up,

* Lord Chief Justice Best (of the Common Pleas)—who, though he is considerably hotter than Cayenne pepper, always seems to me to have a peculiarly free and liberal feeling of common-sense, and justice, and manly reason, running through his law—has lately adverted to this point of “malice,” in one or two actions for libel which have come before him. In “*Stockley v. Clement*,” for instance, a few days back only, his Lordship observes, “that he does not see how the law can imply malice where the circumstances of the case are not such as, in some degree, to raise the presumption that malice existed.” But there are a class of lawyers who are “reputed wise,” as *Gratiano* puts it, “for saying nothing;” who are always perfectly content to lay down the most self-evident absurdity, if it can only be proved that a given number of “authorities” have laid it down, or abided by it, before them.

that his Lordship is reminded by the defendant's counsel—that he is entirely *wrong* as to all this wickedness he has been accusing the *Times* of;—and that the words “BARBAROUS OUTRAGE,” as well as all those in the body of the libellous paragraph, are *not added*, but *copied* from the *Birmingham Journal*!

Then only suppose—if such a thing may be supposed without irreverence—an action brought against the Chief Baron of the Exchequer for this libel on the *Times*; and *me*—in the character of the Chief Justice of any court we please—“summing up” to the jury:—

“Gentlemen of the Jury!—This is an action, brought by the plaintiffs, the proprietors of the *Times* newspaper, against Sir William Alexander, Knight, Chief Baron of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer, for a LIBEL. You have heard the offending matter read; and I think you will agree with me, that ‘it is a libel of such *atrociousness*, that its equal is not often seen.’ It is ‘an offence against God and man,’ for any person to sit upon a bench and utter charges of this description, without being sure that they are well-founded. It may be said here, that ‘what the defendant did was the effect of accident, and that you have no proof that he acted with malice;’ but ‘it is my duty to tell you that the law *implies malice* from a man's acts,’ where they are such as are likely to produce mischief. The defendant, no doubt, is a highly respectable and honourable person—a person whose learning and qualifications are undoubted, and whose conversation is ‘in general very free from libel.’ But this very respectability and high character of the defendant only increases the extent of the evil; for, if a gentleman be ‘*highly respectable*,’ those who hear him speak, only ‘give the more credit’ to ‘any libel which may be found’ in his discourse.—Gentlemen! ‘you may as well *open your houses at night to house-breakers*, as not punish’ persons in high trust and office, when they are guilty of uttering such ‘atrocious libels’ as this which has been brought before you!”

I won't say any more upon this point; because—the dwelling of common-sense is in towns and cities; and a Westminster Jury, after his Lordship's heavy charge, gave £5 damages, instead of £400—and wanted to give A FARTHING! But will not the Chief Baron feel—upon mature reflection—that the temper which he displayed upon this occasion, carried generally into proceedings under the existing law of libel, must defeat its own purpose?—For that it would inevitably lead to a modification of the libel law, as too absurd and too oppressive for the affairs of society to go on under?

Speaking of libel, I see that Mrs. Rochfort—“*late*” Wilson—as they write it in the play-bills at the theatres, when Miss Kickup, the Columbine, has married Mr. Flipflap, the Clown, is going on regularly sending her “threatening letters” round, menacing people with filthy accusations, and so forth—if they do not send her money—£200, and so forth. This Jezabel now is out of the jurisdiction of the English courts at present; but she is a woman—no one would prosecute her (criminally) if she were within it. There are no such thick-and-thin protectors of petticoats as the English! I wish rather, however, we could get *Mister Wilson* napping; for there would be no scruples about giving him a little exercise in the Tread-mill—or a slight rustication—*Rus in urbe*—in Coldbath-fields; and it would be of incomparable service to him.

A strange untoward accident has happened in Norfolk. Two gentle-

men—one a clergyman—being out shooting until late in the evening, met each other in a wood—mutually fired—wounded each other desperately—and both ran off crying out “I have shot a poacher!” Now this is very shocking; and the last sort of event that we could laugh at. But, each running off, and crying out “I have shot a poacher!”—what the deuce did either of them take upon themselves to “shoot poachers” for? I rather think, if either had “shot a poacher,” he would have stood a very fair chance of being hanged for it.

We have medical books written now, and legal, and even philosophical—for the use of the unenlightened)—purposely divested of “technical” expressions: I wish somebody or other would induce the MILLINERS to write in a language that mortal man might comprehend. The *Belle Assemblée* magazine, for example (of the contrary style), which is potential in all matters of costume and fashion, gives the following paragraph, which, I protest, entirely exceeds me:

“WALKING DRESS.—(This I believe is for the last month.)—A pelisse of *gros de Naples* of a pomegranate-red. A full wadded *rouleau* finishes the skirt next the feet; over this *rouleau*, at a suitable distance, and down *each side* of the *front*, is a trimming, *en volan*, pinked at the edge, and set on in a *serpentine wave*; the trimming headed by a narrow *rouleau*. The pelisse fastens close down the front with *full rosettes* of *gros de Naples*. The body is made plain, with a narrow *pelerine* cape, partially *scolloped*, and trimmed at the edge in a correspondent manner to the sides in front of the skirt. The sleeves are *en gigot*, but not very full. A *falling collar* of fine India muslin, trimmed with British lace, encircles the throat, and is fastened in front with a *rosette* of broad pink ribbon. With any other red this would be *incongruous*, but one great quality in the beautiful and becoming *pomegranate-red* is, that it is suited to every colour. The bonnet worn with this pelisse is correspondent to it, and is finished by a narrow *rûche* at the edge of the brim; the trimming on the crown is of the same material, and is put on in *arcades*, which are edged with a narrow *rûche*, of a shade lighter. The strings are in a *loop* of ribbon, variegated with pomegranate-red and green chequers on a white ground.”

What a fool is a philosopher! Now have I no more notion what “rouleau”—and “volan”—and “rûche”—and “pelerine”—and “arcades,” mean, than I have comprehension of the doctrine of transubstantiation! And yet I suppose there is not a cook-maid in the house but could explain every line of the paragraph—and argue on it—if it were read to her.

By the way, the engravings—portraits of “Lady Susan” this, and “Lady Jane” the other—in this Magazine of Modes, are really exquisite: they are the best specimens of the kind that are produced. And I don’t mean at all to decry the business of the “volans,” &c.: for I know a family of young ladies, who—although they *buy* the book, always *copy out* all the descriptions of the quilted petticoats, and so forth, by way of amusement.

Elliston, the actor, has appeared among the list of bankrupts (in last night’s gazette) in the character of a bookseller. And his chattels have been sold by auction, moreover, at his house in Stratford-place: his two “suits of armour”—one of steel, and one of brass—being bought by George Robins—to the surprise of every body—(unless it were to sell

again)—what George Robins could want with the *latter*. There were some jokes in the newspapers—not much amiss—about the comments of the Jews who attended the sale, and the “bottles” in the wine-cellar being all found *empty*; but for my own part, I think it a wonderful proof of Elliston’s moderation, that he had not drank the bottles and all. But we should not let a man slip too fast—even if he does happen to be falling—while he has any pretensions to stand at all—out of public favour. And Elliston’s debts—if the case be fairly looked into—make a very poor matter of accusation indeed against him! He has traded, within the last five and twenty years, as a manager, and builder, and buyer and seller of theatres, to the amount of full a *million* of money; and, after all the architects, and bricklayers, and carpenters, and lamplighters, and tailors, and decorators, and such artists (independent of actors) with whom he has been dealing, have been making large profits—a hundred, or a hundred and fifty thousand pounds upon this extensive outlay of capital—now, he is deficient—how much?—Five and twenty thousand pounds! Elliston’s habits of personal carelessness and irregularity have left him few friends;—and I never knew a “good companion” in all my life, who did not eventually fall into the same predicament;—but for his bankruptcy, there has been no personal or fraudulent extravagance operating to produce that; because, if we look at what he has *paid* upon the cost of his various speculations (independent of what he owes)—and at what he has *received* from them—we shall soon see that, so far from having aided his personal expenditure by contracting debts—a very large portion of his private property, or personal theatrical earnings, must have been handed over from time to time, as he went on, to the various persons with whom he was dealing. Besides, with all his rash trading—as a play-house manager, he knew his business. He left the proprietors of the Drury Lane building a better *theatre*—and a theatre in better *repute*—than that which he took from them. I hope to see him make money yet.

But the *Morning Post* is my darling authority in all subjects of theatrical discussion! Those criticisms—is it possible that there is any body in the world who has not read them?—in which—from the crack performance of a Prima Donna, down to the peculiar twist of a candle-snuffer—the gentle “small letter” seems to want epithets always to express the exuberance of its delight;—as, for example, to take the journal of last Friday:—

“*Royal Academy of Music*”—(this is the place where M. Bochsa was!)—“The pupils of this institution performed a concert on Wednesday evening, to shew their patrons what progress they had made. The first act commenced with Mozart’s *fine* Sinfonia, No. 2, which was given *with a spirit scarcely credible*! The next performance was a concerto on the violin by *young Mawkes*, who displayed a *vast deal of talent*! Miss Dorrell performed a very difficult concerto on the piano-forte in *capital style*. It is evident that her master has *exercised her left hand well*! for she executed some *brilliant passages exceedingly neat and distinct*. Miss Childe sung ‘Ah! che forse,’ with a *taste, style, finish*,” &c.—(what follows may be conceived!) “It was observed by a *professor* present, that she was a *child* by name—and a *child* in appearance—but a *woman* in *talent*! Dr. Crotch was at the *helm*, guiding his bark of *tyros*—to whom we wish *success and prosperity*.”

A dulcet pun that, upon the “WOMAN” and “CHILD!” The salt of

this writer's wit (as an Irishman would say) is all sugar. But "Dr. Crotch," and the "helm," and the "tyros," enable us to conclude "tropically" (as Lord Hamlet calls it), which, in a poetical style, is apposite and judicious.

Our admiration, too, is not confined to the "Academy of Music:" on the contrary, at Drury Lane, it appears, by the same paper, that "The delectable Stephens made her first appearance last night!"

And even at the "Adelphi," we learn—"the receipts of the first four nights of the '*Flying Dutchman*' have exceeded those of '*The Pilot*!'—The disappearance of the Phantom-ship is nightly accompanied by the *cheers of the audience!*"—who appear presently to consist, among others, of "the Countess of Howth, the Marchioness of Sligo, the Marquis Clanricarde, Lord Blaney," &c. &c. I rather think, myself, that the "Flying Dutchman" must have *flown away*—for I never see him now in the bills; but, to be sure, I never look—which may account for it.

Christmas-Day has passed over; and we are in the season when the streets are impassable with crowds of urchins, clad in their "best clothes," and come to "make HOME hideous" for what are called the "holidays." God knows! the schoolmasters, I believe, are the only people who find the six weeks after the 20th of December a holiday! It is quite impossible to endure the infliction, I think, of children—that is to say, of BOYS—I don't dislike GIRLS; but I would as soon be left in a room alone with a rattle snake as with a boy of ten years old! I was obliged to call at a friend's house, about four days ago, who lives a few miles out of town; and, before I could get from the lower gate, though I kept the straight path,—through the shrubbery, I felt myself seized by the tail of my coat; and a voice like a penny trumpet in fits yelled out,—"*You shall DRAW me in that cart!*"—the house-dog had refused to do it already! By the way, it may be as well to mention—now I am speaking of Christmas—that those persons are in error who buy *turkies* too large or too fat. Poultry should be full of flesh, but never *fat*: the *fat* of all fowls is both unpleasant and unwholesome. And—*nota bene*—if you are *ill* at this season, there is no occasion to send for the doctor—only *stop eating*. Indeed, upon general principles, it seems to me to be a mistake for people, every time there is any little thing the matter with them, to be running in such haste for the "doctor;" because, if you are going to die, a doctor can't help you; and, if you are not—there is no occasion for him.

There is no suiting all interests in a great metropolis like this. Crowded streets, which passengers curse, make fortunes to the shopkeepers who live in them; and what would comfort him who rides a-horseback, he who walks a-foot—like Macheath's second wife—"would take ill." But it is hard that those who ride a-horseback are not agreed even among themselves. I spoke with a hackney-coachman the other day, who was driving me down the Haymarket, over the stones; and asked his "most exquisite reason" why he did not go down Waterloo-place, over the McAdam? His choice astonished me the more, because I would rather myself drive a valuable horse four miles over the McAdam than three over the stones, and I know I should shake him less: he would last longer, and keep sounder on his feet, at such a rate of work. But the rogue nonsuited me in a moment, when I put this point to him. *Ne sutor*—! Men are apt to know their *own* business better than we give them credit for. His answer was, "that the draught was *lighter* over the

stones than over the McAdam, except in very dry weather indeed ; and that, for the matter of *shaking*—his horses were shaken as much as they could be before he ever had them!" Thus we see—those who can see—the wisdom of Providence! The misfortune that seems to overwhelm us to-day, becomes a shield against that which might impend to-morrow! "Upon the ground," says Rowe, in some part of his play of "Jane Shore,"—and the reflection that follows always seemed to me to be admirable.—"Thy miseries can never bring thee lower!"

All the second-rate newspapers I see are full of puffery about a novel, published by Saunders and Otley, called "Almack's." One assures us that it is written by "Lady Foley;" another, that "Lady Westmoreland" denies it, &c. &c.; and all agree that it is the production of a "peeress." I don't know who it *is* written by; and—for being written by a "peeress"—it is bad enough to have been written by six. More pitiful nonsense I never recollect to have dipped into.

Miss Porter's novel ("Honor O'Hara") is out. It is not so good as some that the lady has done before.

An evening paper says that Mr. Gillies' tale of the "Siege of Antwerp" (German Tales, lately published in Edinburgh) is in preparation as a melo-dramatic play at Covent Garden. Another (I think the *Sun*) says, that they are not doing very well yet at Drury Lane. The houses are so thin on some nights, that they seem to have adopted the motto of the French (Subscription) Theatre: "*On ne reçoit pas d'argent à la porte.*"

The second volume of M. Ouvrard's Memoirs, is out; and contains a great deal of matter which present circumstances render very interesting. While the recent events in Spain and Portugal, has made every man (in England, at least) very anxious, to judge whether we were over-reached or not two years ago, when we suffered the French to enter Spain—just at this moment, M. Ouvrard's book, written long before the occurrence of these events could have been contemplated, comes out, bearing the strongest testimony to the fair and pacific intentions of France at the time of the "Occupation," and to the personal deep anxiety of the Duke d'Angouleme that Ferdinand should give the Spanish people a Constitution. The "second volume" of the Memoirs pursues the history of the author's "contracts," but abounds in bold and vigorous novelties of the general state of Spain, and of the various parties which have held power there, since the beginning of the year 1824. All the evidence is honourable, in a very high degree, to the Duke d'Angouleme; who appears to have conducted himself as temperately as it was possible for a man in his situation to do.

The new conundrum of "Bread seals"—as the ladies call the little epigrammatic impressors that their work-boxes are always full of now—pleases me mightily. Nothing could be more stupid than the old style of *affiche*—an initial—carefully engraved in a hand always perfectly unintelligible; or a crest—necessarily out of its place, nine times in ten, in female correspondence—because nothing could be more un-"germane" than a "bloody dagger," alarming every body it met, on the outside of an order for minikin pins! or a "fiery dragon," threatening a French mantua-maker for some undue degree of tightness in the fitting of a sleeve! and then the same emblem, running through the whole letter-writing of a life, became tedious. But now every lady has a selection of axioms (in flour and water) always by her, suited to different occasions.

As—" Though lost to sight, to memory dear!"—when she writes to a friend who has lately had his eye poked out;—" Though absent, forgotten!" to a female correspondent, whom she has not written to for perhaps the last three (twopenny) posts;—or, "*Vous le méritez!*" with the figure of a "rose"—emblematic of every thing beautiful—when she writes to a lover. It was the receiving a note with this last seal to it that put the subject of seals into my mind; and I have some notion of getting one engraved with the same motto, "*vous le méritez,*" only with the personification of a *horsewhip* under it—instead of a "rose"—for peculiar occasions. And, perhaps, a second would not do amiss—with the same emblem; only with the motto "*Tu l'auras!*" as a sort of corollary upon the first, in case of emergency! At all events, I patronize the system of a variety of "posies;" because, where the inside of a letter is likely to be stupid, it gives you the chance of a joke upon the out.

Two-thirds of the distinction between wit and impertinence—it always struck me—lies in the *character* of the individual by whom the given matter happens to be uttered. All the world has been most affectingly delighted with the conversations about "acting," lately retailed, between Buonaparte and Talma; and the true knowledge and taste for the drama, &c. displayed in them by the former, &c. &c.

"Come!" said the leader of men—or this is the purport (for I quote from memory) of what he is reported to have said—"to my levee in a morning. You will there see kings, who have been deprived of their crowns; soldiers, who are ambitious candidates for sovereignty; princes, who have lost their lovers, &c. &c. All this is undoubtedly Tragedy. I am myself incomparably the most tragic person in existence. But you will see, in the demeanour of these personages, no rage—no fury—no violence—no seeming despair. All bear themselves calmly, like other people," &c. From which the really admirable *soldier* is held to have deduced, that the style and manner of Tragedy upon the stage should not "overstep the modesty" of that which was seen in the *Thuileries*. Now Comic acting I take to be so perfectly *national*—so *local*—that it is impossible to try or discuss it with any reference to general principles. No Englishman can have more than a very imperfect view of the merits, or demerits, of a French actor of humorous, or what we call "low" comedy, as compared with those of an actor of the same school in his own country. But Tragedy stands in a different situation. Tragedy belongs not to nations, but to *nature*: the passions of rage and grief are every where (even in their expression) pretty nearly the same; and, therefore, as we may have an opinion—for the *WORLD*—with respect to Tragedy, I think that what Buonaparte is related to have said—unless it is to be taken in a very limited line of application indeed—would only shew that he had bestowed no consideration upon the subject that he talked about.

Because every body knows, I take it, in the first place, that it would be perfectly absurd to justify or applaud any exhibition or representation upon the stage—any more than one would applaud such a presentation in a picture—*merely* because the thing presented was perfectly *natural*. No attributes or qualities are more *natural* than those of heaviness, clumsiness, ugliness, or vulgarity; but when we produce a "hero" upon the stage, we endeavour to exhibit, not that merely which *may be* "Nature," but that which is nature in its most striking and curious shape—the thing observe what a vast number of these persons, who cry out for "cheap

which, under powerful impulse and excitement, the more marked and distinguished specimens of "our nature" are capable of becoming. For instance, I saw *Richard the Third* quite "in nature," as I saw him when Mr. Young acted the character a few nights since—which he did very ill. Or, I see him equally "in nature," if I see him represented ASLEEP; but that is not the *situation* in which I desire to see him. Nature is necessary perhaps on the stage, to the justification of every thing; but, *of itself*, it justifies nothing.

So, the "real potentates" of tragedy, of Buonaparte's chamber—they are no doubt the personages of tragedy—but they are not yet in *tragic situations*. They are tyrants—captives—warriors; but the audience-chamber is not their scene of tragic action. They are the puppets; but they are not wound up:—they are the straws that will dance upon the electric plate; but the "charge" is not yet applied which puts them into motion. Persons may be permanently wretched, but they cannot be permanently "tragic." The stage, or the poet, selects them at the *peculiar moment* when they happen to be so. And here is the error. Buonaparte is not tragic while he converses with M. Talma about exits, and entrées, and gold lace. But I will make him tragic in a moment—it is but to change the scene—only, with it (mark!) how I shall change his quiescent aspect!

I will take him—not talking about "acting" to M. Talma in the Louvre;—but sending off L*****—in the teeth of all probability, and even of all hope—with threats that the *messenger* could scarcely listen to without admiration,—and arguments so insane, as could impose upon no human creature out of a madhouse but the proposer,—on a last desperate mission—such as even desperation itself could hardly have thought to wait the answer of—to NEGOCIATE with Alexander (and seven hundred thousand Russians in arms) *after* the destruction of Moscow! I will take him—not talking of himself as "the most tragic person in the world"—but beginning to doubt very horribly how much longer he should be any person in the world—tragic or not tragic—at all. I will take him as he stands in that very curious work of Segur's—driving from him, on the retreat out of Russia, those messengers who brought him accounts of the *real* state of his affairs. It is the very identical condition of *Macbeth*:

"Bring me no more reports—let them fly all!"

And, like the last, it is said there was a *fate* in which he trusted;—a fact not unlikely; for the minds of men so circumstanced must be wound up—if not to a species often of frenzy—yet to a state of feeling of which individuals ordinarily situated can have little comprehension.

"Provisions for forty thousand men, and forage for the horses!" (He writes the arrangements which are to *mislead* his troops collected at Witepsk).—"Sire, there are not supplies for two thousand men, and to collect an ounce of forage is impossible." . . . "The division of Ney, with sixty thousand men!"—"Sire, the Marshal has not two thousand men in arms." . . . "The division of Marshal Ney, with sixty thousand men, will cover the passage of the Beresina!"

These are the moments in which I will take him—those of hurry—bankruptcy—confusion—ruin!—when he dictated despatches, every syllable of which was false; commanded services, notoriously impossible; and disposed of corps, which he knew were no longer in existence. I will take him, surrounded—not by Generals soliciting crowns; but by

Generals—like Murat—furious at losing them!—Hearing the news—not of fresh kings dethroned, and waiting humbly on his order; but of kings in arms again—roused to revenge, and thundering at the gates of Paris! I will take him, in the midst of snow and ashes, bivouaced amid the wreck of his “Old Guard,” on the field of Borodino (I forget whether he re-crossed it) at midnight. I will take him in flight—ruined—ashamed—disgraced—leaving his friends to their fall—his soldiers to destruction! This will look like TRAGEDY! Then I will take him, once more—meeting his ministers in the cabinet at Paris;—once again—Abdicating;—once more—at Waterloo;—and, after Waterloo, he ceases to be Tragic, for all the higher purposes of the theatre, again. It is but the difference of a day, or an hour. I only take my choice of the *situation*: the character is the same.

HOW TO GET INFORMATION. An odd accident occurred in the Court of Exchequer the other day, when Baron Garrow (I believe it was Sir W. Garrow) was sitting at *Nisi Prius*. A strange, huge, half-farmer, half-horse-jockey-looking man, dressed in double great-coat, dark topped boots, and breeches hanging very loose about his lower person (with his hands, crammed to the very bottom of the pockets of them), was called to prove some fact in a cause; and it was not discovered, when he was first put into the witness box, that he was considerably more drunk than a person under such circumstances might be desired to be. The counsel for the plaintiff, however, began to examine him.—“Your name is John Hawkins?” The witness made a face, as if, like the Ghost in Hamlet, “addressing himself to speak;” but answered, eventually, only with a nod.—“Do you know the defendant, Thomas Wilson?”—The witness nodded again. “And the plaintiff, William Waters?”—A third nod. “Well, now then, did you see them both at Kingston fair, on the 15th of November?”—“My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury,” said the gentleman in the top-boots, “if you’ll give *me* leave—I’ll tell you all about it!” This offer “dissolved,” as Mrs. Malaprop says, the proposer’s “mystery.” And, after the usual expression of merriment—as a little joke makes a great laugh always in a grave assembly—the learned Judge very good-humouredly took up the parole.—“Witness!—witness! attend to me,—what have you drank this morning—d’ye hear?”—“I haven’t had a drop within my lips since I came into Court.”—“Aye—but, what did you drink at the public-house, *before* you came into Court?”—“At the public house, before I came into Court?”—“Yes—at the *last* public house?”—“Humph! Why, what I drank there was one pint of mulled porter—that’s just what I called for.”—“Well—a pint of porter; but that was not all? Come, it was a cold morning, you know—what did you *put into* your porter? Did not you put a glass of brandy—or was it a couple of glasses of gin?” The witness paused for a minute, and looked at the speaker, as though he did not very distinctly see him; then buttoned the front of his coat, and turned the quid in his mouth with his tongue;—and answered—not at all insolently—but like a man that felt the joke was being carried rather too far:—“Why, then, since you’re so partic’lar to know all about it—you’d better send to the public-house, and ask.”

Consistency. While all the world—excepting the mere agricultural people—are making an outcry about the “Corn Laws,” it is curious to observe what a vast number of those persons who cry out for cheap food,” will do nothing but *cry out* for it. They make a great fuss, that

the grazier shall be compelled to take a penny a pound off his beef, and then suffer the butcher to put three-halfpence on. It is scarcely adverted to, what a number of people there are, who while they grumble lustily about "taxes," and the "times," have still an affection at the same time—some out of stupidity, but many from impertinence—for paying always what they call "the highest price." This is not to speak of the crowd of other idiots, who are *compelled* to pay *any price*, because their negligence or extravagance prevents them from being able to pay in ready money. A man opens a shop, to sell goods at low prices, at No. 55, Oxford-street; and one to sell the same goods at high prices, at No. 56; and one, at the end of the year, has as much trade as the other. These last description of speculators it is who every day sustain enormous "losses," and yet go on, and thrive as well as their neighbours, who *lose* nothing at all. It is only a conventional mode of conducting business; both the buyer and the seller *mean* to cheat each other; and the only question is—which, in the long run, will succeed.

The manner in which "Intelligence" is given in newspapers—especially "Sporting Intelligence"—is sometimes amusing. I copy the following paragraph from the *Globe and Traveller*:

"GALLOPING MATCH.—On Wednesday Mr. Bullock undertook, for a stake of 200 sovereigns, to ride eight horses 82 miles in four hours and a half. The first horse did 10 miles to Barnet in 34 minutes and a few seconds; the second horse reached Hatfield (the other 10 miles), in 35 minutes; the third went eight miles to Woolmer Green, in 25 minutes; the fourth did to Baldock, 10 miles, in 34 minutes; the fifth reached Girford, 11 miles, in 34 minutes; and the sixth went to Bugden, 12 miles, in 37 minutes. Three hours and 19 minutes it took to do the 60 miles in; and the other 22 were rode, so that the match was won by a quarter of an hour."

Now from the punctuation of the last two lines—"the other 22 were rode, so that, &c."—it would seem that the first part of the distance had *not* been rode. But this is the least part of the curiosity of the paragraph; because, upon the historian's own words, either he must have mistaken the matter from beginning to end, or he leaves out of his *description* the most extraordinary part of the whole race. Now, if the distance of 82 miles was to be performed in four hours and a half, and the match was won by "a quarter of an hour," then, the 82 miles were performed in *four hours and a quarter*. And, if it took three hours and nineteen minutes to do the first 60 miles in—then, if the account be true, the last 22 miles must have been performed in four minutes *less* than one hour; which is an increase of speed hardly credible! At the rate of 60 miles in 3 hours and 19 minutes, to do the 22 miles, would take 1 hour and 13 minutes,—whereas it is said to have been done in 56 minutes!—At the most rapid rate accomplished in any part of the match—say, from Girford to Bugden, 12 miles in 37 minutes—the 22 miles would take 68 minutes; so that the speed must have been raised more than TWENTY PER CENT. upon this, to do it in 56. Or say, that the first 12 miles of the 22 were done in 37 minutes, the last 10 must have been accomplished in 19! Either the account is totally wrong, or the most curious part of the match is omitted to be described.

A LITERAL INTERPRETATION. Monsieur Louis, the "French giant," who is near seven feet high, going down to Portsmouth two days since, took a place in the Mail, and found himself (as might be supposed in so

confined a description of vehicle), not over conveniently accommodated. Add to this, the bulk of M. Louis's person, besides proving a source of annoyance to himself, was a serious affliction to the three individuals (even of more reasonable dimension) who were his fellow-passengers. French good humour, however, is not easily at fault; the Monsieur screwed himself into the smallest possible compass; so as not, in fact, to occupy more than two-thirds of the entire coach—and all went on in general silence, if not in general contentment, until the Mail reached the end of the first stage,—When he observed—that as the coach was so narrow, he would get out a little, “to stretch his legs.”—But this proposal was too much.—“Ah! for Heaven's sake, Sir, spare me that!”—cried an old lady who had been sitting opposite, and whose endurance, at length, was utterly exhausted.—“Be assured, that your legs are of a length perfectly intolerable already!”

The accounts of the Waterloo Bridge Company, for the last year, have been published. From which it appears that the returns of this edifice, which cost A MILLION AND A HALF of money, are about seven thousand pounds a year—or seven shillings for each hundred on the whole outlay. An evening paper, however, holds out to the company some prospect for reimbursement. It observes that “Government has never yet paid any thing for calling the bridge ‘Waterloo Bridge!’”

The French papers, during the whole of the latter part of the last month and the earlier portion of this, have been filled with strange accounts of almost nightly robberies, attended with violence, and often with murder, in the streets of Paris. I should almost be inclined to think that some of these stories were invented or exaggerated; for, those who know the police of Paris, will scarcely conceive how such thefts could be committed there and the plunder disposed of. But that murder, or maltreatment, should often accompany robbery, where it does take place at Paris, will not be surprising to any one who has observed the French scheme of criminal judicial arrangement.

For, in the commission of crime, as in all other proceedings, there is a disposition about the human mind to be biassed by the circumstances immediately about it, and by taught, or pre-conceived, opinions: and in England, there is a deferential aversion to the sight of Death in every shape among the people, which arises in a great degree, I suspect, from the circumstance of its being always treated with great reverence and solemnity by the public authorities, and kept, with all the matters connected with it, as much as possible from before the eyes of the multitude. All our arrangements, in fact, tend to this last object. We see less of Death, than perhaps any people in Europe. We have no drunken feasts over the body of the dead—as in Ireland. No public exposure in the street for charity, &c., as was the case in France, and still is in many Catholic countries. The burial of our poor is prompt, decent, and certain. The robbery of graves—convinced as we are that a certain advantage results from the practice—is vigorously repressed, and punished by the law. And the slightest appearance of crime—the finding of a body—though but that of an infant—with marks of violence upon it—or any evidence, however slight, which seems to shew that murder has been committed—becomes the subject, instantly, of the most unwearied, indefatigable canvas, by every engine of judicial power, all over the country. No MURDERER can ever be safe in England, until he has been tried, and acquitted.

And, even in our Executions—our only public exhibitions of death—we cautiously avoid the infliction of any seeming torture upon the victims, or the public shedding of blood, which is the custom in France. I know that some objection has been taken to these spectacles, as they exist; and that it is said (with perfect truth, occasionally) that pockets are picked even under the gallows. But I do not go quite this length myself; and indeed I should rather say that a salutary impression is produced by our public executions—as they are arranged. An execution, of course—like every other public spectacle—becomes a focus of assemblage to the idle, the dissolute, and the unprincipled; but they look at it with a feeling of horror, of which they cannot divest themselves, though they *affect* to do so. I do not think there is a thief but quails in his inward heart, every time he passes a gibbet, and sees a man hanging upon it. The sight does not prevent thieving; but I think it *abates* it. Pockets are picked under the gallows; but it may be observed—that picking pockets is *not* an offence for which people are brought to the gallows. Thieves are great calculators.

But, in Paris, to return to my argument—Death seems to be made familiar to the people *on purpose*; and devices are imagined by which they shall be made accustomed to hold it in disregard, and as of no weight. Dead bodies are openly *sold*, as “subjects” for dissection, in the city—any person may purchase the thing that we shudder here to look at, for the cost of a few shillings. Again—murder, and obvious murder—excites no proceeding—no emotion on the part of the criminal law. Unless some individual applies to put the law in motion, it stirs very little of itself. The late murder of the two poor people—the Akehursts—at Fetcham, has, without the interference of any one interested, excited the most formidable exertion all through England. Hand-bills are circulated—rewards offered—officers travelling the country—magistrates every where corresponding and on the alert. In Paris, a man might be found dead in the streets, with his skull split; and, unless some private individual stirred in the affair, the body would be exposed for two days, at the end of which it would be buried; and the assassin (if he pleased) might attend the funeral.

And, even above all this—as tending to weaken the surprise and aversion—the dislike of the *nerve* which humanity acknowledges at scenes of blood and horror—I object to that regular establishment in the city—the Morgue—into which men, women, and children walk—in and out—as they would in and out of a market in this country, and which actually seems provided in order that the population of Paris shall accustom itself, from childhood, to the contemplation of Murder or Suicide from day to day. It is impossible that any people can look, from day to day, at a succession of human bodies—constantly with such marks upon them as shew that they *must* have been assassinated, or self-destroyed—see the remains of MAN exposed, coarsely and slovenly, to the gaze of all—and the causes of his death—though obvious to every one—treated, by AUTHORITY, as not worth inquiries or consideration—no human beings can receive impressions of this character from childhood, and arrive at maturity with that—as it were *instinctive*—horror of the thought of violent or bloody death, which makes many a needy wretch, in England, who would rob and plunder, without remorse, recoil—though without understanding the impulses which withhold him—from *shedding the blood* of his fellow-creature.—But I will speak of this again.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

History of the Commonwealth of England, from its Commencement to the Restoration of Charles II, Vol. II, by W. Godwin; 1826.

—Godwin write a History of the Commonwealth—of a period of political conflict, when the principles of monarchy and republicanism were in fierce encounter—when presbyterians and independents, though not united in opposition, were both opposed, the one to an episcopal hierarchy, the other to hierarchies of every kind;—he write a history of *any* period, whose hostility to the institutions of society, both civil and religious, are on record? Why not? His readers will be his judges, and closely will they scrutinize his performance. This he knows, and his knowledge of this is almost a guarantee for the exercise of a rare quality in historians, common-honesty. Nor is this the only presumption in his favour: more than thirty years have rolled over his head since the memorable period of his early publications—years spent in retreat—in close study and indefatigable industry. Time, which brings with it a succession of less turbulent fancies, and more acquaintance with realities, has dispersed his visions of perfectibility without bereaving him of all anticipations of progressive amendment. He has, at all events, not suffered his talents to rust by disuse; and the task he has undertaken is one eminently calculated to check the tendency of his younger days towards theoretical conclusions. At every turn he has evidence to weigh, and his “Age of Chaucer,” and “Lives of the Phillips,” prove him to possess a spirit of research, and a patience of judgment, qualified to weigh that evidence, and entitle him to the respect of his cotemporaries.

The present volume extends to the death of Charles, and completing the personal history of that luckless monarch, embraces his full conclusions on the character of Charles. Those conclusions are very decidedly unfavourable; but the judgment he pronounces is carefully built upon the best existing evidence. In the course of our reading, we never met with a book where less is hazarded; every event is backed by authorities; and the deductions of the writer are such as every unbiassed person must draw from the same premises. The Journals of the House are constantly before him—a source of information which has been hitherto singularly neglected. The volume is not one of controversy; it is a new narrative, resulting from the study of the original materials. Hume’s narrative has been well sifted by Brodie; but Godwin has nothing to do with either Hume or Brodie. You would not know that he had read either one or the other.

We will very briefly sketch Glamorgan’s case, as it is represented in Hume and Godwin. Every body knows Hume’s

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story; but every body will not read Godwin’s, deserving as it is of being read by every lover of truth. Glamorgan (afterwards Marquis of Worcester, and better known by his “Century of Arts”) was a Catholic, and a person of considerable influence in Ireland. He was a favourite with Charles; and, after the battle of Naseby, when Charles turned his last thoughts to Ireland for aid, employed by him. According to Hume’s version, Ormond, the lord-lieutenant of Ireland, was directed to conclude a peace with the Catholics, and Glamorgan was to make a kind of supplementary treaty—conceding to the Catholics such conditions as it might not be prudent for Ormond’s name to appear in. Glamorgan was, however, to act in subordination to Ormond; he was to consult him—to do nothing, in short, without his advice and consent. Glamorgan, a hot-headed fellow, suffered his zeal to outstrip his commission; and he finally concluded a treaty with the Catholics at Kilkenny, on terms which neither Charles nor Ormond could sanction. The treaty and its terms became public; and Ormond, with the concurrence of Digby, secretary of state, threw Glamorgan into prison. The clamour of the English parliament about the treaty was great, and the King was charged with a design to deliver up the Protestants to the Catholics. Charles assured them, that Glamorgan’s commission extended only to the raising of troops; and that in every thing which he had stipulated for the religion or property of the Catholics, he had exceeded his orders, &c. Though this declaration, says Hume, seems agreeable to truth, some historians represent this innocent transaction as a stain on the memory of the unfortunate prince.

Hume, however, must have felt his own representation to be somewhat unsatisfactory; for in a note he says, Dr. Birch has written a treatise on this matter; but it is not my business to oppose any facts in that gentleman’s performance. It was, however, his business to consult the authentic documents of that gentleman’s publication, and to make a fair use of them. Hume’s note is a very elaborate one, attempting to invalidate Birch’s story—full of evasion—never once coming to the essential point.

Now what is Godwin’s account? That Ormond was empowered to negotiate a treaty—one that might be published—with the Catholics, on condition of their furnishing 10,000 men. That Glamorgan was privately commissioned—with the most ample powers—to command by sea and land—with blank patents of nobility, from marquises to baronetcies—with a promise of the King’s daughter, £300,000, and a dukedom—to make large concessions to the Catholics, any thing indeed to secure their

assistance; and in other commissions again and again confirmed—Charles assuring him, should he exceed his commission, or violate any law, that he would, on the word of a christian and a sovereign, support him. That Charles wrote to Ormond, commending Glamorgan to his confidence, without breathing a word of the extraordinary commission with which he was furnished. That Glamorgan pursued the objects of his commission without consulting Ormond, and granted to the Catholics all they desired. That the papers containing the conditions of the treaty were discovered, and Ormond and Digby threw him into prison, really believing him to have acted without authority. What was Charles's conduct? To Ormond and Digby his public letter expresses amazement at the audacity of Glamorgan's conduct. In his private letter to Ormond, he assures him, on the word of a christian, he never intended Glamorgan should act without his approbation, much less without his knowledge. To Glamorgan himself, in a letter which was to be seen by Ormond and Digby, he says, "he must tell him, he has much exceeded his instructions; had he consulted with Ormond, all might have been helped." To Glamorgan, as soon as he was released, in a private letter sent through his cousin, Sir John Winter—referring him first to the bearer for satisfaction, why he had not done in every thing as Glamorgan desired, he says, "want of confidence was so far from being the cause, he was every day more confirmed in the trust he had in him—it not being in the power of any to make him suffer in his opinion by ill-offices." This was in February 1646—the discovery of the treaty had occurred in the previous December, and Glamorgan was confined but a very few weeks. In April the King writes again—"As I doubt not but you have too much courage to be dismayed at the usage you have had, so I assure you my estimation of you is nothing diminished by it, but that it rather begets in me a desire of revenge and reparation to us both." In July a third letter was written, in which the King expresses an earnest hope, that he may once come into the hands of him and the Nuncio—"since all the rest, as I see, despise me. And, if I do not say this from my heart, may God never, &c."

Of the April letter Hume himself speaks, and remarks, that it was written after there had been a new negotiation entered into between Glamorgan and the Irish—the King's assurance therefore relates, says he, to this recent transaction:—thus, taking no manner of notice of the February letter, which is just as explicit, and indisputably refers to the *first* transaction, and his treatment by Ormond and Digby. Such is Hume's fairness.

"It was necessary," says Godwin, "upon this matter, to insert these letters somewhat at length, both as tending eminently

to develop the character and habits of the writer:—certainly, for this purpose quite indispensable; but then, he adds, "and as reflecting a strong and instructive light on the nature of the kingly functions and office"—a little bit of nonsense, of which we assure our readers there are very few specimens in the volume.

Le Barbier de Paris; par M. Charles P. de Koch; 1826.—This tale fell accidentally into our hands the other day. It is the production of a M. de Koch, evidently of the school of Pigault Lebrun, and the author already, we believe, of six or seven novels—of which, we imagine, little or nothing is known in this country. We ourselves have but a slight acquaintance with them—of "*Sœur Anne*" we have a favourable impression—but if the rest be at all equal to the one before us, we may wonder once more, at the strange caprice with which literary celebrity gets distributed. The story is admirably put together, and told in an animated, but easy style. The life and vigour pervading the whole, is exceedingly attractive. The vivacity springs very much from the piquancy and rapidity of the dialogue, through the means of which much of the story, and much of the character is conveyed. Our own tale-writers, who are multiplying every day, may take an useful hint. They are too much disposed to indulge in the narrative; and when they venture to dialogize, it is generally for the purpose of discussing points—doctrines, principles and politics—and very apt indeed are they to prose in long speeches, almost as bad as French tragedies.

The tale of *Le Barbier de Paris* turns upon the profligate intrigues of a wealthy noble, whose chief agent is the Barber—both of them meet with their deserts.

The scene is laid in the reign of Louis XIII., not particularly for any historical purpose, but mainly because, by throwing the manœuvres, which the writer delights to describe, into the obscurity of a distant age, he is better able to give them an air of probability. He has the opportunity of representing the state of Paris two centuries ago, which he makes use of with almost as much care and research as our own great novelist, in exhibiting the condition of London in the reign of James. Contrary to the manners of his class, the Barber is not at all a coxcomb, or a babler—quite the contrary, reserved and repulsive. There is a cause for this, of course. The only inmates of his house are an old housekeeper, full of superstitions; and a young girl, left upon his hands by the murder apparently of her parent, in the immediate neighbourhood of his house. She is supported by the Barber, but never permitted to leave the house. He prosecutes his business assiduously, and carries himself like a man well to do

in the world. The story opens with the Barber's impatience for the arrival of a visitor. The visitor comes—the Marquis of Villebelle; and the conversation between them discovers that the Barber has formerly been the Marquis's confidential agent in conducting his intrigues. The object of his present visit, after a lapse of years, is to re-employ him in the same way. He has tracked a very beautiful girl to a certain point, and he now commands the Barber to find her out, and take her, by fair means or foul, to a retired place of his in the suburbs—a place fitted up in a style of luxurious elegance a little too *modern*. This delicate commission the Barber has too much respect for appearances to execute himself; but among his customers is one whom he has employed in odd jobs before, and over whom just now a long account of some seventy or eighty shavings gives him some authority. This personage plays henceforth a conspicuous part through the tale. He is at every body's service, and is employed by all, and plays booty to all; a low gambler and bully, vain and boastful, essentially a rogue and coward. The Barber's commission is at once accepted. Chaudoreille discovers the lady; no difficulty occurs; she accedes; she knows the character and story of the Marquis, and the Barber's too. Confident in her charms, she trusts to her power of fascinating the Marquis to her own terms. She does no such thing; his admiration soon cools, and he abandons her; she rages with a double disappointment. She is an Italian, and, Italian like, is resolved upon revenge.

In the mean while, a youth, a student at Paris, catches through the window a glimpse of the orphan at the Barber's; falls desperately in love; and makes a variety of attempts to approach her. At last, in the character of a country girl wanting service, he gets admission to the old housekeeper and her young charge. An intimacy grows up between them—he is, of course, very entertaining—he tells the old lady ghost stories, and sings the young one love songs; and the intercourse is kept up by evening visits, till one wet night he is persuaded, by the united intreaties of the women, to pass the night with them, and is to share Blanche's bed. Blanche is delighted; she has been shut up with the old woman, now to her sixteenth year; is of extreme simplicity and frankness, with all her affections ready to expand, and a companion of nearly her own age seems a charming thing. A scene follows of very felicitous execution. The youth is tempted by the apparent opportunity; but his better genius rules the hour. An explanation takes place, and at, perhaps, in spite of nobler resolutions, a critical moment, the Barber knocks, and demands admittance. Chaudoreille has been the marplot. A compact ensues; the Barber consents to the nuptials of the young people, on con-

dition that the lover takes her forthwith to a distant province, where the young man, who is his own master, has a small property. All seems propitious.

Before the day of marriage, however, Chaudoreille being by circumstances driven into difficulties, to extricate himself gives the Marquis, who is ever on the look-out for a new object, intelligence of Blanche. No sooner does he hear of her, than he resolves to see her; and, eluding the Barber's watchfulness, he does see her, and resolves to carry her off. The Barber resists; but money, to the accumulation of which he is devoted, melts his scruples, and he aids him. Poor Blanche is deluded by some story of her lover's being obliged to fly on account of a duel, and is hurried off the same night to a castle of the Marquis's, in the heart of the country.

The next day the luckless lover discovers his misfortune, but can get no satisfaction from the Barber. He meets with Chaudoreille. Chaudoreille engages to learn the fate of Blanche, and appoints a meeting the following day. The lover falls into a fever, and is unable to keep the appointment. In the mean while, the jealous and enraged Italian, who has her eye constantly upon the Marquis's actions, discovers through Chaudoreille the deportation of Blanche. She effects an entrance into the Barber's house, and, getting possession of certain papers and documents of importance to her scheme, she sets out, accompanied by Chaudoreille, for the Marquis's castle. By this time the lover recovers, and, after losing many days in fruitless inquiries, he pays the Marquis a visit, at the very castle to which Blanche was taken, knowing nothing about the Marquis's conduct, but meaning to ask his aid—he is not quite a stranger to him—in recovering his lost bride. The plot thickens. The Marquis misleads the lover, and repels the Italian. He makes no progress with the wretched Blanche. The Barber comes, and urges him to violence. He attempts it, but his nerves fail, and Blanche is saved. The next night, the Italian again forces herself upon the Marquis, who is closeted with his agent. She seats herself between them. She is come for vengeance. She produces her evidence—her tale is complete. Blanche proves to be the Marquis's own daughter, by a lady to whom he had been passionately devoted, and whose memory he still fondly cherishes. The person by whose murder she was thought to have been left in the Barber's hands was the Barber's own father, whom he had always treated infamously, and finally murdered. On the impetus of sudden indignation, the Marquis shoots the Barber on the spot, and then rushes to his daughter's chamber. She is alarmed, expecting another attack, and throws herself out of the window into the lake below. The Marquis hears the appalling splash; the door is locked; time

is lost; he flies to the water by another way; plunges in to rescue her; and, at the same moment, on the opposite bank, the lover springs in. Together they bring her to the bank, in agony, in despair—all too late.

Roman Tablets; containing Facts, Anecdotes, and Observations, on the Manners, Customs, Ceremonies, and Government of Rome, by M. de Santo Domingo; 1826. Published by T. F. Hunt, Burlington Arcade.—Though very far, upon the whole, from being ill-written, the book has disappointed us. It was suppressed by an act of authority in Paris, and the author fined and imprisoned. A translation, unusually well executed, has just been published, under the notion that a suppressed work every body must be eager to read. The writer has made very free with the Jesuits, and their influence just now being paramount at court, they have employed it in attempting to crush the writer. Cunning, past finding out, as this society is supposed to be, it is fast over-reaching itself. Persecution will not do. It is almost proverbial to say, it defeats its own object. It is natural for a sufferer to wish to silence the man who exposes him to ridicule, by exercising the power which nature or station furnishes him; and naturally are all of us disposed to go what seems the shortest way to work; but in this matter experience has long been sufficiently ample to teach all but the wilfully blind. If men will not learn, let them take the consequence.

For our own parts, the perusal of the book has added very little to our impression of the wiles of the Jesuits, or the corruptions of the court of Rome; nor have we, with the translator, risen from it with any particular, at least any new disgust against the Catholic religion. The strongest impression upon our minds, at this moment that we lay aside the book, is, that the writer's first object has been to produce effect. Through the volume there is conspicuously an air, not of "pungent irony," as he is pleased to call it, but of elaborate caricature. He is for ever on the hunt for smart things, searching for contrasts, and arranging antitheses—efforts, that almost of necessity involve a *straining* of facts. He is perpetually tasking his memory for ancient remembrances to parallel and embellish his, we must think them, insidious representations. The priests, from the cardinal to the capuchin, are ignorant, gluttonous, profligate; the women, married and single, calculating voluptuaries, or burning sensualists; wives universally unfaithful, and husbands universally accommodating; the government, through thick and thin, enriching the treasury, ruining the country, pillaging foreigners, and protecting the brigands. Nothing of this is new, but we do not the more believe it. It has been reported, till—we had almost said, for that very reason—we are com-

pelled to distrust. That the principles of civil government are ill understood; that the hold of the government upon the respect of the people is feeble; that the standard of private morals is low; that there are hypocrites among the intelligent, and dupes among the ignorant, we are little inclined to doubt; but these sweeping averments of the Roman Tablets are little entitled to secure our confidence—particularly where the writer, notwithstanding all disguises, and notwithstanding his own profession of Catholicism, is obviously predisposed to ridicule more than the forms of religion, and where his manifest love of the prurient and voluptuous, makes his own respect for the sanctions of morals more than questionable.

The most striking passages of the book, after all, regard not the Jesuits, nor the court of Rome, but the women. His imagination riots in "chambering and wantonness." His reflections on the old Romans, wherever they occur, are very agreeable; but the most agreeable are his descriptions of works of art—always, however, more or less fantastical—always labouring for effect. He is in Canova's studio—

By a natural transition, we passed from the horses to the Centaur vanquished by Theseus. Canova put a fine horse to a lingering death, that he might represent all the gradations of agony, and take death in the fact. Theseus has his knee firmly fixed on his rival's chest; he is seizing him by the throat with his left hand, with the other he is lifting his formidable club. The Centaur is on his haunches; his belly touches the ground; from the trembling of his nerves, and the tension of his muscles, it is easy to imagine his painful efforts, and we participate in his anguish. What torment that marble is suffering! Like the Laocoon, it is in agony from head to foot. I touched it, to convince myself that it was not palpitating: it was not the cold from the marble, but the chill of death which I felt, and which had already seized the unfortunate Centaur. Hold, Theseus! suspend that mortal blow; do not destroy that superb creature, which does so much honour to its author. I have some hope that the hero will listen to my prayer, for his arm is not lifted high enough; he is not in the act of striking the blow, but of raising his club: this perhaps is a defect. It would be better also if Theseus had a little more animation, and the efforts he has made in this terrible conflict were more perceptible. Theseus was only a demi-god: it was the exclusive privilege of the gods to be calm in the midst of victory. The countenance, action, and attitude in general of the hero, are not sufficiently heroic; Theseus is not quite disengaged from the marble. But the Centaur has struggled dreadfully before being thrown to the ground, and insults his conqueror even in his last moments.

The Young Rifleman's Comrade: a Narrative of his Military Adventures, Captivity, and Shipwreck; 1826.—The value of memoirs depends, of course, entirely upon their genuineness. If the individual be conspicuous in the ranks of life, or eminent for respectability of character, we have a guarantee—to be depended upon to a certain extent. Such a person, we are sure, will not write a romance and pass it off for

reality, because his fictions must be easily detectible; but in the case of one of no kind of distinction among his fellows, we are without any security. With respect to the memoirs before us, professing to be those of a common soldier, we have not even the name, and if we had, we should be but where we were. Are these memoirs, then, to be considered as utterly unworthy of regard? No: unknown to fame, as the writer is, he comes forth, like the Young Rifleman, under the auspices of Goëthe—a name of splendid authority through the literary world of Europe. He is the avowed editor. He must know something of the writer; he must have inquired into the character of the man, and have ascertained the genuineness of the production, before he committed himself so far as to lend the weight of his name. Whether Goëthe himself has assisted we know not—the book bears marks, we think, of patching and polishing. The general association of thought, and the general run of the narrative, indicate a man who is simply able to tell what passes before his eyes. The occasional refinements, the *panni purpurei* scattered here and there—descriptions of external nature and varieties of feeling—look like the work of another mind.

The subject of the memoirs was the son of a butcher, and born in the neighbourhood of Strasburg. His earliest recollections concern the sufferings of his family on the bursting of the French revolution—his father's imprisonment as an 'aristocrat,' his mother's and brothers' flight to Mannheim, and their subsistence by public charity. In 1806, he was drawn a conscript at Strasburg, and for some time not sent upon active service. In the latter part of 1807, he went to Spain with the force under Murat, and was present at the massacre of Madrid, on the memorable 2d May. He was with the troops which marched to Toledo to suppress the tumult there, and was afterwards one of the 14,000 of Dupont's division, which surrendered to the Spaniards in Andalusia. The difficulties and privations of the soldiers, from the first moment of their entrance upon the Spanish territory, must have been horrible, and, if any thing could check the passions of men, the description might be instructive. The rage with which the French were everywhere received, seems beyond all parallel—corresponding, indeed, with all we have authentically heard, but no where, perhaps, so emphatically given, or marked by so many striking facts. After the surrender of Dupont, the prisoners were conveyed to Majorca, and from thence to Cabrera, a small island, or rather ridge of rocks, a little to the south of Majorca, an account of which our readers will recollect, as the remarkable scene of the French serjeant's memoirs. The narrative before us confirms the Serjeant's statement. He enters more particularly into the organization of the

captives; he was among the first who were thrown upon the island—the Serjeant came in one of the after divisions. After a residence of three years on this prison-island, worn and wearied with privation and *ennui*, he entered the English service, and joined the German legion then in Sicily, where he continued till the restoration of the legitimate Sovereign of Naples, in replacing whom upon the throne the German legion was employed. The filth and profligacy of Palermo are described in a lively manner; but the description, of course, must be received with some distrust. The writer, from his station, could mingle only with the lowest, and he concludes, of course ignorantly, that what he does not see, must be like what he does see. From Naples he passes to Genoa, and from Genoa to England. At Portsmouth he remains for some time after the German legion was broken up, and in 1818 enters into the service of an English officer, and comes to London. The style and tone in which he speaks of London, and the manners of London, will enable us to estimate the standard by which he judges of Spain and Sicily. After a short stay in London, he sails in a Company's ship, the *Cabalva*, for China. The *Cabalva* was wrecked off the Mauritius, and the crew saved themselves on a sand-bank, from which perilous situation they were, after long sufferings, finally rescued: the details of this voyage and disaster are taken from the journal of a young German, who was a midshipman on board, and constitute the most interesting part of the book. He returns to the English shores, and speedily revisits his native home.

The Last of the Lairds; by the Author of the Provost, &c. &c.; 1826.—With our unfeigned respect for the author, it is reluctantly we give expression to any feeling of disappointment; but the unconcealable fact is, that the 'Last of the Lairds' is rather a dull performance. The quaintness of phraseology in which he delights, whilst fresh, had something like a charm in it, but, like all other charms, its fascinations vanish by familiarity. The characters too, which he delights to delineate, never were of a very attractive kind, and certainly not of a kind to bear a frequent re-appearance. The Last of the Lairds is simply a very foolish person, with little or no peculiarity worth recording. He is involved in pecuniary embarrassments, merely by living beyond his means, as we say; but which he, having lately visited the Athens of the North, the seat of political economists and everlasting scribblers, attributes to the ignorant or the insidious dabbling of the Government with the currency. Mr. Rupees, a wealthy nabob, has a mortgage upon the estate, and is upon the point of foreclosing—an event which must *finish* the Laird. The Laird's sole expedient for 'ridding the seeds from the bonds' is writing his life, as many others have done before—and some, as he.

learns at Athens, gotten a thousand pounds. In this desperate condition, his neighbours, some from one feeling and some from another, are active in excogitating more efficient expedients. The most promising one seems to be, to persuade the mortgager to suspend operations. Mr. Rupees has his oddities, and is not thought to be very accessible to the promptings of sympathy. The narrator, a sort of disengaged old gentleman, who has nothing to do but to watch his neighbours, makes the first attempt, and is repulsed by a banter. Then follows the minister, who urges and moralizes, and is equally foiled. The last resource is Mrs. Sorrocks, a very busy person, who knows every one's concerns, and knows, moreover, that every thing has two handles. By a little well-timed admiration of fine things and Indian wonders, she gains her point. Mr. Rupees softens, and the proceedings of the law are suspended. In the meanwhile, the Laird's friends have been pushing their object in another direction, and labouring to bring about a marriage with one of two ancient sisters, with some property. Reluctantly he accedes—having once before, from another cause, been driven into marriage—and empowers one of the parties to negotiate; but, on learning their success with the nabob, he retreats. Unluckily comes a sudden claim upon Mr. Rupees, to the amount of half his fortune, and he is compelled to enforce the foreclosing. The matter of marriage is resumed; and the Laird is at last 'brought to the scratch.' Mr. Rupees takes possession; the Laird and his bride remove to Edinburgh, to finish his life; and the narrator and Mrs. Sorrocks are left to look after the rest of their neighbours.

The plan of the story is of too contracted a nature, and the characters too unpeculiar or too unattractive for even this very able writer to make any thing of them. There is a good scene or two with Mrs. Sorrocks and the maiden sisters. She is an able retorter—skillful in insinuating what she professes to withhold, and in the war of contentious words handles her weapons with great dexterity.

Paul Jones, a Romance, by Allan Cunningham; 3 vols. 12mo., 1826.—What was the real history of Paul Jones we know not. The general impression of the times, in which he made himself known, was, that he was a pirate of the West-Indies, and a fellow of uncommon resolution and enterprise; that he commanded an American sloop of war; fought bravely and successfully Captain Pearson of the *Serapis*; and threw the coast, pretty generally, into confusion and alarm. Lately, by an anonymous biographer—really, there should be no anonymous writers on matters of fact—he has been claimed as a son of Scotland, and something of his history has been traced up—with what accuracy is more than we

can tell. The memoirs to which we allude, represent him to have been not only a man of extraordinary activity, but of extraordinary endowments—a gentleman, in manners and acquirements; no pirate, but regularly commissioned in the States, where he had been legally naturalized; to have been driven from his country, by the tyranny of the magistrates, first into the service of America, and then by the jealousy of the Americans into that of Russia; to have distinguished himself under the flag of Russia, and finally to have fallen in the tumults of the French Revolution. He had a sister too, who fled, or was carried away from her country; and taking refuge among the Indians, or back settlers of America, became the chieftainess or princess of the tribe.

Now, also, we have the life of Paul Jones at full length, professedly in the shape of a romance, but laying claim at the same time to the fidelity of history, as to facts. It is written by Mr. Allan Cunningham, a gentleman already favourably known to the world by other publications, and this very able performance will not lessen his reputation. The more active and bustling scenes are described with much truth and vivacity; the sea-fights, and the storming of Ockazow, are scenes of great vigour, well conceived and well executed. He has looked too with a learned eye on human dealings, and keenly developed the feelings of an aspiring and unbending spirit. The tale, upon the whole, however, is too elaborately worked up; the effect of which is, to retard the flow of the narrative. It is hard to find fault with what is in itself an excellence—but all is relative; a man writes to be read. It is mortifying to think that the very *finish* of the thing will prevent its being fully read. The pains spent upon it will not be fairly estimated; what has cost him most, will be least valued. There is, besides, a good deal of coarseness—more than will be tolerated: and in Paul himself, there is, we think, scarcely relief enough. He might have been made more decidedly in love with an aristocrat. His motives of action are scarcely of sufficient weight. He has but one compelling feeling—revenge against his country, because her aristocratic institutions shut him (the plebeian) out from distinction—which is not true—to a *sufficient* extent. We are not disposed to cavil at Mr. Cunningham's performance; he might have chosen better; but he has made the best of his choice—few would have done so well.

The hero is introduced to us fighting with Lord Dalveen, between whom and himself, from boyhood, there appears to have been an extraordinary antipathy. Paul is just returned, still very young, after an absence of some years in the West—spent apparently in piratical excursions, in which he gained money and a name. At a village bridal, where Paul, his sister, and Lord Dalveen were all present, Lord Dalveen

conducts himself towards Paul with intolerable *hauteur*, and addresses Paul's sister in a style not at all agreeable to him. On Paul's invitation, they walk down to the shore, to give themselves a little "breathing" with their swords, but are interrupted before much mischief ensues. This Lord Dalveen is quite a personage of romance—Paul himself, indeed, bedevilled—self-willed in his pursuits, and daring in accomplishing them; a very Lovelace among women, and a Paladin among fighters. Paul's mother played false to her husband with Lord Dalveen's father; and both Paul and his sister bear a family resemblance to my Lord. In America, Paul had imbibed high notions of independence and the rights of men; and his own haughty spirit led him to a belief in the "dispensing power" of genius, and a clear conviction of his own title to its rights. He came home with a thorough contempt for all distinctions of birth, and the exclusions of rank. Lord Dalveen, though himself professing to despise, and actually trampling upon all distinctions, feels with full force the advantages of his own superiority in rank, though property he has but little; his family having been ruined by taking part with the Stuarts, and himself wearing a coronet only by courtesy. Paul and he are perpetually meeting, and perpetually at daggers-drawing. As much in defiance of Paul, as in fondness for the sister, Lord Dalveen lays a plan for carrying her off. He employs the crew of a pirate vessel—most of whom are known to Paul. The Captain takes the Lord's money, seizes the lady, and puts to sea without my Lord. This produces another encounter; and Paul is actually carried before a magistrate: who, indignant at the scandal of a peasant boy, a miserable plebeian, measuring swords with a peer, orders him on board the tender—a very common summary penalty in the hands of magistrates in those days.

This is the event which explodes the combustible materials of the hero. His sister is betrayed by a lord—he demands satisfaction of that lord—and for his presumption, is ignominiously consigned by a magistrate to a ship of war, to serve before the mast. His high spirit cannot brook the treatment: he escapes from the officers of justice, and flies to America. From America he speedily returns with a sloop of war under his command, commissioned by the insurgent Americans, and prepares to lay waste the shore of his native district, the bay of Solway. He actually burns Whitehaven; and effects a landing in St. Mary's Isle to seize the Earl of Selkirk, meaning to make use of him as an hostage. The Earl is fortunately from home; but the crew proceed to the castle to seize the family plate, and Paul has some difficulty in preventing further excesses. He engages an English vessel in the bay, and sinks her. Quickly after he is joined by a

French frigate, of which he takes the command, as commodore, and fights the memorable battle with the *Serapis*, commanded by Captain Pearson, and takes her. On board the *Serapis* was Dalveen, and Paul and he again tilt at each other.

Flushed with triumph, he goes now to Paris—is welcomed by Franklin and La Fayette; is presented to the king and queen—honoured, fêted, courted and petted by lords and ladies; and recommended by Franklin for the command of the French fleet. Foiled in his proudest hopes, by the intrigues of courtiers, he suddenly quits Paris for America—where again the jealousy of the Americans excludes him from any distinguished appointment. He is useful, however, to Washington in an engagement; and again encounters Dalveen. Washington, after the battle, commissions him to negotiate for assistance with some Scotch settlers in a remote district, where he finds his sister invested with authority over the settlement, served like a queen, with a guard of three hundred men at her devotion. She mocks his proposals, and sharply reproaches him for fighting against his country. Here too again he finds Dalveen, who had come to offer his repentance, and claim the heroine's hand. She refuses; some attempt at violence follows on the part of Lord Dalveen, and he escapes from her defenders with difficulty.

Now change we the scene, and find Paul in the service of Russia, rear-admiral of the fleet destined to aid Suwarrow in the taking of Oekazow. His division of the fleet captures several of the enemy's ships; and by his suggestions and activity, he materially assists in storming the town. In Oekazow, the Vizier himself commands. He is taken, and proves to be Dalveen again. The commander-in-chief, Prince Nassau, is jealous of Paul, and takes no notice of him in his despatches, which he forwards to the Empress by Paul. To him also Suwarrow entrusts his despatches, but he does Paul full justice. The Empress receives him with distinction, and confers on him the order of St. Anne, and the rank of full admiral; but the jealousies of the Scotch officers in her service, three hundred of whom tender their resignation, induce her to recommend him to go to France, with an assurance of the punctual remittance of his pay.

He lands at Havre, in the heat of the revolution; and, being recognized by a mob of raving women, he is, on the spot, named Deputy for Havre. In Paris, he several times narrowly escapes amid the clash of parties. Here, once more, he meets with Lord Dalveen, himself a deputy, and here ends Dalveen's career—stabbed by the dagger of a girl in a fit of jealous revenge. And here also, at last, disgusted by scenes of turbulence and bloodshed; driven from his native and his adopted country; envied by competitors, and deserted by employers; treated by some as

a pirate, and by others as an intruder, the ill-fated Paul dies apparently of disappointment and a broken heart—a pitiable victim to aspiring views and ill-regulated passions. He is found dead by his faithful attendant, without any marks of violence.

Tales by the O'Hara Family: Second Series; 3 vols. 8vo., 1826.—This second series consists of two tales—the “Nowlans,” and “Peter of the Castle;” of which the first, the best of the tales, occupies two volumes, and the second the remaining volume. Neither of these tales are remarkable for being skilfully constructed. The writer scarcely sees through his own complications, and certainly does not disentangle them well. In the “Nowlans” there are details and conversations which are superfluous, because they do not help on the story; and injurious, because they waste and weaken the interest; and any thing of this kind is a blot in a good tale. The reader will see, at a glance, the writer is a very able person; and who will care for the critics? We ourselves have read willingly, and unrepulsed; and thousands will do the same.

Barnes, one of the O'Hara family, travelling to the South, takes shelter from a storm in a small farm-house, where he finds a family consisting of the master, his wife, and two very pretty, well-behaved girls. The cares of the women are absorbed by attendance on a sick person, confined to his bed; but he finds a hospitable reception, and continues with them some days. This sick person proves to be a son of the old people, lately returned after an absence of seven years, commenced under singular circumstances. The subject of the tale is this young man's story, involving that of Peggy the eldest daughter. These are the “Nowlans.” John had been destined from a boy for a Catholic priest; but going at fourteen, to live with an uncle, a man of coarse and ruinous habits, his Latin gets neglected, and his early integrity a little corrupted. In his uncle's house is a very beautiful girl—wild and wilful; from whose seductions, and her mother's designs, John, as he grows up, escapes by miracle. By-and-bye the uncle squanders his property, and John returns to his home; resumes his studies, and proceeds to ordination—not final ordination, but what is called taking the vows—of celibacy.

About this time, while he is yet with his friends, he rescues a Mr. Long, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, accompanied by his nephew and niece, from imminent peril. The rescued party repose at the house of the Nowlans—there is some remote relationship between them, but difference of station and manners has kept them, though living very near, apart. The young people are very much struck with each other. Letty, the niece, is delighted with Peggy's simplicity and propriety, and Peggy charm-

ed with Miss Letty's elegance and affability. The nephew, Frank, plays the agreeable to Peggy, and proposes to John a fishing excursion; and John, who knows little of other manners than those of his own family fire-side, is struck not only by Letty's beauty, but by an ease and grace and intelligence, which to him are altogether new. The result of this acquaintance is a visit to the Hall. Letty takes John under her wing, and initiates him in music and poetry. To such matters he is quite a stranger; his studies have been among Greek and Latin, and theology; but he has a soul under the ribs of death, which the Promethean fire of the lady quickly kindles into life. At the end of a month Peggy returns; but John remains. The young lady wishes to learn Latin, and John undertakes to teach. They are now constantly together. John is a handsome looking fellow, a little awkward or so, full of feeling, with a touch of the romantic about him; and the rust, with so delicate a file, is of course soon worn away. His fascinations are not without their effect. She also is beautiful, graceful, and withal—irresistible; and John is over head and ears in love long before he knows any thing of his danger. At last, at their studies, all at once he discovers his hand locked in her's, and catches his own sigh responding to her's. Alarmed, he starts from his seat; he institutes a severe self-scrutiny; he recollects his solemn engagements, and resolves to fly. To resolve is one thing, to accomplish another. In the meanwhile he encounters Maggy, the girl with whom at his uncle's he had so nearly been entangled. She has been seduced by Frank; she is now jealous of Frank's attentions to Peggy, and in revenge warns John to look after his sister. Forthwith he taxes Frank with insidious designs; Frank assures him of his honourable intentions, and in return rallies him on the progress he is making in Letty's affections. The truth flashes upon his heart with fuller conviction; he is violating his vows, and must fly from the presence of the too lovely one. He does fly; but too soon, trusting to his own strength, he meets her again. That meeting only produces an explosion of feeling, and an avowal of mutual fondness. They part again, and meet again—worse and worse. The struggle is tremendous; but John wrestles bravely, and finally resolves upon travelling into Spain. He arranges with his clerical superior. Strong and fixed in his final resolution, he now communicates his purpose to Letty, and proposes a last interview on his way to Dublin, to bid her farewell. They meet, and retire for a few moments to a green and sweet retreat; but soon, alas! from that green and sweet retreat is seen the wretched John rushing forth in a state of desperation, distraction—a maniac. Temptation had been too mighty. The vicious Maggy, too, had been upon the watch; she encounters John, and tells him Frank

had actually seduced his sister, and that he and Peggy were, at that very moment, at no great distance. He springs forward to the place; he meets a friar of his acquaintance, hurries him along with him; sees his sister in entreaties at the feet of Frank, mistakes the object of those entreaties, presents a pistol at Frank's head, and on the spot, and in spite of all remonstrance on the part of priest, sister, and Frank, he forces the priest to marry them. Then flying back to the place where he had left the unhappy Letty, he finds her in a senseless state; he catches her in his arms, puts her into the carriage, which was waiting to take him on his distant journey, and whirls away to Dublin. At Dublin, in desperation, and in defiance of all his vows, he procures a Protestant clergyman, and marries the poor Letty without delay. Soon, soon are they brought to woeful reflection. The little money they have quickly vanishes. Letty's letters to her uncle are unanswered. John goes a teaching; she does the same. Presently, suspicions fall upon them: he is recognized by some one; and pupils fall off one by one. No friend in the world; debts accumulating; the miserable girl near confinement. The last pupil fails them—and houseless, penniless, almost clothesless, they quit Dublin; and no more is heard of them—till a few weeks after, she is delivered of an infant, under a shed, by the road-side, amidst cold and rain, and misery, not to be described, and dies; and of him is nothing known for seven long years. The whole of this harrowing tale is worked up to torture; it is the *experimentum crucis* of the author's powers.

In the meanwhile, the scoundrel Frank exults in his good fortune. He has long been plotting against Peggy, and now avails himself of this forced marriage, which the laws of the country enable him to set at nought, and only begs it may be kept from his uncle. The character of this fellow is now displayed at large: he is a thorough-paced villain. At Oxford he had been leagued with a set of gambling connections, and by degrees got involved deep, deep, beyond all redemption. His uncle's property he knows is to be divided between himself and sister. This division will not serve his purpose. The sister must be gotten rid of. With this view, he gladly seizes any thing that is likely to alienate her from her uncle's affections. Her flight with John was beyond his hopes; and he takes especial care to intercept her letters. His difficulties, however, come too quick upon him. In his extremity, with some of his desperate companions he robs the mail. He abandons Peggy. She discloses her case to the uncle; and, before he is able to take any steps to force his nephew to do her justice, the robbery, in spite of all Frank's cautions, is traced up to him. He is every way baffled, exposed, ruined. A few months, and the uncle receives a letter

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from him, written under the assurances that he was about to suffer a shameful death, and would be heard of no more. Inquiries are made, and he is believed to have been executed for forgery. This, however, proves not to be true; and in three or four years after he returns, a soldier, to Dublin; and quickly, with some of his worthless companions, lays a plan for robbing and murdering his uncle. One of them impeaches; and the result is, Frank, in the presence of his uncle, stabs himself. In the same regiment also is discovered poor John. He is instrumental in the detection of Frank's villainies. He returns to his family; and, at the time of Barnes's visit to the father's, he is confined to his bed by a fever. Peggy is soon after married to an old admirer; Mr. Long provides handsomely for her; John is restored to the bosom of the church, and resumes his clerical profession. There is a good deal of confusion in the *dénouement* of the story; but the detail of the flight and fate of John and Letty would redeem scores of dreaming and perplexing pages.—For any account of "Peter of the Castle," we have no room. The story, though of inferior interest, is better told; that is, it is better bound together—still defective in compactness.

Time's Telescope for 1827.—Should any of our readers be quite unacquainted with this publication, let them read the title-page. "A complete Guide to the Almanack; containing an explanation of Saints' days and Holidays; with Illustrations of British History and Antiquities, notices of Obsolete Rites and Customs, sketches of comparative Chronology, and cotemporary Biography. Astronomical Occurrences in every Month; comprising Remarks on the Phenomena of the Celestial Bodies; and the Naturalist's Diary; explaining the various appearances in the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms, and including a View of Scotian Botany."

This is the fourteenth impression—a fact, which is itself a sufficient proof of some degree of merit. From first to last too, it has been, we believe, favourably received, and certainly abundantly extolled; for the editor is enabled to reprint no less than thirteen pages, in very small type, of eulogies, collected from newspapers and reviews, from 1814 to 1826; and 1827 will no doubt add more of these laurels to the wreath—it seems to deserve it too, as well as any of its precursors.

A miscellany of this kind, with ordinary care, must always contain something worth looking at. It falls chiefly into the hands of young people; and innumerable little matters of curiosity, or even of real utility, are thus presented to them, which otherwise would scarcely ever be heard of, and which, but upon some particular impulse, are seldom inquired about. It is not a thing which has any real claim to literary

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distinction, notwithstanding certain verses, by poets known now-a-days not by their names at full length, or in the vernacular character, but by initials, English or Greek: and notwithstanding the editor talks very complacently of the "intellectual feast" he annually prepares, and from the task of still annually purveying which feast, he gallantly professes himself resolved not to shrink, "while life and health permit."

The present volume, adds the editor (almost entirely a new work), will be found to exhibit much novelty, as well as variety, in the selection of the materials: a very interesting series of papers on Scotian Botany (does this mean the botany of Scotland?), by Mr. Young, of Paisley; a description of the most rare and remarkable British Insects, by Mr. Curtis, author of the "British Ornithology;" Ornithological Notices, by the Rev. Mr. Jenyns, of Bottisden-Hall; and Sketches of the various appearances of Nature, by W. Howett; &c. &c.

Alla Giornata, or To the Day; 1826.—Ildegarda, daughter of the Marchese Gherardesca, became heiress to his large property in consequence of the death of her only brother—this brother having been poisoned, as was suspected, by one Montescujado, who sought Ildegarda's hand.

The young lady's father was unhappily tinged with several anti-catholic notions, which he had gathered from Germany, and brought, to settle with him, to the neighbourhood of Pisa. He was not content with the imputation and reality of being a heretic himself, but imbues his daughter's mind with the same obnoxious opinions—for the obvious purpose of producing a sufficient train of disastrous consequences upon her innocent head to swell out three volumes.

Duly then, upon her parent's demise, and her own installation into his possessions, she not only takes no pains to conceal her inheritance of his Protestant inclinations also, but forces her crude notions upon public and private animadversion, with the pertinacious assiduity of a claimant for martyrdom.

With all the circumstance of established wealth and power,—with a fool, a dwarf, a poet, and a painter, in her train, and other attendance proportioned to such appendages, she held up her chin above public opinion, and would not keep within her own bosom the contempt she entertained for the popish religion as received by her compatriots; but amused herself with making the existing superstitious constant themes of obloquy. In vain her friends, a priest among the number, urged caution and moderation; she replied to them, either with the insolent sarcasm of power, or the no less insolent silence of greatness, that fancied itself beyond reach. She was a genius, too, devoted to the arts—a blue-stocking, long ere that character was for-

tified by its multitudes against the envy and derision which first innovators must ever encounter.

The lady gave a splendid fête; whoever had the least claim to rank or distinction for many miles around were invited to it. At prodigious cost, she had collected all the adornments of luxury which the arts and her own cultivated taste could supply to delight and astonish. Towards the conclusion of the day a sort of masque, founded on a legend of the church, was about to be performed by hired exhibitors. At this critical moment, a procession of priests, from the near convent, entered on the stage, anathematizing the whole procedure, preremptorily prohibiting its continuance; and, at the same time, admonishing the large, brilliant and illustrious audience, that their own disapproval of such a spectacle, and consequently their own safety, could only be proved by a speedy removal of themselves home. The church was irresistible; the crowd having tasted her hospitality, one and all departed, glad of such authority, in support of their own dislike, for exercising their contempt upon her. No sooner were the guests departed than her castle was shaken to its centre. Thunder and lightning commenced—the building began to totter,—with difficulty are she and her immediate attendants rescued from quick destruction; but nothing could rescue her from the damnatory conclusions suggested by so plain an interposition. Always feared, slighted, hated, whispering enemies now shook off their restraints; and her ancient lover, the imagined murderer of her brother, and for that cause rejected,—foaming for revenge, conspired with the ruling powers of Pisa for stripping Ildegarda of her estates, and procuring the imprisonment of her person, on the ground of her contempt for religion (for which there was certainly some plea); and also, on that of her connivance in a late projected resistance of Volterra and its territory to the Pisan dominion.

Now Ildegarda was not without a favoured lover: the son of a prouder house than her own, and of a mother, whose Spartan prayer had rather been to see him on his bier than Ildegarda's husband. His mother's steady and contemptuous avoidance of an introduction to Ildegarda, notwithstanding her unwearied efforts to attain that lady's regard and acquaintance, her public scorn of Ildegarda's character and sentiments, her prohibition of her son's connexions, were the bitterest draughts of humiliation our heroine had to gulp. Upright, however, and generous, and disdaining to employ the power she really possessed against an anxious parent's will, she gradually rendered that will less violent in its manifestations, and the implication finally of the proud mother and the beloved son in the Volterra-tumult, by rendering the two families fellow sufferers

in the same cause, afforded an additional bond of conciliation to many other healing circumstances, which had slowly prepared the way for friendship.

Her beloved Ranieri would have found some difficulty in clearing himself with his Pisan rulers but for the fortunate event of the Florentines taking unjust possession of the territory in question, which afforded him (the youth having been reduced to hide and seek for some time past) a glorious opportunity of winning the city back for Pisa. Since it must have a master, his conscience determined that he might as well suit his own convenience as to who should bear the sway; and by this timely exercise of patriotism, he rescues his character from every shadow of distrust, and his person from apprehended duance, while his mother and Ildegarda, his presumed advisers, are purified in him.

The characters are extravagantly drawn—the public events operating clumsily upon individuals; and a monstrous underplot, which entangles itself with the history of Montescujado, the murderer of Ildegarda's brother, is too troublesome to be understood; while from the perpetual interference of this man with the main story, and of two queer beings, whose rights of property and rank he usurps, and who are finally to be righted by a tedious denouement of fresh and unguessed circumstances, (would they were all in the Red Sea!) render the whole novel heavy—improbable—inflated—complicated.

Shrewd remarks are, however, scattered about, and a simpler frame-work would have left the natural powers of the author—no common ones—a much more advantageous action.

Two Charges delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Derby, 1825 and 1826, by the Rev. S. Butler, Archdeacon of Derby, and Head Master of Shrewsbury School; 1826.—Charges delivered by archdeacons and bishops are seldom remarkable for any thing that can concern the general reader: but one of these before us contains some statistical information, certainly of some value, as exhibiting the state of the church with respect to its property; and of some value also to those, who, while they respect the church, are too often left unfurnished with materials for a valid defence of defects charged upon the clergy, which really originate not with the clergy, but in corruptions, with which they have nothing to do. These charges too are the production of a very able, and a very learned individual—learned not merely in the knowledge of Greek and Latin, but of the state and spirit of his own times;—to whom his avocations, as a highly and deservedly popular school-master, must have rendered the undertaking peculiarly onerous.

On entering upon the office, he conceived it to be his duty, as it undoubtedly was, to visit his archdeaconry thoroughly, and

he has accordingly visited it thoroughly. He has not only collected valuable information, but he has taken active measures for reforming abuses, and repairing dilapidations, to the full extent of his limited power.

The archdeaconry of Derby is, as you know (says the archdeacon, addressing his clergy), commensurate with the county, and divided into three deaneries—Derby, Ashbourne, and Chesterfield. There are, however, about thirty churches, which, being either peculiar or donative, are not under archidiaconal jurisdiction. The greatest part of these lie in the north-western side of the county, from about Bakewell towards Buxton and Ashbourne.

Of those which come under the archdeacon's jurisdiction, being 163 parishes, there are 52 rectories, 52 vicarages, and 59 curacies or chapels. There are also three or four small chapels in some parochial townships within the archdeaconry, which, being served only once a fortnight, or even less frequently, by the incumbent, or curate of the mother-church, and not being entered in the process paper, I have not taken into the present account.

The whole income of these 163 churches, according to the returns I have received, and which I believe are tolerably correct, being divided by the whole number of churches, gives an income of £239 for each, omitting fractions of pence and shillings;—but as four of the churches are consolidated, their number is reduced in fact to 159, instead of 163, and thus the average income of each church is raised to near £245; a sum which may be considered as not much differing from the average value of churches throughout the kingdom.

Of these 159 livings, 58 are above the average of £245, and 101 below it. The tithes of 90 churches, being considerably more than one-half the number in the archdeaconry, are in the hands of lay-impropriators; and those of 18 more, though in ecclesiastical hands, are not in those of the incumbent of the church to which they belong.

These 159 livings, comprising 163 churches, are served by 135 clergymen, either as incumbents or curates: for 28 churches, being for the most part chapels of ease, are served by the incumbent or curate of the mother-church, or by the minister of a neighbouring parish.

Of the above 163 churches, 91 have houses fit for the residence of a clergyman; 20 have houses, but unfit for the residence of a clergyman; and, indeed, nearly all these last-mentioned are mere cottages, just capable of accommodating a labourer and his family; and 52 have no house. So that, in fact, there are 72 churches, which virtually have no place of residence for their minister.

Of the 91 livings which have houses, there are resident 60 incumbents, and 21 curates. In the remaining ten cases, in which neither incumbent nor curate appear resident, the incumbent, generally, is so virtually; either living in his own house in the parish, instead of the parsonage, and doing himself the duty, or residing on an adjoining living, and doing also the duty of that on which he does not reside.

Of the 20 livings which have no fit houses, and the 12 which have no house at all, many are of small value; and being themselves insufficient for the support of a clergyman, and of small population, requiring only single duty, are served by the curate, or incumbent of a neighbouring parish. There are, however, 5 which have their incumbent, and 5 which have their curate resident in the parish; and of the remaining 62, the duty, in 39 cases, is performed by the incumbent himself.

The average value of these 159 livings then, proves to be £245; 101 are below that average, 80 are below £150, 49 below £100, and 19 not exceeding £50, which means very considerably below that paltry sum. Nearly two-thirds of the tithes are in lay hands; and very nearly one-half of the parishes are without parsonage-houses. Under these circumstances, can more, in the way of residence and attendance, be rationally expected from the clergy? Let the saddle be placed on the right horse. The existing clergy, at least, are not to blame. Some measures are loudly demanded for equalizing church property.

The object of the second charge is to enforce education, by calling upon the clergy to promote the extension of national schools, and themselves to superintend them: not so much for the diffusion of knowledge, of which he justly speaks contemptuously, for the mass of the people, as of religious education; and he replies to those who so repeatedly allege the Scotch as proofs of the advantages of the "diffusion of knowledge," by affirming, that the cause of the sober and industrious habits of that people is to be looked for rather in the attention paid by the clergy to their religious education, than to that vaunted "diffusion of knowledge."

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REVIEW.

THIS is proverbially a month of theatrical nonentity. No author would produce a piece on the boards in December on pain of death, and that which follows; no actress would study a new part; no manager would frame a bill, containing any thing better than the obsolete fare which has run through the season. The very tailors would be surprised by an order for a new pair of pantaloons, even for Jones, who delights in "that sort of thing," and who has notoriously the best legs and the best taste in exhibiting them of any man alive. In short, all before the curtain is much of the same fashion with all in the street: dulness, frigidity, and fog. Even the American manager, who passes over oceans with the agility of the time when witchery and broomsticks were the instruments of navigation, has found it difficult to get over this month—gives us in his despair two farces and a Dutch dance for a night's subsistence, and bids us live on the promise of "Il Turco in Italia" metamorphosed into an English opera.

Covent-Garden is in exactly the same condition. It has indulged itself during the month with a remarkably dry succession of performances, and disdaining to take an unfair advantage of its gilt and burnished rival, has seemed to enter into a compact, as vigorous against novelty of performance as against novelty of actors. For all this, however, we are to be consoled by the glories of pantomime. If heroes and heroines are asleep before the curtain, all is life behind. Every chisel and brush, every artificer in drapery and automaton, every manager of screws and wires, and every genius of tumbling and grimace, is in daily and nightly activity in every lamp-lit cavern, in every square foot of the theatre and its appurtenances. Harlequin is rotatory, from dusky morn to foggy eve; clowns pursue him with never-ceasing awkwardness, and gibes uncheered by a smile through walls of canvas and ships of paper; Pantaloons neither "lean nor slipped," but fugatory and ferocious beyond the lot of man, are in perpetual spring, and Colum-

bines all unkerchiefed, and as unfitted for the eye as a Frenchwoman at her breakfast, learn new tricks of toilsome captivation, and, like the ladies at Almack's, dance with a desperate and indefatigable toe, till they tire down their partner into matrimony. Of the result we must live in hope. In the mean time we must live how we can, for managers have shut up their granaries; and, unless we chuse to be bored by eternal repetition—a thing which ought to be taken into consideration in coroners' inquests as a handsome plea for departing this life summarily—there is no reason why a man, in possession of seven shillings and his senses, should employ either in theatres during this present month of December. We could pledge ourselves that all this management is the twin brother to bad policy, and begotten of a mistake, in its turn begotten of the dead and gone habits of London.

Fifty years ago, and in every fifty years preceding, it is true, that the month before Christmas was busied in other things than looking at the best of all possible plays. The men were all plunged ears deep in ledgers and will-making. London was a general scene of *retribution*, winding up accounts, claiming good debts, extracting bad by those legal screws whose ailing absorbs so much of the material extracted; or receiving the little exiled branches of the family at home, plumed in all the honours of those schools in which the rising generation of our forefathers and mothers learned cyphering and cross-stitch.

The ladies of London were plunged in cares equally overwhelming. Plumb-cake and mince pies in a proud profusion that shames the narrow provisionality of our degenerate day, sat heavy on their souls. The matron's thoughts were up early and to bed late, in council with her cook, a kind of she-chancellor, and not the less fitted for the office by reason of her sex or antiquity; who kept her receipt-book and her conscience; and set herself against all culinary innovation with the vigour of an irrefragable principle. This was the day of the

lady's levee; butchers in full costume approached her presence, confectioners paid their annual respects, and the dealers in made-wines were invited to leave their cards. Beef in all its forms was submitted to the most accurate inspection; sentence of death was passed upon turkies, and ale was put under the most rigorous confinement capable by cask and bottle, until the general jail-delivery of all similar captives, that was to take place on or before Twelfth-day.

Was not this enough, and more than enough, to keep every man and woman at home? The householder, male and female, who was seen much even in the streets was at such times suspected of being either verging on bankruptcy or bad dinners, and men shunned them by a prophetic instinct of debt and famine. They were abroad, because they had nothing to do at home. The conclusion was natural; and a man might in our gentle days run away with his neighbour's wife, embezzle the national money, ruin some tons weight of old maids and country squires, by shareholding in a bubble, with more popularity, to say nothing of more character, than he might then have been seen frequenting houses of amusement in the month of December. As for the nobility, they were all keeping Christmas in grand style at their palaces in the country. In such days, of course, the audience consisted chiefly of amateurs behind the scenes; or a few gentlemen of those light and easy habits to which the play-house, the watch-house, and the high-way, were only professional varieties; or a few young Templars, of whom mankind in general were cautious, by a natural horror of their future trade; or a few country visitors, who, after having spent their morning in Smithfield, came to doze out their evening at some decent distance from their own beeves. The theatres knew their men, gave them entertainment fitted for such guests, and distained to supply with novelties an audience to which dulness was congenial, or plunder was the much pleasanter play.

But what an alteration has taken place since! Who now makes any difference between one month and another? What man, above the brains of a parish-clerk, knows any thing about Christmas but its fog? What noble family knows more about it than that it is just, of all seasons, the most inconvenient to be seen in, either in country or in town—the former being a bore inexpressible, and clogged with feasts to the neighbouring gentry—civilities to the dowdy wives and daughters of voters in the *past* election—rugs-cloaks to old women, and food and firing to the cottagers, that expect it as “due as the Turk's tribute.” Town is not less a *bore*—for the name of the thing. The “*durance vile*” of that season in which visiting is not *quite* etiquette, and St. James's is deserted for Windsor. Yet in London they are at

this hour; or all are, who cannot escape to hide their heads at Brighton or Ramsgate, or some outlying corner of the earth, where the peerage goes for what the peerage is worth, and a man with a star or a title is not sunk into the utter invisibility into which noble persons of moderate faculties and high pretensions go plump down in the unceremonious multitude of London. We will venture to lay our critical laurels that nine-tenths of the human noblesse of the Grosvenor and Portman Squares world; the very exclusives of the earth—that superfine and sublime portion of man and woman-kind which respire high blood, and think that every coach without a coronet is to be hired for a shilling; the very celestials of society; and at this hour closeted up in their mansions in as much dread of being recognised in Town as any insolvent that ever wore moustaches in Bond-street. The playhouses, we will allow, can expect but little now from their “supremacies.” But from those, the playhouse generally gets as little as any other claimant, public or private. But let them recollect the multitude; the abiding million of London itself; the locomotory host, the rotatory tens of thousands that come in daily from the ends of England and the earth, on the tops and bottoms of stage coaches; the endless tide of idlers who will go any where for tolerable amusement; the new generation of officials, who after three o'clock have nothing to do but to sleep, or hunt for amusement. The natural play-loving spirit of the people, “Merry England,” as it was of old, and merry as it would be anew, if the masters of public pleasantry would take the trouble to give them something worth their shillings and their smiles. We should think that of all months in the year, December was the very best for the national theatres. But managers *will* not take our advice, and they *will* therefore have the reward due to those who despise the Oracle. They will play bad pieces to empty benches, and when people ask why, they will answer: “because London, fifty years ago, had not a fifth part of the population of London now.” So will they speak, act, weep, and sigh over an empty treasury, and die in their sins.

The Opera House has made the bold experiment of opening before Christmas. But this our oracle would have discouraged, if the manager had the precaution to ask humbly what we thought about the matter. The Opera House is *not* democratic. The *haut ton*, or by whatever silly name it delights to be called, are its food, its shew, its subscription, its five senses. But in this season the people of the “exclusive world,” are, like the sparrows, hid in their own nooks, as dead and buried. There is neither song nor supper among them till spring. The casual call of parliament for a week was not enough. The few who ventured out have slunk in again, and are

congealed in furs and torpidity until the sun and St. James's come round again.

Yet the manager is as enterprising, spirited, and well-intentioned *entrepreneur* as any at the head of an army of singers and dancers on the face of the dramatic world; and we honour him for the gallantry of the adventure. His company, with a few additions, would be fully adequate to popularity and profit. We are convinced that the true policy would be, to make the company generally equal. There is no worse policy than that of indulging the caprice and avarice of some exhibitionist signor or signora, by a price which no talent can repay, which disgusts the other performers, at once throws them down in the public scale, and ultimately impoverishes the theatre. There are a dozen singers on the Continent, at this hour, who could execute any thing that music ever made, and execute it most pleasingly. But a Pasta comes, and the whole corps are absolutely stinted to fill her salary. She bravuras for a few months, and then walks away with a purse that breaks down the diligence, calling us English *bêtes* all the way to the Apennines. With her the season is slain at once. Who will go to hear the Opera, when the only singer heard of during the season is gone? None but a country gentleman, overtaken by a tavern-

dinner. We have no doubt that if the manager *could* persuade those noble persons, who, having no occasion for advice in their respective callings, honour him with so much, to let him follow the dictates of his common-sense in this case, he would have a more productive Opera than all the Pastas, present or to come, would ever make for him. The actual difference between singers, or dancers either, is not so much as that the second class of both might not supply very sufficient theatrical attraction. The true secret would be in having pretty operas—not long-winded bravuras; and pretty ballets—not the solitary jumps or twistings of an Albert or a Paul, at fifty pounds a dance. Let him choose good composition in both. There are, in the *repertoires* of the foreign theatres, ten thousand operas and ballets that have been popular in their day and country—but which we have not ever seen here. What we have not seen is to us of as much value as if it had come wet from the pen of Rossini. Let him give us these, and punish petulance of composers, and bring down the “stars,” or put an extinguisher on them.

The only performance of the Opera House has been Spontini's *La Vestale*—a clever performance, but which destroys a pleasanter thing, by destroying the ballet.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

New Inflammable Substance.—The following singular fact is stated in the *Bulletin Universel*. At Doulens, near Amiens, is a large manufactory for spinning cotton, which is lighted by oil-gas; this gas, on its return from the cast-iron cylinder filled with red hot coal, where it is formed, traverses a reservoir of oil, in which it deposits a white liquid matter, which can be taken away by means of a spigot situated at the lower part of the reservoir. The workmen employed in this duty having dropped some of it to the ground upon water, the matter took fire spontaneously, and, having run to a neighbouring rivulet, it spread itself upon the surface of the water, which appeared to be on fire. The proprietor of the factory intends to send a bottle of this singular substance to M. Gay Lussac, to have it chemically analyzed.

Improved Melting Pots.—The last volume of the Transactions of the Society of Arts contains the following direction for the composition of melting-pots, which will bear a higher degree of heat than others without softening, and will therefore deliver the iron in a more fluid state than the best Birmingham pots. Take two parts of fine ground raw Stourbridge clay, and one part of the hardest gas coke, previously pulverized and sifted through a sieve of one-eighth of an inch mesh; if the coke be ground fine, the pots are very apt to crack.

Mix the ingredients together with a proper quantity of water, and tread the mass well: the pot is then moulded by hand on a wooden block.

Figure of the Earth.—Mr. Ivory, whose name will ever be associated with those of the first mathematicians of which Europe can boast, has inserted in the *Philosophical Journal* a paper on this subject, of which the following is an abstract. The number of stations at which experiments with the pendulum for ascertaining the figure of the earth have been made, is now thirty-nine: of these, twenty-eight concur in giving the same ellipticity $\frac{3}{8}$, with very small discrepancies; but, if we take the whole indiscriminately, and make certain combinations of them, we may obtain any ellipticity we choose. Now if it can hereafter be indisputably proved by experiments, so conducted that it shall be impossible to entertain a doubt of the correctness of the results, that inequalities so great as the present experiments indicate take place in the distribution of gravity, we can hope to gain little in point of accuracy by employing the pendulum for investigating the figure of the earth. This objection of Mr. Ivory's to the use of the pendulum for the determination of the earth's ellipticity, is considerably strengthened by the unavoidable physical and mechanical difficulties which must ever stand in the way of ascertaining such very

minute quantities as enter into the elements of this calculation.

Method of Softening Cast-Iron.—A way has lately been discovered of rendering cast-iron soft and malleable; it consists in placing it in a case or pot along with and surrounded by a soft red ore found in Cumberland and other parts of England, which pot is then placed in a common oven built with fire-bricks, and without a chimney, where they are heated with coal or coke placed upon a fire-grate. The doors of the oven being closed, and but a slight draft of air permitted under the grate, a regular heat is kept up for one or two weeks, according to the thickness and weight of the castings. The pots are then withdrawn, and suffered to cool, and by this operation the hardest cast metal is rendered so soft and malleable that it may be welded together, or, when in a cold state, bent into almost any shape by a hammer or vice.—*Newton's Journal.*

New Alloy of Metal.—Several alloys have been proposed as substitutes for brass, the very rapid corrosion of which renders it unfit for the construction of valuable instruments. A German proposed, some time since, a combination of copper and platinum; but without stating the proportions, which we believe vary from one to two parts of platinum to three of copper. It is rather singular, that even in the present advanced state of chemical analysis, the exact proportions of the materials which enter into the composition of tutench cannot be assigned, although it seems probable that few substances are better calculated to repay the discovery.

Indian Diamonds.—From some researches by Mr. Voysey, published in the last volume of the *Asiatic Researches*, it is ascertained that—the matrix of the diamonds produced in Southern India, is the sandstone breccia, of the “clay-slate formation”—that those found in alluvial soil are produced from the debris of the above rock, and have been brought thither by some torrent or deluge, which could alone have transported such large masses and pebbles from the parent rock, and that no modern or traditional inundation has reached to such an extent—that the diamonds found at present in the beds of the rivers are washed down by the annual rains. It will be an interesting point to ascertain if the diamonds of Hindustan can be traced to a similar rock. It may also be in the power of others, more favourably situated than the writer, to ascertain if there be any foundation for the vulgar opinion of the continual growth of the diamond. Dr. Brewster's opinion that it probably originates like amber, from the consolidation of perhaps vegetable matter, which gradually acquires a crystalline form by the influence of time, and the slow action of corpuscular forces, is rather in favour of it than otherwise: it is certain that, in those hot climes

crystallization goes on with wonderful rapidity; and it is hoped that, at some future period, undeniable proofs may be produced of the re-crystallization of amethyst, zeolite, and feldspar in alluvial soil.

Ranking's Theory of Fossils.—In a former number of this journal, we alluded to Mr. Ranking's Theory of Fossils, of which the following is a correct summary, as well as of the arguments upon which it rests. Whatever fossil bones have been discovered in Europe, are those of animals employed in the wars of the Romans, and in their sports of the circus, or of such as indigenous to the countries in which they have been found, might have perished from natural causes—by a coincidence which cannot be ascribed to chance, the remains of beasts inhabiting at present only distant countries, are never located except in the neighbourhood of some place where the Romans possessed a permanent establishment, and consequently a circus; and elephants in particular, only where there is historical evidence to show that it is in the track of a Roman or Carthaginian army. With regard to Asia, in the northern regions of which are such innumerable fossil remains of *mammoths*, elephants, *rhinoceros's*, &c. It is satisfactorily shewn, that *countless* elephants were slain in the wars of the Mongols, who overran the whole, and especially laid waste the north of Asia; that *rhinoceros's* were constantly kept at the magnificent but migratory courts of the Mongol Khans, and that *mammoth* is only the Siberian name for a walrus, which amphibious monster abounds along the shores of the frozen ocean, and whose vast tusks, resembling those of the elephant, having given rise to the belief in an extinct species of that mighty animal. The difference between the fossil and living animals is shown not to be greater than what at present exists between animals of the same species, or other than in a few years influence of climate and circumstances might occasion; while to account for the great depths at which these remains have been found, Mr. Ranking considers the agency of natural causes during very many centuries is sufficient; particularly when it is remarked that no distance below the earth's surface at which animal bones have hitherto been discovered, exceeds that at which fragments of pottery and instruments of war have been met with.

Specific Gravities.—Professor Leslie, of Edinburgh, having invented an extremely delicate apparatus for ascertaining the specific gravity of powders, has deduced the following novel results, which have been communicated to the public through the medium of the *Scotsman* newspaper. Charcoal, which, from its porosity is so light, that its specific gravity as assigned in books is generally under 0.5, less than half the weight of water, or one-seventh the weight of diamond; taken in powder, by the above

instrument, exceeds that of diamond, is one-half greater than that of whinstone, and is of course more than seven times heavier than has usually been supposed. Mahogany has usually been estimated at 1.36; but mahogany saw-dust proves by the instrument to be 1.68. Wheat flour is 1.36; pounded sugar, 1.83; and common salt 2.15: the latter agrees very accurately with the common estimate. Writing-paper rolled hard by the hand had a specific gravity of 1.78, the solid matter present being less than one-third of the space it apparently filled. One of the most remarkable results was with an apparently very light specimen of volcanic ashes, which was found to have a specific gravity of 4.4: these results are, however, given as approximations merely by the first instrument constructed.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

| | When founded. | No. of Professors. | No. of Students. |
|---|---------------|--------------------|------------------|
| Prague (the most ancient) . . . | 1348 | 55 | 1449 |
| Vienna | 1365 | 77 | 1688 |
| Heidelberg (Grand Duchy of Baden) | 1368 | 55 | 626 |
| Wurtzburg (Bavaria) | 1403 | 31 | 660 |
| Leipzig (Saxony) | 1409 | 81 | 1394 |
| Rostock (Mecklenburg Schwerin) | 1419 | 34 | 201 |
| Friburg (Grand Duchy of Baden) | 1450 | 35 | 556 |
| Greifswald (Prussia) | 1456 | 30 | 227 |
| Bale (Switzerland) | 1460 | 24 | 214 |
| Tubingen (Wurtemberg) | 1477 | 44 | 827 |
| Marburg (Hesse Cassel) | 1527 | 38 | 304 |
| Konigsberg (Prussia) | 1544 | 23 | 303 |
| Jena (Grand Duchy of Weimar) | 1558 | 51 | 432 |
| Gieslen (Hesse Cassel) | 1607 | 39 | 371 |
| Kiel (Denmark) | 1635 | 26 | 238 |
| Halle (Saxon Prussia) | 1684 | 64 | 1119 |
| Breslau (Silesia) | 1702 | 49 | 710 |
| Göttingen (Hanover) | 1734 | 89 | 1545 |
| Erlangen (Bavaria) | 1743 | 34 | 498 |
| Landshut* (Bavaria) | 1803 | 43 | 623 |
| Berlin | 1810 | 86 | 1245 |
| Bonn (Rhenish Prussia) | 1818 | 42 | 526 |
| Total | | 1055 | 15746 |

So that for a population of about thirty-six millions, there are in Germany twenty-two universities, six belonging to Prussia, three to Bavaria, two to the Austrian states, two to the Grand Duchy of Baden, two to the Electorate of Hesse Cassel, and one to each of the following states—Saxony, Wurtemberg, Denmark, Hanover, the Great Duchies of Mecklenburg Schwerin and Saxe-Weimar and Switzerland.

Among the professors are enumerated not only the ordinary and extraordinary ones, but also the private masters, whose courses are announced in the weekly programmes. Popish Germany, containing about nineteen millions of inhabitants, possesses only six universities; while Protestant Germany, for seventeen millions of inhabitants, has no less than seventeen: it has thus been calculated, that the propor-

tion of students is 149 to 250,000 inhabitants, in the Protestant parts of the country, and only sixty-eight to the same number in the Popish states. But it should be stated, that no mention is here made of the Popish ecclesiastics who study not in the universities, but in seminaries. Many other cities formerly possessed universities—established and suppressed as follows:—

| | When founded. | When suppressed. |
|--|---------------|------------------|
| Mayence | 1477 | 1790 |
| Stuttgart | 1704 | 1794 |
| Cologne | 1803 | 1799 |
| Bamberg, in Bavaria | 1649 | 1803 |
| Dillingen, in Bavaria | 1540 | 1804 |
| Altdorf, in Hanover | 1679 | 1809 |
| Rinteln, in the Electorate of Hesse-Cassel | 1623 | 1809 |
| Saltzburg, in Austria | 1623 | 1809 |
| Ingoistadt, in Bavaria | 1472 | 1809 |
| Erfurt, in Prussia | 1302 | 1809 |
| Wittenberg, in Prussia | 1302 | 1809 |

Those of Paderborn and of Munster both belonging to Prussia, each of which had only two faculties, those of theology and philosophy have been suppressed, the first in 1818, the second in 1819; but that of Munster was re-established last year, with the three faculties of theology, philosophy, and medicine.

Antiquities.—A work, written in the fourteenth century by a nun of the convent of Gunthersthal, fell a short time since into the hands of Dr. Schreiber, a German antiquarian of much celebrity. In this book, designed only as a complete catalogue of the revenues of the convent, were numerous remarks, &c. of the highest importance to history and archæology; with one branch of the objects thus pointed out, Dr. S. has been particularly occupied—it concerns the *Hünengraber*, or ancient tombs. Many rents were specified as arising from lands in the neighbourhood of these monuments. Now it was known that there were many of them in the north of Germany, but none had as yet been discovered in Fribourg nor the southern provinces. Mr. Schreiber's first researches were fruitless: what in the fourteenth century was a common direction, could no longer be followed; but at length, at Elringen, on a piece of ground belonging to an ancient family, which had been pointed out as appertaining to the convent, a plough struck upon some tombs, the objects of the Doctor's inquiry. They occupy a space of 362 paces in circumference, and there are more than forty rows of burying-places. It is evident that formerly there rose above the ground some monuments which showed their exact situation. The number of tombs examined was 106 (of which forty-five were of men, forty-four women, and seventeen children), and it is presumed there are about as many more. They contained neither inscriptions nor any vestige

* The King of Bavaria has ordered this university to be transferred to Munich, a capital which offers many more resources for instruction than the small town of Landshut.

• Re-united to that of Landshut in 1803.

† Re-united to that of Halle in 1809.

of characters; but what was especially worthy of remark, charcoal was spread over the corpses, as if its antiseptic properties were even then known. There are some fragments of pottery, but very much injured; and a small piece of glass was found ornamented with plates of silver, but there were neither stone nor brazen vases.

Auriscopes.—The difficulty of inspecting the meatus auditorius, or passage of the ear, from its peculiar winding structure, is well known; hence the uncertainty that often arises in ascertaining the cause of diseases of this organ. In consequence of a greater attention being paid to diseases of the ear than formerly, an ingenious French aurist has lately invented a novel instrument, termed an auriscope, which allows a complete inspection of the parts. It consists of a circular brass plate, with straps that go completely round the head, and at the angle over each ear is affixed a hook and screw, together with a lever, so as to pull the ear backwards and forwards in different directions, and thus lay the meatus open to the membrane of the tympanum. But this instrument being complex in its mechanism, and painful in its application, has been reduced to greater simplicity and effect by Mr. J. Harrison Curtis, the Surgeon to the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, where, since making these alterations, he has had ample opportunities of appreciating its merits.

Ancient Roman Foot.—From the inquiries of M. Cagnazzi, to whom the scientific examination of the monuments of antiquity found in Herculaneum and Pompeii was intrusted by the Neapolitan government, it appears that the ancient Roman foot was 0.29624 of a metre, or 131.325 lines French measure.

Statistical Account of Warsaw in 1826.—The extent of Warsaw, and of the suburb of Prague situated on the other side of the Vistula, is 156 or 157 acres. The city is divided into eight districts, containing 214 streets, 3,132 houses, 112 palaces, 61 public edifices, 5,818 manufactories. The value of the whole property insured against fire is 54,512,528 Polish florins, about £141,670. The population amounts to 126,433 persons (62,851 males, 63,582 females) without reckoning the imperial royal guards, the garrison, nor the persons without any permanent residence. The population may be thus divided: 15,306 nobles, 83,083 of the middle and lower class—Jews forming a separate nation, deprived of the rights of citizens, having a distinct language, &c. According to their religions, the population may be thus classed: 92,132 papists, 469 Greeks, 5,170 Lutherans, 593 protestants of the Ausburg confession, 274 regular popish clergy, 282 monks, 94 nuns, 3 protestant ministers, 6 Greek ecclesiastics, and 50 Jews. There are inscribed on the civil registers—19,631 married men, 19,303 married women, 2,176 widowers, 7,062

widows, 301 women and 209 men divorced, 40,578 bachelors, 34,092 spinsters. The most aged persons are, one of 101 years, one of 102, one of 103, two of 104, one of 105, two of 110.

Spontaneous Combustion of Lamp-Black.

—We insert from the *Indian Gazette* the following extract from the ship *Catherine's* log-book, Feb. 3, 1826: "Lat. 1° 37' N. long. 86° 55' E., at 1 P. M., a strong smell of burning, and an appearance of smoke, as if rising from the fore-hold, was observed by some of the people between decks; this was immediately reported to the officer on the quarter-deck, in consequence of which the fore-hatches and fore-scuttle were taken off, when a suffocating smell of fire and clouds of smoke began to issue from both places. On going into the fore-hold, and clearing away the goods near the hatchway, found that a large cask of lamp-black, in the starboard wing, had taken fire, and was giving out dense columns of smoke; the cask, although not in a blaze, was too hot to be handled. All the ship's company and passengers were instantly employed in handing down water and wet blankets, the latter being found of the greatest use in stifling the smoke: these enabled the officers and people in the hold, who were indefatigable in their exertions, to remove the surrounding articles, chiefly large jars of linseed and neat's-foot oil, which were immediately hoisted on deck by the prompt assistance of the passengers, and at the same time a constant supply of water passed down the hatchway; and although the people in the hold were frequently driven back by the strong suffocating smell, they at last succeeded in getting the cask, which was on fire, and muffled by wet blankets, brought to the hatchway. This was instantly hoisted on deck and thrown overboard, before it had completely ignited or burst into a flame; had it done so in the hold, instant destruction must have inevitably followed, it being surrounded by 200 barrels of tar, and upwards of 80 large jars of oil. As no apparent cause could be assigned for this catastrophe, as no leak either from the deck or from any of the jars could be perceived, and as no light had ever been suffered in the hold since leaving England, it was reasonable to conclude that spontaneous combustion must have taken place in the cask; and as there were many more casks of the same material on board, it was considered absolutely necessary, for the safety of the ship and cargo, as well as the lives of the crew and passengers, to throw the whole overboard. Employed during the rest of the day in hoisting up and throwing overboard the remaining casks of lamp-black, sixty-one in number."

"N. B. Two other casks of lamp-black were observed to smoke, while floating past the ship."

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

The Royal Society re-assembled for their next session on the 16th November. The President, Sir H. Davy, announced that the apartments in Somerset-House, in the occupation of the late Commissioners of the Lottery, had been placed by His Majesty at the disposal of the society. He also announced the resignation of W. T. Brande, Esq., one of the secretaries. Lieut.-col. Denham, Capt. W. H. Smith, R.N., and N. Brown, Esq., were admitted Fellows of the Society. The Croonian Lecture, by Sir E. Home, V.P.R.S., was read. "On the generation of the common oyster and the river muscle, with microscopical illustrations," by Mr. Bauer. The reading of a paper was commenced, "on a percussion shell, to be fired from a common gun," by Lieut.-col. Millar; communicated by R. T. Murchison, Esq., F.R.S.

Nov. 23d.—Charles Bell, Esq., was admitted Fellow of the Society. MM. Bonvard, Chevreil and Dulong were elected Foreign Members; and the reading of Lieut.-col. Millar's paper concluded.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Nov. 7th.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., V.P., in the chair. A continuation of Dr. Hamilton's "commentary on the Hortus Malabaricus" was read. Jos. Woods, Esq. was elected Member of the Council in the place of the late Sir T. S. Raffles.

Nov. 21st.—Part of a paper was read, entitled "remarks on the comparative anatomy, &c. of certain birds of Cuba," by W. S. Macleay, F.L.S.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

A paper was read, entitled "additional remarks on the nature and character of the limestone and slate, composing principally the rocks and hills round Plymouth," by the Rev. R. Hennah, F.G.S. The inference that the author deduces is, that the slate beyond the Plymouth limestone, as far southward as Whitesand Bay, is not primitive; and he has found no animal remains in the slate north of that limestone. Extracts were read from letters from Capt. Franklin, R.N., and Dr. Richardson, dated 5th Nov. 1825, at Fort Franklin, on the Great Bear Lake. Capt. Franklin states, that he had reached the sea at the mouth of the Mackenzie river, in lat. 69° 29', long. 135° 40', and gives a general account of the course of that river. Dr. Richardson had been employed in examining the northern shore of the Great Bear Lake, and ascribes the principal physical and geological features of that part of the country.

FOREIGN.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris, September 4.—M. Ampere read a note on a new electro dynamic experiment, which proves the action of a metallic disc in motion on a portion of the voltaic conductor, bent into a spiral form. Messrs. Molard, Dupin and Navier, made a favourable report on a new method of weaving all sorts of stuffs, invented by M. Augustin Corant, manufacturer at St. Julien. M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire read a memoir, entitled "an exposition and explication of the facts and phenomena of monstrosity by excess." The result of this gentleman's own observations confirms the law of the eccentric development of the organs, so ably explained by M. Serres. M. Audoin read an essay on the history of cantharides. M. Lonyer Villerme read a memoir on the principal causes of the insalubrity and mortality in prisons, and on the intensity of the action of these causes; referred to Messrs. Sylvestre, Fourier, and Coquebert-Montéret.—September 11. A note was read from M. Bouvard, containing the elements of the parabolic orbit, calculated by M. Gambart, of the comet discovered by him in August 1826. M. Segalas announced the results of his researches on a method of simplifying the operation for the stone, and of curing urinary fistula of the bladder. An Italian memoir by M. Hildenbrandt was presented, "experiments to discover a more efficacious method of preserving anatomical and pathological preparations, and the advantages thence resulting." M. de Candolle was elected a foreign member, in the place of M. Piazzzi. A human monster, received the preceding week from Chaillot, was presented by M. St. Hilaire. M. Ampere performed the experiments described at the last meeting.—September 18. An indelible ink, invented by M. Taray, was presented by the minister of justice; referred to the commission already sitting on the subject. M. Segalas communicated several experiments on the action of *nux vomica* and other poisonous substances on the nervous system. Dr. Pastré read a memoir on the cause of the protracted sleep of certain animals in winter.—September 25. A verbal report was made by M. Dumeril, on a memoir by M. Frederic Cuvier, entitled "observations on the structure and development of feathers. A very highly favourable report was made by M. Dupin, on the Marquis de Poterat's "theory of shipping." Dr. Teraube presented the first part of a work on the practices injurious to health. Messrs. Henschel, brothers, of Berlin, wrote to say that they had discovered a paper from which writing could not be removed, without traces remaining of what had been effaced. A de-

claration of this being the case, was annexed by a member of the Berlin Academy; referred to a commission already sitting. — October 2. M. Plana, of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Turin, is named correspondent in the section of geometry, and M. Brunei in that of mechanics. A favourable report by Messrs. Cuvier and Latreille was made on a memoir by Messrs. Quoy and Gaynard, on the molluscs and loophytes observed in the bay of Algiers. Messrs. Dumeril, Latreille, and De Blainville, made a highly commendatory report on the work of M. Robinot Desvoisy, on the insects which he calls *myodaire*, the genus fly of Linnaeus. M. Chevreul informed the Academy, that M. Ch. S. Dumas has discovered a chlorate of iodine, possessing all the properties of *Brome*, described in a memoir presented to the Academy by M. Bahard. — October 9. Mr. W. Bolles forwarded from New York a trigonometrical instrument; referred to Messrs.

Mathieu and Damoiseau. The death of the celebrated Scarpa, foreign associate of the Institute, was announced. Messrs. Bouvard and Damoiseau, who had been appointed to examine the new method of determining the orbits of comets by M. Meüroff, of Russia, reported that he had failed in his object. M. Lenormand read a memoir on a cloth of a new sort made by caterpillars, and he exhibited a specimen which had been sent by M. Brebenstrecht, inventor of the process, which serves to direct the labours of these insects; referred to Messrs. Bosc and Latreille. Mr. G. St. Hilaire read a memoir on the question whether the various cases of monstrosity are exactly confined within certain fixed limits, and if, in this case these monstrosities be susceptible of a regular classification as the beings which are the object of regular zoology. M. Dumas read a memoir on some points of the atomic theory.

POLITICAL OCCURRENCES, &c.

THE earlier weeks of the month were deficient, as the major part of the last year has been, in action, energy or character. A few complaints from the northern provinces, a grumble or two from Glasgow, together with some strong speeches from those approved Catholic demagogues, Sheill and O'Connell, made up the sum total of our domestic intelligence. While, however, public interest seemed thus fast asleep it was roused as by a thunderclap from its drowsy slumbers, by the information that Portugal—our closest and oldest ally—was attacked, that we were consequently on the eve of a war with Spain—perhaps with France, and thus by no remote contingency with Europe; and that British troops who on the one day were slumbering at head quarters, peaceful and at ease, on the next were on their way for Portugal, that frequent theatre of their troubles and their triumphs. On the evening of December 11th, Mr. Canning brought down to the House of Commons a message from his Majesty, in which it was simply but emphatically stated that in consequence of letters received from the Cortes at Lisbon, wherein by virtue of its treaty, assistance was requested at the hands of the British Government, he had been induced to despatch immediate help to his ally, and as a necessary consequence to declare war against Spain, her aggressor. On this spirited declaration being read, the house was adjourned till the ensuing night, when its necessity was to be thoroughly debated and sifted with the consideration due to its importance. Accordingly on December 12th, Lord Bathurst in the Upper House, entered into a minute and elaborate detail of the nature of our connections with Portugal—he stated that the treaty was of very old standing and had been renewed

solemnly and explicitly in 1815, at which time, among other unimportant articles it was agreed, that whenever Portugal was invaded by a foreign force, no matter whom, it should instantly be assisted by British troops—and more important still—by British money. This pledge his lordship now called on the House to fulfil—nobly and disinterestedly to fulfil—the time, he stated, was arrived when Portugal stood in need of our active aid; she had been entered on the Spanish side by an armed body of insurgents under the command of the Marquis de Chaves, and from the circumstance of the whole line of the Spanish frontier having been crossed at one moment, it was evident that the plan of attack was the result of serious and mature deliberation, and as his lordship feared commenced under the immediate directions of the Jesuitical Spanish Government. Mr. Canning, in the House of Commons, made a similar declaration, and in a speech of unusual length and eloquence—which, by those who heard it will never be forgotten—contended that the *casus federis* had been distinctly made out; and that prompt assistance must consequently be given to our ally. Mr. Brougham followed on the same side: indeed there was but one sentiment—if we except some twaddling about the expences by Messieurs Hume, Bankes, and Wood—throughout the whole house; and that undivided sentiment was one of enthusiastic admiration and approval. The subject of this impending war with Spain involves one important consideration, namely, how far it will be restricted in its character: “England,” as Mr. Canning justly observed, cannot “raise her arm without involving nations in the contest;” more than this, she cannot even (at least in the present instance) up

lift her voice, although it be but in whispers, without having its softest notes re-echoed from shore to shore of the continent—from the blood-bedewed plains of Greece and Italy, to the remotest regions of European and Asiatic Turkey. England then—through her eloquent representative, Mr. Canning—stands fearlessly forward as the upholder of opinions which, if persevered in, will most assuredly shake to its basis the whole mighty fabric of continental despotism. Italy, degraded Italy, will plead the high sanction of England in extenuation of her revolutionary movements: Greece will look to the same nation as its polar star to guide it to freedom, and should but one little wandering gleam of liberty find its way undimmed to the far-off Russian dominions, it will glow and sparkle even amid the cimmerian darkness of that worst of despotism, as a beam which will one day under favouring auspices expand into a full unclouded sun. To drop metaphor: let it suffice to say that Mr Canning has unhesitatingly advocated the bold doctrines of freedom—he, the accredited war minister of England, has stated—not in words it is true, but by inference—that every nation has a right to select its own form of government, and that should the prejudices of aristocracy impede the advance of such innovation, resistance is not merely lawful but commendable. This doctrine it is manifest will go far—for the mere allusion to it seemed to startle Mr. Canning, who apologized for England as being unavoidably called on to advocate opinions which must be both general and electrifying in their character—this doctrine we repeat, will go far to subvert the principles that now uphold the majority of the continental governments. It is probable, however, that the war may end in mere smoke: no matter, the free opinions of England have gone forth; and like seed sown on a fruitful soil we have no doubt they will fructify sevenfold. With the exception of this impend-

ing crisis, the continent is generally tranquil, France still continues to hold out professions of amity towards Portugal and this country: and has even gone so far as to withdraw her ambassador from Madrid in token of her displeasure towards the wretched Ferdinand and his sycophantic advisers; Holland has despatched emissaries to our government to assure them of her cordial co-operation: and Russia, quiet and inactive to all appearance, looks forward with intense interest to the important results that a few days may serve to bring forth. At present she is engaged in a skirmish with the Persians, but as this is mere child's play for her gigantic strength, it scarcely deserves further comment than the notice. At Constantinople a sort of temporary torpor prevails, which, looking to the spirit that influences its present government, must at no distant period, we should conceive, awake into tremendous energy. The sultan still perseveres in his favourite amusement of executions and confiscations, at which, from long practice, he is wonderfully expert—and but the other day a sack of ears was sent him from Adrianople, as the most acceptable peace-offering to his apprehensions. This cannot last, and we already find that hordes of refractory Janissaries are insinuating their subtle treason, silently but successfully, into the hearts of the discontented provinces. In America, whether north or south, the policy is tranquil and prosperous; our ambassador, Lord Ponsonby, has lately arrived in the latter country, at Brazil; the first, we believe, important Plenipotentiary that has been yet despatched from England. This up to the 26th, concludes our monthly summary; although so stirring are the times, that every hour almost we may look for intelligence which in one short pregnant moment may change the whole character of our political speculations.

PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

New Patents sealed, 1826.

To Thomas Machell, Berner's-street, surgeon, for improvements on apparatus applicable to the burning of oil and other inflammable substances—Sealed 8th Dec.; 6 months.

To Robt. Dickenson, New Park-street, Southwark, in consequence of a communication made to him by a foreigner, for the formation, coating, and covering of vessels or packages, for containing, preserving, conveying, and transporting goods, whether liquid or solid, and for other purposes—8th Dec.; 6 months.

To Chas. Pearson, the younger, Greenwich, Esq., Rich. Witty, Hanley, Stafford, engineer; and Wm. Gillman, White-chapel, engineer, for new or improved

methods of applying heat to certain useful purposes—13th Dec.; 6 months.

To Chas. Hartsleben, Great Ormond-street, Queen-square, Esq., for machinery for facilitating the working of mines, and the extracting of diamonds, &c. from the ore, which machinery is likewise applicable to other purposes—13th Dec.; 6 months.

To J. Costigin, Collon, Louth, civil engineer, for improvements in steam machinery—13th Dec.; 6 months.

To P. Mackay, Great Union-street, Surrey, gent., in consequence of a communication made to him by a foreigner, of improvements by which the names of streets and other inscriptions will be rendered more durable and conspicuous—13th Dec.; 6 months.

To Wm. Johnson, Droitwich, Worcester, gent., for improvements in the process and form of apparatus for manufacturing salt, &c.—18th Dec.; 6 months.

To M. De Jongh, Warrington, cotton spinner, for improvements in machinery or apparatus for preparing rovings, and for spinning, twisting, and winding fibrous substances—28th Dec.; 6 months.

To Chas. Hartsleben, Great Ormond-street, Queen-square, Esq., for certain improvements in constructing ships, and other vessels, applicable to useful purposes, and in machinery for propelling the same—20th Dec.; 6 months.

To Thos. Quarrill, Peter's-hill, Doctors' Commons, lamp manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of lamps—20th Dec.; 6 months.

To Wm. Kingston, master millwright, Dock-yard, Portsmouth; and Geo. Stebbing, mathematical instrument maker, High-street, Portsmouth, for improvements on instruments, or apparatus for more readily or certainly ascertaining the time and stability of ships—20th Dec.; 6 months.

To M. Wilson, Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street, merchant, in consequence of a communication made to him by a foreigner, of certain improvements in machinery for cleaning rice—20th Dec.; 6 months.

To Chas. Seidler, Crawford-street, Portman-square, merchant, in consequence of a communication made to him by a foreigner, of a method of drawing water out of mines, pits, &c.—20th Dec.; 6 months.

To Fred. Andrews, Stanford Rivers, Essex, gent., for improvements in the construction of carriages, and in machinery to propel the same, to be operated upon by steam, or other suitable power, which are also applicable to other purposes—20th Dec.; 6 months.

To Chas. Random Baron de Berenger, Target Cottage, Kentish Town, for improvements in gunpowder-flasks, powder-horns, &c. of different shapes, such as are

used for carrying gunpowder in, to load therefrom guns, pistols, &c.—20th Dec.; 6 months.

To Val. Bartholomew, Great Marlborough-street, gent., for improvements in shades for lamps, &c.—21st Dec.; 2 months.

To J. G. Hancock, Birmingham, plated bedding and canister-hinge manufacturer, for invention of a new elastic rod, for umbrellas, &c.—21st Dec.: 2 months.

List of Patents, which, having been granted in January 1813, expire in the present month of January 1827.

1. Joseph Raynor, Sheffield, for improved machinery for winding and spinning cotton, silk, flax, and wool,

5. William Wilkinson, Grimesthorpe, for his horse, wool, and gloves shears.

15. Thomas Ryland, Birmingham, for a fender for fire-places.

— John Shorter Morris, Kennington, for a machine on a new and superior principle for enabling a man to use his power and strength to give a rotatory motion to any engine.

— Robert Dickinson, London, for an improvement in vessels for containing liquids.

— William Bundy, Camden-town, for a new manufacture of lint.

— Matthew Bush, Longford, for improvements for printing calicoes.

— William Allen, London, for an improvement on machinery to be worked by wind.

— Richard Cawkwell, Newark-upon-Trent, for an improved washing machine.

22. Charles Groll and Frederic Dixi, London, for improvements on harps.

30. Marc Isambard Brunel, Chelsea, for an improved saw mill.

— Francis Crow, Feversham, for improvements in the mariner's or boat compass.

— Robert Dunkin, Penzance, for a method for lessening the consumption of steam and fuel in working fire-engines; also methods for the improvement of certain instruments useful for mining or other purposes.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

The History of the Church of England from the Reformation to the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, in 4 vols. 8vo., by J. B. S. Carwithen, B.D. is in the press.

Mr. Hawkesworth has been some time engaged in collecting materials for a History of France from the earliest period.

In a few days will be published in 8vo. the fabulous History of the Ancient Kingdom of Cornwall, with copious Notes by Thomas Hogg, Master of the Grammar School, Truro, author of Institutes of Mathematical Geography, &c. &c.

Early in January will be published the Busy Bodies, a novel, in 3 vols., by the authors of the Odd Volume.

Another Odd Volume, by the authors of the Odd Volume, will shortly appear.

Stories of Chivalry and Romance, in 1 vol., is announced for publication early in the new year.

Sir William Jardine, Bart., and P. J. Selby, Esq., the author of the splendid work on British Ornithology, with the co-operation of the most distinguished Naturalists in the country, are about to publish a work, the plan of which is to give coloured plates of all the known, or most remarkable Birds, accompanied by descriptions. The Drawings and Engravings will be made by the Authors, and the Plates will be carefully coloured, and finished from living specimens, wherever they can be obtained. The work will be published in Quarterly Parts, and the first Part will appear early in January 1827.

Nearly ready, the Book of Spirits, and Tales of the Dead; with Plates, in Gold and Colours, and an ornamental Title.

Mr. Richard Burdekin announces the Memoirs of the Life and Character of Mr. Robert Spence (late Bookseller of York); with some information respecting the introduction of Methodism into York and the Neighbourhood, &c. &c.

The Citizens' Pocket Chronicle, exhibiting the laws, customs, privileges and exemptions connected

with the Temporal Government of the City of London; the charters, courts, companies, dignities, offices, public functionaries, foundations, and other civic institutions; and a Register of Events from the earliest period to the present time. With an Appendix of References, and general information for the use of citizens, merchants, strangers, &c. Will be published in January, in 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Bowring has very nearly ready for publication a volume on the Literature and Poetry of Poland.

Mr. W. Jevons, Jan. has in the press, in 2 vols. 8vo., *Systematic Morality; or, a Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Human Duty, on the grounds of Natural Religion.*

The author of *London in the Olden Time* is engaged on a second volume, comprising Tales illustrative of the manners, habits, and superstitions of its inhabitants, from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. The work will appear early in the spring.

A Series of Views in the West-Indies, to be published in Paris, engraved from Drawings taken recently in the Islands, with letter-press explanation made from actual observation, will appear in February.

Instructive Poems for Young Cottagers, by Mary R. Stockdale, are in the press.

A work is announced for publication in January, entitled *England's Historical Diary*; detailing the most important Events connected with the grandeur and prosperity of the British Empire every Act or deed enumerated having taken place on the day to which it is applied.

Preparing for the press, a Popular Exposition of the *Parable in the Gospels*, by Robert Wilson, A.M., author of a Treatise on the Divine Sovereignty, &c.

Mr. Brunet, the author of *Practical Hints on Composition and Light and Shade in Painting*, has in the press a work on the General Management of Colour in a Picture, which will appear early in the ensuing spring.

A work will be published in the course of January, entitled *The Poetry of Milton's Prose*, selected from his various writings, with instances of parallel Passages from his Poems; Notes, and an introductory Essay.

A new historical novel, to be entitled *Blame Rebecca Berry, or Court Scenes in the Reign of Charles the Second*, is announced for early publication.

Mr. Pierce Egan has just ready, a *Trip to Ascot Races*; upwards of seventeen feet in length, and coloured after Life and Nature, dedicated to his Majesty, George IV. The Plates (sixty) good and etched by Mr. Theodore Law.

A Treatise on the Origin of Expiatory Sacrifice, by George Stanley Faber, B. D., Rector of Long Newton, in 8vo., is nearly ready.

Narrative of a Tour through the Interior Provinces of Colombia, by Colonel J. P. Hamilton, late Chief Commissioner from his Britannic Majesty to the Republic of Colombia, in 3 vols. post 8vo., is in the press.

Capt. Walter Hadenach, 57th Bengal N. I., is preparing, *Inquiry into the State of the Indian Army, with Suggestions for its Improvement, and the Establishment of a Military Police in India*, in 8vo.

Travels in Norway, Sweden, Finland, the Coasts of the Sea of Azov, and the Black Sea; with a Review of the Trade in the Black Sea, and of the systems of Manoeuvring the Navy in different Countries of Europe, compared with that of England, 2 vols. 8vo.

The History of the Glorious Return of the Vandals to their Valleys, in 1609, by Henry Arnaud, their Pastor and Colonel. Translated from the original of H. Arnaud, by Hugh Dyke Acland, Esq. Embellished with Original Sketches of that singular country, beautifully engraved by Fuxlen. 8vo.

The Life and Adventures of Giovanni Finati, a Native of Italy, in 2 vols. post 8vo., is in the press. An Officer in the late Staff Corps Regiment of Cavalry, announces his Personal Narrative of Adventures in the Peninsula during the late War. 8vo.

The Present State of Colombia, by an Officer, late in the Colombian Service, in 8vo., is nearly ready.

A History of the Council of Trent, held A.D. 1545-1564, is in preparation, in 1 vol. 8vo.

The Rev. David McNicholl is preparing for publication, an Argument for the Bible, drawn from the Character and Harmony of its subjects.

Dr. Arnott's work on General and Medical Physics, is nearly ready for publication. It imports to be a System of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, with strictly Scientific Arrangement; but made easily intelligible to those who have never learned, or who have forgotten the mathematics.

G. Thomson, a Resident of eight years at the Cape, is about to publish an Account of his Travels and Adventures in Southern Africa.

An Indian Romance, entitled *The Natchez*, by Viscount Chateaubriand, is printing in French and English.

Mr. Cooper, the author of the *Spy*, the *Pilot*, &c., has announced a new Romance, to be called *The Prairie*.

The Rev. F. Thackeray, A.M., has nearly ready *A History of the Rt. Hon. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham*, containing his Speeches in Parliament, and a portion of his Correspondence never before published, with a Portrait, in 2 vols. 4to.

Mr. Lightfoot will soon publish *Mercantile Tide Tables*, in small folio.

Dr. Blair of Edinburgh announces a volume of Scientific Aphorisms.

Mr. Colnaghi is preparing an Engraving from a beautiful Miniature by Cohen, of the Right Hon. Lady Jonston, being the Twenty-Sixth of a Series of Portraits of the Female Nobility.

The Brazen Serpent, a Poem, is in the press.

Nearly ready, an Early Chronicle of London, written in the 16th Century, and now for the first time printed from the original M.S. in the British Museum; to which will be added several curious contemporary Letters and Poetical Pieces (the greater part of which have been hitherto neglected) illustrative either of some important Events in the History of England and of the Metropolis, or of the Manners of the Period to which they relate.

An Account of Public Charities, digested from the Reports of the Commissioners on Charitable Foundations; with Notes and Comments. By the Editor of *The Cabinet Lawyer*: will be published January 1st, and continued in monthly Parts until completed, in about 10 Parts.

Mr. H. J. Prior has in the press, in 1 vol. 12mo. *Practical Elocution, or Hints to Public Speakers*.

The new work by the author of the *English in Italy*, entitled *Historiettes, or Tales of Continental Life*, is expected to appear early in the present month.

The Zemana, or a Newab's Leisure Hours, by the author of *Pandurang Hari*, or *Memoirs of a Hindoo*, containing a Series of Tales translated from the Narrations of Indian Natives, will be ready for publication on the 10th instant.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Siddons. By J. Bosden, Esq.; with a Portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

EDUCATION—SCHOOL-BOOKS.

Darley's Popular Geometry. 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.
Mrs. Williams' Summary Method of Teaching. 12mo. 1s. 6d. bound.

Triumphs of Genius and Perseverance exemplified, in the History of Persons who, from the lowest state of Poverty and early Ignorance have risen to the highest Eminence in the Arts and Sciences. By Elizabeth Strutt, author of *Practical Wisdom*, &c. 12mo. 7s. bds.

The Elements of the Theory of Plane Astronomy. By W. Maddy, M.A. 8vo. Price 7s. 6d. bds.

Euripides Tragediæ priores Quatuor ad fidem manuscriptorum emendatæ et brevibus notis emendationum potissimum rationes edidit Rigardus Porson, A.M., recensuit suarumque notulas subiecit Jacobus Scholæfeld, A.M. 8vo. Price 12s. 6d. bds.

Lectures on Astronomy; illustrated by the Astronomicon, or a Series of Moveable Diagrams, exhibiting a more familiar and natural elucidation of the real and apparent Motions of the Heavenly Bodies, than is to be met with in any other work on this valuable Science. By W. H. Prior. Price of the Astronomicon, £3. 13s. 6d.; Lectures, 10s. 6d.

FINE ARTS.

A Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Pakenham, engraved by Cochran, from a painting by G. Hayter, M.A.S.L., being the Twenty-fifth of a Series of Portraits of the Female Nobility. 4to. Columbia India proofs, 5s.; plain, 4s.

London and its Vicinity, in a Series of Plates, engraved by G. Cooke, from original Drawings. No. 1. Impl. 8vo. 4s.; 4to. 6s. 6d.

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Select Views in Greece; engraved in the best line-manner, from Drawings by H. W. Williams, Esq. Edinburgh. Part VI. In Impl. 8vo. 12.; Proofs, on India Paper, royal 4to. £1. 1s.

The Tour; or Select Views round the Southern Coast of England and Ireland, &c. &c. from the Sketches of H. Havell, Jun.; embracing Sixty Views, beautifully Coloured, and neatly half-bound. Price 4s.; or plain, 7s.

HISTORY AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Historical Antiquities of Hertfordshire. By Sir H. Chauncey, Kt. 2 vols. 8vo. 3s., ryl. 4s.

Roman Tablets, containing Facts, Anecdotes, and Observations on the Manners, Customs, Ceremonies and Government of the Court of Rome at the present Day. By M. de Sarko Domingo; translated from the original French M.S. Post 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Historical Defence of the Waldenses or Vaudois, Inhabitants of the Valleys of Piedmont. By Jean Rodolphe Peyran, late Pastor of Pomaret, and Moderator of the Waldensian Church; with an Introduction and Appendix, by the Rev. Thomas Sims, M.A. 8vo. Price 15s. bds.

Mantell's Illustrations of the Geology of Sussex, containing a general View of the Geological Relations of the South-Eastern Part of England; with figures and descriptions of the Fossils of Silgate Forest. Royal 4to. Vol. 2. £2. 15s.

A Visit to the Falls of Niagara, in 1800; with Nine Engravings. By John Maude, Esq. Royal 8vo. bound in calf, 35s. 6d.

Narrative of the Burmese War. With a Map. By Major Snodgrass. 8vo. 12s.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Observations on the Causes, Symptoms and Treatment of Derangement of the Mind, founded on an extensive moral and medical Practice in the Treatment of Lunatics. By Paul Shale Knight, M.D. Price 7s. 6d. bds.

Outlines of Midwifery, for the use of Students. By J. Hamilton, M.D. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.

An Oration delivered before the Hunterian Society; with supplementary Observations and Engravings. By Sir W. Blizard, Knt. 4to. 5s.

A Dissertation on the Institutes of Medicine; particularly relating to the Pathology of Fever. By William Stoker, M.D., Senior Physician to the Fever Hospital and House of Recovery, Cork Street, Dublin, &c. 8vo. 4s. sewed.

A Grammatical Introduction to the London Pharmacopæia; to which is added an Appendix, containing the Words most frequently occurring in Physicians' Prescriptions. By S. F. Leach. Price 5s.

Modern Domestic Medicine. By T. Graham, M.D. &c. Thick vol. 8vo. 15s. bds.

An Introductory Lecture on Human and Comparative Physiology. Delivered at the New Medical School in Aldersgate-street. By Peter M. Roget, M.D. F.R.S., &c. 8vo. 4s. 6d. bds.

An Introductory Lecture on Anatomy, delivered at the New Medical School, Aldersgate-street, October 2, 1826. By Frederick Tyrrel. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANIES.

The Paston's Sketch Book, or Authentic Narratives of real Characters. By George Burder, A.M. 12mo. bds. 5s.

The Secret Correspondence of Mde. de Maintenon and the Princess des Ursins, from the original M.S. in the possession of the Duke de Choiseul. 3 vols. 8vo. 30s. bds.

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Elements of Theoretical Mechanics, being the Substance of a Course of Lectures on Statics and Dynamics. By Thomas Jackson, LL.D. 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.

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MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

THE atmosphere has been saturated with moisture during the greater part of the last month, and very few days have passed without rain. Hitherto, however, there has been scarcely any fog. The temperature of the air too has been comparatively mild, and what is of at least equal importance with reference to our subject, *uniform*. No violent or sudden changes of atmospheric temperature have occurred; and to this circumstance principally we are bound to ascribe the freedom from general or epidemic disease which has characterized the period of which we are treating. It has been long known and felt, that the great evil of our climate is its *variableness*. The thermometer falls much lower and rises much higher in other places, taking the year round; but in no country in the world probably are the daily and weekly variations of the thermometer so considerable as in England. To delicate constitutions these sudden extremes of atmospheric temperature are thoroughly destructive, and scarcely any system, however naturally strong, will be found able, for any length of time, to withstand them.

Bronchial affections, characterized by cough and wheezing, and exhibiting those other features which were specially noticed in the last report, have been very general during the past month. In one case only however has the reporter witnessed the occurrence of the complaint in its aggravated form, that is to say, with buffy blood, and general oppression. Depletion from the arm has seldom been warranted by the violence of the symptoms. Where, as a matter of precaution, it was thought advisable to adopt it, the blood exhibited no marks of general inflammatory excitement. Active purging, by *senna* and salts, has proved extremely beneficial. This, with Dover's powder at bed time, and some mucilaginous mixture, containing antimonial or ipecacuanha wine, has generally succeeded in restoring health. Other varieties of thoracic disease have been fully as prevalent as *bronchial* inflammation, viz. common catarrh, and peripulmonary. Catarrhal complaints have been very frequent in the upper classes of society. They are easily distinguished from the more serious affections of the bronchial membrane by the suddenness of their attack, by the greater rapidity of their course, and by the circumstance of their being, in almost all cases, accompanied by a vesicular eruption of the lips, the *herpes labialis* of medical writers. These catarrhal disorders, whether appearing in the form of a head or of a chest cold, have hitherto demanded no other treatment than what the Family Medicine Chest safely supplies: viz. half a paper of James's powder at night, and a dose of salts the following morning. They have generally run their course in five or six days, nor has the reporter met with any cases, in which the *dregs* of the disease have occasioned any uneasiness.

Several instances of deep-seated peripulmonary have lately fallen under the reporter's

observation, and he is inclined to think that this form of thoracic disease will speedily shew itself more generally, and require the utmost exertion of medical skill both in detecting its insidious approach, and in checking its gradual but certain and formidable advances. It is at this season of the year when the foundations of consumption are for the most part laid; and there is no principle in medical practice so universally acknowledged, as the necessity of combating these cases (if they are to be combated at all with success) at a very early period of their course. When the blood-vessels of the lungs have once begun to throw out (however slowly) inflammatory deposits, the danger is certainly great. The practitioner, therefore, cannot be too much on his guard against allowing the disease to gain that ascendancy when such a termination is inevitable. But though fully ready to acknowledge this, the reporter is inclined to believe that, upon the whole, medical men are too much alarmed in this respect, and are unwilling to place sufficient reliance on the efforts of art in the relief of this state of disorder. Frequent blistering, farinaceous diet, perfect quiet of body and composure of mind, with the use of deobstruent and diuretic remedies, have, in the reporter's practice, been of infinite service in restoring persons who were evidently far advanced towards consumption. But of all measures the most important is the defence of the body from external cold, and knowing this, it is truly melancholy to observe how systematically this rule is broken through, especially by females of the upper ranks of life. Their evening dresses appear, indeed, to be contrived for the especial purpose of extending the empire of consumption in this island.

General fever is still to be met with in the metropolis, but it has lost all that character of intensity which caused it to be so much noticed of late in these reports. The fever now prevailing is of the kind called *common continued*, and is usually accompanied by headache, yielding, for the most part without difficulty, to the application of leeches. The eruptive fevers also are both mild and rare. The admissions into the Small Pox Hospitals during the last month have been greatly below the usual average.

The only other kind of disease which can fairly be ranked among the epidemics of the season is *Rheumatism*. This complaint has lately exhibited itself in more than its usual proportion, some cases being accompanied by, and others altogether devoid of fever. The side of the face has been one of the most frequent seats of this rheumatic affection, which has been designated therefore under the several titles of tooth-ache, ear-ache, and face-ache.

A case lately fell under the reporter's observation sufficiently curious to deserve some mention. A child, three years old, was brought into the Small Pox Hospital, and died the following day. On examination of the body, the liver was found enlarged to an enormous size. In the language of the common people, the child was *liver-grown*. Little doubt can be entertained that this disease was *congenital*, for within three months after birth the enlargement of the body was plainly perceived by the mother, who soon afterwards contrived a pair of stays for the child, which appeared to afford it much comfort. The singularity of the case consisted in this, that up to the day of its seizure by small pox, the child's appetite, general aspect and health were *unimpaired*. The child had never spoken, but was lively and good-tempered. The parents appear healthy nor has any similar disease appeared in their other children.

GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

8, Upper John-street, Golden-square, December 22, 1826.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

DURING the present week will depart this mortal life, one of the most favourable autumnal seasons for all the operations of agriculture, which the oldest living man has witnessed. Some inconveniences, however, must of necessity have been experienced. In the maritime counties, there has been so much moisture from rain and fog, that the lands have poached, and the grasses have become sodden and innutritious, indeed unwholesome. This has, in course, accelerated the period of home folding; but we do not find that, the former earnest and practical recommendation of the continental, indeed old English practice, of including sheep in the winter protection, has yet had any influence with the flockmasters of the noble county of Kent; notwithstanding their recent bitter experience of the *rots*, and the certainty of its recurrence, should the winter prove moist. On favourable soils, the stock of all kinds have done well, the stubbles have been eminently productive, and cattle are still abroad. Some light lands are yet dry and firm, notwithstanding the great quantity of rain that has fallen, and the springs even are yet defective. There has been little frost, and that of short duration. Wheat-sowing finished successfully, excepting on some wet and poachy soils, further retarded by the drill process. A vast breadth of wheat and winter tares sown; the early sown is equal to any thing ever witnessed, for luxuriance and stoutness. Much of the forward wheats fed down by sheep. The great plenty of green food has economized the hay and straw, and prevented an inordinate rise of price. The

turnips, however, as well might be expected, have produced little else but green tops, those in plenty: and should the winter prove severe, it will be one of the most difficult and expensive. Mangold-wurzel is now the root crop of the greatest consequence, and in general, got up and stored. Mr. Lawrence's old plan of the mixed grass and straw stacks is now under experiment, particularly in those parts where the out crop has been most successful. Potatoes, two-thirds of a crop. Two to three shillings and sixpence a head given for beasts at straw yard, and seven to ten guineas per acre for ordinary turnips. Winter tillage, generally, was never more forward, nor the lands in finer condition for the reception of seed for the spring crops. Clover seed, various in quality and low in price.

There are complaints in some parts of the country, that wheat does not come out to satisfaction, either in quantity or quality; and that there is a quantity of *black* wheat, in despite of the most regular steeping of seed. But there never was a crop without some *tail* or falling off; and we still abide by our early opinion of the last crop, having seen samples from various parts, of uncommon fineness and *weight*, the great object; and which, comparative measured quantities equal, must add greatly to our estimation of quantity. From all the most productive districts, we are informed that the stocks of this most precious grain are unusually large. Great complaints still of the Imperial bushel, but not with reason equally great, since a short period of time must necessarily equalize all the difference; and we repeat, it was something very like an absurdity in the legislature to make a rule and not render it imperative. The tacking of a rider, is the one thing needful. Bruised wheat, the most plentiful grain, has now become food for horses and pigs, and barley the substitute of oats. On the fortunate sods, barley and oats will prove nearly an average crop, and they are held back by the farmers, for the sake of straw fodder for the spring. During the summer drought, the dairies came exceedingly short of produce, whence butter and cheese must continue at a high price. The wool trade has finished without improvement. Stores and half fat stock have been low throughout the season, the prospect for winter provision being so dubious, or rather certain as to its heavy expense.

There are reports, real or pretended, of a cessation of improvements in husbandry, from apprehension of the ill consequences of an expected change in the corn laws; also of a general discharging of labourers. But as, in any case, farming concerns must be retained, they who retain their lands, will find it more to their profit, to employ labourers in duly working and keeping those lands *clean*, than in pauperizing and subsisting those really unfortunate men. A month or two since, we were not a little amused at perusing, in a celebrated magazine, a borrowed article on destroying thistles, by the exhibition to them, individually, of doses of salt; and moreover, by a recommendation to dig store turnips in February! We have since heard, from various quarters, this process of thistle-killing, boasted as a recent discovery. Now experience has long since proved such application of salt in the fields to be most uncertain; and all such temporary half-measures are most impolitic, since they form so rare an excuse for those (and they are a majority) who cannot be induced to undertake any measure *radically*. After all, why do our farmers continue to grow such immense loads of weeds? Is their land of so rampant a nature that it cannot be tamed by corn cropping, and are they thence under the necessity of calling in the effectual assistance of weed vegetation? It appears extraordinary that flesh meat should be quoted so low in the country, and yet bear so great a price in the metropolis. The London Christmas prices are excessive for the best meat of all kinds, which is scarce; the inferior bearing a proportionate value. At the cattle show, the quality of the animals was fully equal to the usual standard; but the number considerably inferior; and the number of amateur *visitants* of rank, reduced indeed.

Smithfield.—Beef, 4s. 6d. to 6s. 6d.—Mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.—Veal 4s. 8d. to 6s. 0d.—Pork, 4s. 2d. to 5s. 8d.—Dairy-fed, 6s. 6d.—Raw Fat, 2s. 9½d. per stone.
Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 45s. to 68s.—Barley, 34s. to 44s.—Oats, 26s. to 44s.—Bread, 4lb. loaf, 9½d.—Hay, 60s. to 105s.—Clover, ditto 80s. to 130s. Straw, 27s. to 40s.

Coals in the Pool, 28s. 0d. to 36s. per chaldron.

Middlesex, December 18th, 1826.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

THE war declared against Spain has, as yet, had no effect on the prices of Spanish produce, and there is at present in the London Docks upwards of five years' consumption of *Sherry*, and of all other sorts of Spanish wines.

Sugar—at this part of the year the consumption being great, the demand by the grocers continues brisk, and prices keep a fair average, say from 50s. to 70s. per cwt.

Tea—keeps its price, and, like sugar, in full demand.

Rum—is rather dull in the market at 2s. 8d. to 4s. for strong per imperial gallon.

Coffee—has been in demand for the Continent, and the Grocers have for the past

month bought freely. Prices, from 45s. to 80s. per cwt., and fine Mocha 120s. to 130s. per cwt.

Cotton—is very dull, both in our market and Liverpool, and prices are nominal.

Spices—are rather advanced, and in pretty good demand.

Fruit.—The last vintage has proved very fine in Spain, and the quality of the Raisins, &c. turn out very fine, and the market opens at reasonable prices, but the purchasers hold out, and buy sparingly at present.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow—remain steady, without any alteration, but dull at this season of the year.

Indigo.—This article has advanced 4d. to 6d. per lb. in the India-House, and some considerable purchases have been made for the continental market, to advantage.

Course of Foreign Exchanges.—Amsterdam, 12. 7.—Rotterdam, 12. 7.—Antwerp, 12. 8.—Hamburg, 37. 6.—Altona, 37. 7.—Paris, 25. 65.—Bordeaux, 25. 65.—Berlin, 7.—Frankfort on the Main, 151½.—Petersburg, 8½.—Vienna, 10. 21.—Trieste, 10. 24.—Madrid, 34.—Cadiz, 34½.—Bilbon, 33.—Barcelona, 33.—Seville, 33.—Gibraltar, 43.—Leghorn, 47½.—Genoa, 43½.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 38½.—Palermo, 114½.—Lisbon, 48½.—Oporto, 48½.—Rio Janeiro, 43½.—Bahia, 43½.—Buenos Ayres, 43.—Dublin, 1½.—Cork, 1½.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS.

Francis Rawdon Hastings, Marquis of Hastings, Earl of Rawdon, Viscount Loudon, Baron Hastings and Rawdon, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom; Earl of Moira, and Baron Rawdon, in the Peerage of Ireland, and a Bart. of Ireland, K. G., G. C. B., F. R. S., F. S. A., and M. R. I. A., was born on the 7th of December, 1754. He succeeded his mother, Elizabeth, Countess of Moira, &c., in the ancient Barony of Hastings, &c., on the 12th of April, 1808; and his father, John, the late Earl of Moira, in Ireland, on the 20th of June, 1793. On the 7th of December, 1816, he was created Marquis of Hastings, Earl of Rawdon, and Viscount Loudon.

The family of Rawdon, from which this nobleman was paternally descended, is of great antiquity. If a tradition, preserved in the family, and which is corroborated by their armorial bearings and motto—*Et nos quoque tēla sparsimus* may be relied on, the first of the name in England, came over with the Duke of Normandy, and commanded a band of archers under him. This tradition is further strengthened by the subjoined title-deed of their estate, (copied from Weever's "Funeral Monuments,") granted by the Conqueror, part

of which estate, with the mansion-house, is still in possession of the family:—

"I William Kyng, the thurd yere of my
Reign,
Give to the Paulyn Roydon, Hope and
Hopetowne,
With all the bounds both up and downe;
From Heven to Yerthe, from Yerthe to
Hel,
For the and thyn, ther to dwel,
As truly as this Kyng right is myn;
For a crossebow and an arrow,
When I sal come to hunt on Yarrow,
And in Token that this thing is sooth,
I bit the whyt wax with my tooth,
Before Meg, Mawd, and Margery,
And my thurd Sonne, Henry."

The Rawdons either gave their name to, or received it from, a town in Yorkshire, about three miles from Leeds. Rawdon Hall formerly contained several very remarkable monuments of antiquity. Sir Marmaduke Rawdon, Knt., was a staunch royalist, and a most active and intrepid commander, in the reign of Charles I.; Sir George Rawdon, also, the first Baronet, was famous for his loyalty and his eminent services in Ireland, during the great rebellion.

The Hastings' family, maternal ancestors

of the late Marquess, are descendants from William de Hastings, summoned to Parliament by the title of Baron Hastings, of Ashby de la Zouch, in the county of Leicester. He was murdered in the Tower of London, by order of Richard, Duke of Gloucester.

John Rawdon, created Baron Rawdon, in 1750, and advanced to the dignity of Earl of Moira, in 1761, was thrice married. His third wife was the Lady Elizabeth Hastings, eldest daughter of Theophilus, ninth Earl of Huntingdon, and sole heiress of her brother, Francis, the tenth Earl, on whose death, without issue, she became Baroness Hastings, &c., in her own right. The first male offspring of this marriage, was Francis, the late Marquess, to whom this sketch relates.

As soon as his lordship had completed his education, he made a short tour on the Continent; then entered the army, and embarked for America. He distinguished himself at Bunker's Hill, and subsequently in the attack of Fort Clinton. He afterwards purchased a company; and, in 1778, he was advanced to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the army, and appointed adjutant-general to the forces commanded by Sir Henry Clinton. He exerted himself greatly in the retreat through the Jerseys—embarked with the troops for Charlestown—was active in the siege of that place—after its surrender, joined Lord Cornwallis, with a detachment—and participated in the victory at Camden. Lord Rawdon was now left with a small division in South Carolina; whence, after much active and successful service, against the American Generals Gates and Greene, he returned to Charlestown in 1781. During his command at that place, an unpopular act of public justice was executed. Isaac Haynes, an American, who had been taken prisoner, voluntarily took the oath of allegiance to the British Government, and was set at liberty. In violation of his oath, however, he obtained a colonelcy of militia in the enemy's army. He corrupted a battalion of our militia—was taken in the act of carrying them off—tried by a court of inquiry, found guilty, and executed. Lord Rawdon privately exerted himself to obtain his pardon, but without effect; and, notwithstanding his exertions, he was actually charged with being the author of the man's death, which was termed a wanton act of military despotism. The affair made considerable noise at the time, both in and out of Parliament; but his lordship amply vindicated himself, and obtained an apology from his Grace the Duke of Richmond.

Severe illness compelled his lordship to return to England; when, in 1783, he was elevated to the British Peerage, made *aid-du-camp* to the King, and promoted to the rank of colonel in the army. In Parliament Lord Rawdon proved himself a man of business; he spoke with ease and

fluency, and appeared master of the subjects on which he entered. In 1789, his maternal uncle, the Earl of Huntingdon, died, and left him the bulk of his fortune; a very seasonable acquisition, as by his great liberality he had involved himself in considerable pecuniary difficulties. His lordship attached himself closely to the interests of his present Majesty, then Prince of Wales; a circumstance which brought him into connexion with the opposition party. He was also on terms of intimacy with the Duke of York, to whom he acted as second in his Royal Highness's duel with Colonel Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond. In the memorable discussions on the Regency, his lordship took an active part.

When the war with France broke out in 1793, his lordship, then Earl Moira, was appointed to the command of a force intended to make a descent on the coast of France. However, having been kept for a long time inactive at Southampton, the situation of the allied forces in Flanders rendered it necessary to send a reinforcement thither. The enterprize was hazardous; but his lordship landed at Ostend in the very face of a formidable force, and, without artillery, made a forced march, and effected a junction with the Duke of York at a very critical moment. He soon afterwards returned to England; had a command little more than nominal at Southampton; was regular and active in the discharge of his parliamentary duties; was accustomed to take the chair at Masonic and other anniversary meetings; and acquired great popularity throughout the country. In 1805 he was sent as commander-in-chief into Scotland.

His lordship having acted steadily with the opposition, when they came into power in 1806, he was made master-general of the ordnance; in which he continued till the Tory party regained their ascendancy. In the inquiry into the conduct of the Princess of Wales, he took a most active part in favour of the Prince, and co-operated in promoting the inquiry into circumstances which he considered as implicating the honour of his royal friend.

When the Prince became Regent, in 1811, the Earl of Moira received a *carte blanche* from his Royal Highness to form an administration of able and independent statesmen. It was found impracticable, however, to form a coalition of the opposing parties, and the object was abandoned. Soon afterwards, the Regent, under very flattering circumstances, conferred upon his lordship the Order of the Garter. As Lord Moira could not act with the ministry then in power, he was appointed to the Governor-generalship of India. Soon after his departure, he was, by the first civil creation under the Regency, raised to the rank of Marquess of Hastings. Under his lordship's government in India, the glory

of our arms was sustained in the field, and justice and benevolence distinguished every measure of the cabinet of Calcutta. The noble Marquess's health being affected by his prolonged residence in India, he returned to England, in the summer or autumn of 1812.

From his lordship's excessive liberality—his unbounded generosity—he is considered to have been, notwithstanding his extensive estates and splendid income, more or less embarrassed through life. Pecuniary difficulties were indeed said to be the chief cause of his appointment, soon after his return to England, to the comparatively insignificant governorship of Malta.

His lordship married, on the 12th of July, 1804, Flora Muir Campbell, Countess of Loudon, in his own right; by whom he had issue:—1, Flora Elizabeth, born in 1805; 2, George Augustus Frederick, his successor, now Marquess of Hastings, born in 1808; 3, Selina Constantina, born in 1810; and 4, Adelaide Augusta Lavinia, born in 1812.

His lordship some weeks before his death, which occurred on board his Majesty's ship the *Revenge*, at Naples, on the 28th of November, met with a fall from his horse, which produced very distressing effects upon the hernia, under which he had long laboured. It was against the advice of the medical men by whom he was at-

tended, that, upon the 20th of the month, he was brought down from the palace at Malta, to the shore, upon a sofa, and put into the admiral's barge, and towed alongside the *Revenge*. He was then in an extremely weak state. The *Revenge* had a quick and quiet passage of only three days; but, on her arrival, his lordship was so ill, that it was found impossible to remove him. He expired in firmness and resignation, surrounded by his wife and daughters. Of the latter, however, he had taken leave some days before. It is mentioned, in a letter from an officer of the *Revenge*, that, among the Marquess's papers found after his death, was a memorandum requesting that on his decease, his right hand might be cut off, and preserved till the death of the Marchioness, to be interred in the same coffin with her ladyship! The letter adds, that, in compliance with this request, the Marquess's hand was amputated. The body was conveyed back to Malta, for interment, in the *Ariadne*, Captain Fitzclarence.

The Marquess of Hastings was a general in the army, Colonel of the 27th regiment of Foot, constable and chief Governor of the Tower of London, Lord-lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the Tower Division; a Governor of the Charter House, and one of the Council of the King, in Cornwall and Scotland.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

3 Dr. Gu.—Ens. A. L. Bourke, from 13 F. (Riding-mast), Corn., and placed in his orig. situation in corps, v. W. C. Trevelyan, who rets. on h. p., 7 Dec.

4 Dr. Gu.—Lt. S. R. J. Masham, from 37 F., Lt. v. Cunningham, who exch., 16 Nov.; B. Burrell, Corn. by purch., v. Vaughan, prom., 14 Nov.

6 Dr. Gu.—Corn. H. R. Jones, Lt. by purch., v. Richards, prom., 14 Nov.; F. Q. Turner, Corn. by purch., v. Jones, 23 Nov.

1 Dr.—Lt. D. P. Webb, Capt. by purch., v. Marten, prom., 12 Dec.; Capt. P. Phipps, maj. by purch., v. Stisted prom.; Lt. W. Hibbert, Capt. by purch., v. Phipps, both 19 Dec.

2 Dr.—Lt. A. W. Wyndham, Capt. by purch., v. Wyndham prom.; Corn. C. Norman, Lt. by purch., v. Wyndham prom.; W. D. Steuart, Corn. by purch., v. Norman, all 12 Dec.; Tr. Serj. Maj. W. Perry, Qu. Mast., v. Lennox dec., 7 Dec.

4 Lt. Dr.—Capt. W. Paribby, from h. p., Capt., v. G. Paribby, who exch., rec. dif., 7 Dec.

9 Lt. Dr.—Capt. J. A. Lord Loughborough, Maj. by purch., v. Richardson prom.; Lt. P. B. Williams, Capt. by purch., v. Lord Loughborough; Corn. E. S. Trower, Lt. by purch., v. Williams, all 12 Dec.; J. Micklam, Corn. by purch., v. Trower prom., 12 Dec.

11 Lt. Dr.—Lt. H. French, Corn. by purch., v. Pearson prom., 16 Nov.; T. Salkeld, Corn. by purch., v. Lewis prom., 7 Dec.

12 Lt. Dr.—J. H. Touchet, Corn. by purch., v. Pole prom., 30 Nov.

13 Lt. Dr.—Corn. B. MacMahon, Lt. by purch., v. Campbell prom. in Cape Corps of Cav., 30 Nov.

14 Lt. Dr.—Corn. J. M. Dawson, Lt. by purch., v. Duff prom.; C. J. Griffiths, Corn. by purch., v. Dawson, both 12 Dec.

15 Lt. Dr.—Lt. E. A. Percival, Capt. by purch., v. Temple prom.; Corn. J. C. Baird, Lt. by purch., v. Percival, both 12 Dec.

17 Lt. Dr.—Maj. G. Lord Bingham, Lt. Col. by purch., v. Rumpier, who rets.; Capt. J. Scott, Maj. by purch., v. Lord Bingham; Lt. M. C. D. St. Quintin, Capt. by purch., v. Scott, all 9 Nov.

3 F. Gu.—Lt. Col. J. Elrington, from h. p., Capt. and Lt. Col., v. Sir G. H. F. Berkeley, who exch., 16 Nov.

1 F.—Lt. R. Bennett, Capt. by purch., v. Carter, whose prom. has been cancelled, 3 Aug.; Hosp. As. E. Greatrex, As. Surg., v. Finnie prom. in 1 W. I. Regt., 16 Nov.; Lt. H. C. Fraser, Capt. by purch., v. Anderson prom., 12 Dec.

3 F.—Lt. C. Walker, from h. p. 4 F., Lt., v. Antrobis, whose app. has not taken place, 16 Nov.; Lt. J. S. Hughes, Capt., v. Woods, dec.; Ens. J. Hanna, Lt., v. Hughes; C. H. Darling, Ens., v. Hanna, all 7 Dec.

5 F.—E. C. Giffard, Ens., v. Phibbs, prom. in 2 W. I. Regt., 23 Nov.

6 F.—Ens. A. Connor, Lt. by purch., v. Curteis prom., 7 Dec.

7 F.—Capt. E. W. Bell, Maj. by purch., v. Mair prom.; Lt. L. Carey, Visc. Falkland, Capt. by purch., v. Bell, both 19 Dec.; Lord H. F. Chichester, Lt. by purch., v. Liddell prom., 7 Dec.

8 F.—Ens. J. Howard, Lt. by purch., v. Pickwick prom., 30 Nov.; J. J. E. Hamilton, Ens. by purch., v. Howard, 7 Dec.

10 F.—Ens. M. C. Golden, from h. p., Ens., v. H. A. C. Pilkington, who exch., rec. dif., 30 Nov.

11 F.—D. Richmond, Ens. by purch., v. Gambler prom. in 38 F., 9 Nov.

12 F.—Capt. Hon. A. F. Southwell, from h. p. 6 Dr. Gu., Capt., v. W. L. Crowther, who exch., rec. dif., 9 Nov.

14 F.—Capt. W. Turner, Maj. by purch., v. Eustace prom.; Lt. G. Mackenzie, Capt. by purch., v. Turner, both 19 Dec.

15 F.—Corn. A. L. Bourke, from 3 Dr. Gu., Ens., v. Elliott prom. in 2 W. I. Regt., 30 Nov.; Ens. Hon. W. H. Drummond, from h. p., Ens., v. Bourke app. to 3 Dr. Gu., 7 Dec.

18 F.—Ens. R. A. Haly, Lt. by purch., v. Spencer prom.; F. Ness, Ens. by purch., v. Haly, both 19 Dec.

19 F.—G. Baldwin, Ens. by purch., v. Mills prom., 12 Dec.; Lt. F. Tydd, from h. p. 4 Ceyl. Regt., Paym., v. Farewell, app. to 29 F., 16 Nov.; C. Sanders, Ens. by purch., v. Clarke prom., 30 Nov.

20 F.—Maj. Hon. E. Cust, from h. p., Maj., v. Jackson prom., 12 Dec.; Capt. C. J. Deshon, from h. p., Capt., v. Tovey, prom., 16 Nov.; Capt. E. B. Brooke, from h. p., Capt., v. Crokat prom., 23 Nov.

21 F.—Capt. C. Yeoman, from h. p., Capt., v. C.

L. Appellus, who exch., rec. dif., 25 Nov.; Capt. F. V. Smith, from h. p., Capt., v. E. R. Hill, who exch., rec. dif., 7 Dec.

22 F.—Dep. Purveyor R. Barlow, from h. p., Paym., v. E. Biggs placed upon h. p., 25 Nov.; Capt. T. Tait, from 2 W. I. Regt., Capt., v. Campbell prom., 7 Dec.

23 F.—2d Lt. F. J. Phillott, 1st Lt. by purch., v. Beauclerk prom.; F. W. Smith, 2d Lt. by purch., v. Phillott, both 12 Dec.

24 F.—Capt. J. Adair, Maj. by purch., v. Hogg prom.; Lt. C. F. Barton, Capt. by purch., v. Adair; Ens. A. G. Blackford, Lt. by purch., v. Barton; D. Hunter, Ens. by purch., v. Blackford, all 12 Dec.

25 F.—As. Surg. S. Bell, from 2 Dr. Gu., Surg., v. Whyte app. to 25 F., 15 Nov.

33 F.—Lt. S. Lowe, Capt. by purch., v. Trevor prom., 12 Dec.

34 F.—Ens. B. J. Hook, Lt. by purch., v. Upton prom.; Ens. J. Reed, Lt. by purch., v. Houstoun prom.; Ens. E. S. Bayly, Lt. by purch., v. Milner prom., all 12 Dec.; T. W. Newcomen, Ens. by purch., v. Reed, 12 Dec.; W. Colt, Ens. by purch., v. Hooke, 13 Dec.; T. W. Howe, Ens. by purch., v. Bayly, 12 Dec.

35 F.—J. G. Alleyne, Ens. by purch., v. O'Hara prom. in 47 F., 7 Dec.

36 F.—Lt. M. J. Gambier, from 38 F., Lt., v. J. Coleroff, who rets. upon h. p. 74 F., 9 Nov.

37 F.—Lt. W. Cunningham, from 4 Dr. Gu., Lt., v. Marsham, who exch., 16 Nov.; Ens. J. Bradshaw, Lt. by purch., v. Fraser prom., 12 Dec.; J. W. D. Hebbon, Ens. by purch., v. Bradshaw, 12 Dec.; C. O'Beirne, Ens. by purch., v. Yea prom., 19 Dec.

38 F.—Capt. T. Dely, Maj. by purch., v. Finch prom.; Lt. H. Fothergill, from 64 F., Capt. by purch., v. Dely, both 12 Dec.; Lt. C. Stewart, from h. p. 74 F., Lt., v. Gambier app. to 36 F., 9 Nov.

39 F.—W. K. Child, Ens. by purch., v. Moore prom., 12 Dec.

41 F.—Ens. E. J. Vaughan, Lt. by purch., v. Tatwell prom., 9 Nov.

42 F.—Ens. W. D. Macfarlane, Lt. by purch., v. Macdougall, who rets., 9 Nov.; J. M. Fergusson, Ens. by purch., v. Macfarlane, 9 Nov.; Capt. J. M. Garthshore, from h. p., Capt., paying dif., v. Campbell app. to 74 F., 7 Dec.

46 F.—Ens. H. E. B. Hutchinson, from 76 F., Lt. by purch., v. Sutherland prom.; Serj. Maj. — Williams, Qu. Mast., v. Madigan dec., both 7 Dec.

47 F.—Hosp. As. S. Teevan, As. Surg., v. McCurdy dec., 23 Nov.; Ens. W. O'Hara, from 35 F., Lt., v. J. R. Scott, who rets., 7 Dec.

48 F.—Capt. P. Macdougall, Maj. by purch., v. Morisset prom.; Lt. C. H. Roberts, Capt. by purch., v. Macdougall, both 19 Dec.

49 F.—J. Macnamara, Ens. by purch., v. Lord W. Russell, who rets., 9 Nov.

50 F.—Brev. Lt. Col. G. L. Goldie, from h. p., Maj., v. Custance prom., 12 Dec.

51 F.—Hon. W. T. Law, Ens. by purch., v. Campbell prom., 23 Nov.

52 F.—Ens. G. W. Birch, Lt. by purch., v. Eden prom.; A. T. Eustace, Ens. by purch., v. Birch, both 12 Dec.

54 F.—Ens. F. W. Johnson, Lt. by purch., v. Clarke prom., 7 Dec.

55 F.—Ens. S. P. Bonnes, Lt. by purch., v. Mills prom.; W. F. Wake, Ens. by purch., v. Peck prom., both 12 Dec.

60 F.—T. Morris, 2d Lt. by purch., v. Harvey app. to 17 F., 23 Nov.

61 F.—Ens. W. Jones, Lt. by purch., v. Bower prom.; J. C. I. M. Ross, Ens. by purch., v. Jones, both 12 Dec.

62 F.—Ens. and Adj. J. Buchan, rank of Lt., 16 Nov.

63 F.—Brev. Maj. W. Snape, Maj., v. T. Fairlough dec.; Lt. J. Duport, Capt., v. Snape; Ens. W. M. Carew, Lt., v. Duport, all 16 Nov.; W. T. N. Champ, Ens., v. Carew, 16 Nov.; E. Loder, Ens. by purch., v. Smith, who rets., 23 Nov.; Lt. Hon. G. A. Spencer, Capt. by purch., v. Dickson prom.; Ens. W. Pedder, Lt. by purch., v. Spencer, both 19 Dec.

64 F.—Ens. — Mandeville, Lt. by purch., v. Michel prom.; Ens. D. H. Laurell, Lt. by purch., v. Fothergill prom. in 38 F.; J. Douglas, Ens. by purch., v. Mandeville, all 12 Dec.; J. W. Yerbury, Ens. by purch., v. Laurell prom., 12 Dec.

65 F.—A. F. W. Wyatt, Ens. by purch., v. Crompton prom., 12 Dec.

66 F.—Lt. C. Herthot, from h. p., Lt., v. F. Fielde, who exch., rec. dif., 9 Nov.

68 F.—Lt. D. Macdonald, Capt. by purch., v. Fergusson prom.; Ens. R. W. Huey, Lt. by purch., v. Macdonald; J. M'G. Strachan, Ens. by purch., v. Huey, all 19 Dec.

69 F.—Surg. C. Whyte, from 25 F., Surg., v. M'Kechnie, app. to R. Staff Corps, 15 Nov.

75 F.—Capt. J. H. England, from h. p., Capt., v. J. C. Dumas, who exch., rec. dif., 9 Nov.

76 F.—D. Munro, Ens. by purch., v. Hutchinson prom. in 46 F., 7 Dec.

77 F.—G. B. Whalley, Ens. by purch., v. Jones prom., 12 Dec.

79 F.—W. L. Scobell, Ens. by purch., v. Binney app. to 63 F., 7 Dec.

83 F.—Ens. R. Kelly, Lt. by purch., v. Hotham prom.; H. S. G. Bowles, Ens. by purch., v. Kelly, both 19 Dec.

84 F.—Capt. J. Cameron from 92 F., Capt., v. Stewart, who exch., 9 Nov.

86 F.—A. C. Chichester, Ens. by purch., v. Brooke prom., 12 Dec.; Capt. T. Fitzgerald, from h. p. 4 W. I. Regt., Capt., v. Le Merchant, app. to 96 F., 30 Nov.

87 F.—Surg. A. Armstrong, from Ceyl. Regt., Surg., v. Leslie dec., 24 Apr.

88 F.—Capt. O. Phibbs, from h. p., Capt., paying dif., v. Southwell, whose app. has not taken place, 9 Nov.; W. Jones, Ens. by purch., v. Sutton prom., 7 Dec.

89 F.—Ens. S. I. Sutton, from 88 F., Lt. by purch., v. Van Bearle prom., 16 Nov.

90 F.—Capt. M. J. Slade, from h. p., Capt., paying dif., v. Beckwith app. to Rifle Brigade, 20 Dec.

91 F.—Capt. H. T. Hearn, from h. p. 6 W. I. Regt., Capt., v. Snodgrass prom., 14 Nov.

92 F.—Capt. H. W. S. Stewart, from 84 F., Capt., v. Cameron, who exch., 9 Nov.

93 F.—Serj. Maj. W. M'Donald, Qu. Mast., v. Gunn dec., 6 Nov.

95 F.—G. I. Austin, Ens. by purch., v. Alcock prom., 12 Dec.; Lt. T. St. L. Alcock, from h. p., Lt., v. J. Cusine, who exch., rec. dif., 13 Dec.

97 F.—Capt. T. Reeves, from h. p. 15 F., Capt., v. Cave prom., 12 Dec.

98 F.—Capt. J. G. Le Merchant, from 86 F., Capt., v. Clinton, whose app. has not taken place, 9 Nov.

2 W. I. Regt.—Ens. C. Phibbs, from 5 F., Lt., v. Morgan dec., 23 Nov.; T. B. Thompson, Ens. by purch., v. P. C. Codd prom., 16 Nov.; Ens. R. Elliott, from 15 F., Lt., v. Redman dec., 30 Nov.

Ceylon Regt.—As. Surg. A. Macqueen, from 83 F., Surg., v. Armstrong prom. in 87 F., 24 Apr.

Cape Corps Cav.—Corn. R. Bolton, from h. p. 4 Dr. Gu., Corn., v. J. F. Watson, who exch., 30 Nov.

R. Afr. Col. Corps.—A. Yeakell, Ens., v. Rishton, whose app. has not taken place, 30 Nov.

Vet. Corps. for service in Newfoundland.—Ens. J. Bell, from h. p. 61 F., Ens., v. Philpot dec., 9 Nov.

Regt. of Artillery.—Maj. R. H. Birch, Lt. Col., v. Macdonald, who rets.; Br. Maj. C. H. Godby, Maj., v. Birch; 2d Capt. A. MacLachlan, Capt., v. Godby; 2d Capt. T. Scott, Capt., v. Napier; 2d Capt. C. Blachley, Capt., v. Maxwell; Br. Lt. Col. A. Macdonald, Capt., v. Baynes; 2d Capt. A. Wright, from h. p., 2d Capt., v. MacLachlan; 2d Capt. G. Mathias, from h. p., 2d Capt., v. Scott; 1st Lt. J. T. Ellison, 2d Capt., v. Blachley; 1st Lt. T. F. Strangways, 2d Capt., v. Macdonald; 2d Lt. S. W. May, 1st Lt., v. Ellison; 2d Lt. G. P. Haywood, 1st Lt., v. Strangways, all 12 Dec.

Corps of Engineers.—2d Lt. R. Boteler, 1st Lt., v. Ker dec., 20 Oct.; 1st Lt. A. D. White, 2d Capt., v. Worsley ret. on h. p.; 2d Lt. E. Frome, 1st Lt., v. White, both 6 Dec.

Rifle Brigade.—Lt. J. Kincaid, Capt., v. Middleton app. Paym., 25 Nov.; Capt. J. Fitzmaurice, from h. p., Capt., v. Smith prom., 19 Dec.; Capt. T. S. Beckwith, from 90 F., Capt., v. Gray prom., 20 Dec.; Capt. J. Middleton, Paym., v. Cadoux dec., 25 Nov.

R. Staff Corps.—Surg. A. M'Kechnie, from 69 F., Surg., v. Stewart prom., 15 Nov.

Brevet.—To have local rank of Lt. Col. on Continent of Europe only: J. Dunn, late on h. p., 9 Nov.; A. Rumpier, late 17 L. Dr., 9 Nov.; J. D'Arcy, late R. Artil.; W. Ingleby, late 53 F.; A. Geils, late 73 F.; W. Thornhill, late 7 L. Dr., all 16 Nov.; H. W. Espinasse, late 4 F.; F. Wilkie, late 40 F., both 30 Nov.—To have local rank of Maj. on Continent of Europe only: G. T. Brice, late 93 F.; T. Dent, late h. p. unattached; D. MacGregor, late 33 F.; B. Lutyens, late 11 L. Dr.; T. H. Morice, late h. p. Marines; E. H. Garthwaite, late ditto; R. M'Crea, late 5 R. V. Bat., all 9 Nov.; T. Pison, late 7 L. Dr.; C. Wayth, late 17 L. Dr.; R. Abbey, late Ceyl. Regt.; P. D. Fellowes, late 1 R. Vet. Bat., all 16 Nov.; W. Hames, late 22 F., 30 Nov.

Staff.—Brev. Lt. Col. H. G. Smith, Dep. Qu. Mast. Gen. to forces serving in Jamaica, v. Lt. Col. Cockburn, who rets., 23 Nov.; Maj. T. Drake, Dep. Qu. Mast. Gen. to forces serving in Mediterranean, with rank of Lt. Col. in army, v. Sir W. L. Herries; Maj. W. Vincent, from h. p. 32 F., Permanent 46.

Qu. Mast. Gen., v. Drake prom., both 16 Nov.; Maj. C. Yorke, on h. p., Inspecting Field Off. of Militia in Nova Scotia, (with rank of Lt. Col.) v. Huxley dec., 30 Nov.

Hospital Staff.—To be *Inspectors of Hosps.*: Brev. Dep. Inspectors J. Skey, G. Denecke, and J. A. Knipe all 26 Oct.—To be *Deputy Inspector of Hosps.*: Dep. Insp. J. D. Tully, from h. p., 16 Nov.—To be *Physician to forces*: Staff Surg. M. Sweeney, v. Cartan dec., 7 Dec.—To be *Surg. to forces*: Surg. A. Stewart, from Staff Corps, 9 Nov.—To be *Hosp. Assist. to forces*: G. Ferguson, v. Dickson app. to 30 F.; G. Allman, v. Casement app. to 31 F.; J. Wilkinson, v. Rankin app. to 84 F., all 8 Nov.; L. Grant, v. W. Smith, prom. in 41 F., 7 Dec.

Unattached.—To be *Lt. Cols. of Inf. by purch.*: Maj. J. Hogg, from 24 F.; Maj. H. Custance, from 50 F.; Maj. E. Jackson, from 20 F.; Br. Lt. Col. Hon. J. Finch, from 38 F.; Maj. H. J. Richardson, from 9 L. Dr., all 12 Nov.; Maj. J. H. Mair, from 7 F.; Maj. J. T. Morisset, from 48 F.; Maj. H. Stisted, from 1 Dr.; Maj. Sir J. R. Eustace, from 14 F., all 19 Dec.—To be *Majrs. of Inf. by purch.*: Capt. T. O. Cave, from 97 F.; Capt. T. Marten, from 1 Dr.; Capt. C. Wyndham, from 2 Dr.; Capt. G. T. Temple, from 15 L. Dr.; Capt. J. Anderson, from 1 F.; Capt. A. H. Trevor, from 33 F., all 12 Dec.; Capt. H. R. Ferguson, from 63 F.; Capt. R. L. Dickson, from 63 F., both 19 Dec.—To be *Cpts. of Inf. by purch.*: Lt. E. B. Fraser, from 37 F.; Lt. T. B. Bower, from 61 F.; Lt. J. Grover, from 89 F.; Lt. Hon. G. Upton, from 34 F.; Lt. W. Flood, from 13 F.; Lt. G. Beauchamp, from 23 F.; Lt. A. Houstoun, from 34 F.; Lt. G. M. Elen, from 52 F.; Lt. R. H. Milner, from 34 F.; Lt. C. Mills, from 55 F.; Lt. J. Michel, from 64 F.; Lt. A. G. Duff,

from 14 L. Dr., all 19 Dec.; Lt. E. C. Spencer, from 18 F.; Lt. J. E. Muttelbury, from 46 F.; Lt. A. Hotham, from 83 F.; Lt. G. M. Keane, from 4 Dr. Gu.; Lt. J. Douglas, from 16 L. Dr., all 19 Dec.—To be *Lts. of Inf. by purch.*: Ens. J. Mills, from 19 F.; Ens. J. S. Brooke, from 86 F.; Ens. T. St. L. Alcock, from 95 F.; Ens. C. E. B. Jones, from 77 F.; Ens. W. J. Crompton, from 65 F.; Ens. W. Y. Moore, from 39 F., all 12 Dec.; Ens. L. W. Yea, from 37 F., 19 Dec.—To be *Ens. by purch.*: Hon. O'Callaghan, 12 Dec.

Allowed to dispose of their half-pay.—Lt. Gen. L. Maclean; Lt. Col. H. Lee, marines; Lt. Col. R. Macdonald, Artillery; Lt. Col. H. Halkett, 7 line bat. King's Germ. Leg.; Maj. Gen. J. Murray; Maj. B. Handley, 53 F.; Maj. P. Johnstone (Lt. Col.), 60 F.; Maj. W. Gray, unattached; Maj. G. Muller, 2 line bat. King's Germ. Leg.; Capt. J. Kirkman, 6 F.; Capt. C. Andrews, Cape regt.; Capt. F. Blame, R. Waggon train; Capt. W. Bocher, Independ. Comps.; Capt. A. Daly, 12 F.; Capt. E. Vincent, 39 F.; Capt. V. Bernardi, Corsican Rangers; Capt. L. Crawley, 48 F.; Capt. C. D'Estienne, 60 F.; Lt. C. Wolsley, 100 F.; Lt. W. Strangways, 3 Gar. Bat.; Lt. D. Manson, 72 F.; Lt. W. Kemble, Militia of Upper Canada; Lt. F. Stenton, 35 F.; Lt. M. B. Thornton, 12 F.; Corn. W. E. F. Sharpe, 40 L. Dr., all 12 Dec.; Maj. P. Macdougall, unattached; Maj. J. Campbell, ditto; Lt. Gen. Sir H. de Hinuber; Capt. H. P. Cox, 50 F.; Lt. Col. A. Rotiger (Col.), artill. King's Germ. Leg.; Lt. Gen. M. Head; Col. Baron Cockhoorn, late For. Engin.; Capt. F. Wilkie (Lt. Col.), 40 F.; Paym. T. Perry, 25 L. Dr.; Capt. W. B. Scully, 101 F.; Paym. S. B. Inglis, 2 L. Inf. bat. King's Germ. Leg.; Lt. E. Nash, 21 F., all 19 Dec.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 23d of November and the 20th of December 1826; extracted from the London Gazettes.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

BARTER, J. and H. Poole, timber-merchants
Barter, J. Poole, timber-merchant
Cocks, J. Norwich, tailor and draper
Coupland, G. Bristol, dealer
De Pass, Dan. King's Lynn, Norfolk, draper
French, N. jun. Cardiff, linen-draper
Goold, H. M. F. Brighton, Sussex, dealer
Hankins, E. Hereford, dealer
Hopkinson, T. Ashton-under-Line, oil-merchant
Lay, J. Cheltenham-place, Lambeth, stationer
Noakes, J. Watling-street, dealer in cloth
Wain, R. and W. Langnor, Staffordshire, grocers
Watson, Alice, Blackburn, draper [Turc]
Wigglesworth, T. Colne, Lancashire, rope-manufac-

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 208.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

ANDERSON, A. jun. East-street, Walworth, baker.
[Thomas, Dean-street, Southwark
Ashton, J. Tottenham-court-road, mercer. [And-
rews and Bradley, Temple-chambers, Fleet-street
Annett, T. Alnmout, Northumberland, corn-mer-
chant. [North & Smart, Temple; Pringle, Alwicks
Astbury, E. Stone, Stafford, scrivener. [Barber, Pet-
ter-lane; Brandon and Catlow, Chaddle, Stafford
Almosnino, S. and M. Bevis Marks, merchants.
[Lane, Lawrence-Pountney-place
Adcock, H. W. Birmingham, gilt-toy-maker. [Nor-
ton and Chaplin, Gray's-inn; Hawkins, Birmingham
Armstrong, W. Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-
fields, auctioneer. [Brooking, Lombard-street
Billings, J. Bristol, dealer. [Poole and Co., Gray's-
inn-square; Pailin, Bristol
Blanchay, L. Pall-mall, wine-merchant. [Hamil-
ton and Ullithorne, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden
Bowers, J. East-street, Spitalfields-market, victual-
ler. [Glynes, Burr-street, East-Smithfield
Bishop, J. East Church, Kent, farmer. [Cole, Char-
lotte-street, Blackfriars
Bullock, G. Congleton, Cheshire, silk-throwster.
[Kaye and Whittaker, Thavies-inn; Pickford, Congleton
Beaumont, G. H. Commercial-place, City-road, coal-
dealer. [Young and Gilbert, Mark lane
Badnall, R. jun. Ashenurst-hall, Stafford, dealer.
[Spence and Desborough, Size-lane
Blake, W. and J. Rutherford, Shewingsheals, North-
umberland, sheep-salesman. [Leadbitter, Buck-
lersbury; Charlton, Morpeth
Booth, J. Plymouth-grove, Chorlton-row, Lanca-
shire, cotton-spinner. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-
lane; Duckworth and Co., Manchester

Beckley, J. Old Fish-street, wine-merchant. [Rice,
Jermyn street, Piccadilly
Beal, W. Thrapston, Northampton, linen-draper.
[Hardwick, Lawrence-lane, Cheapside
Baker, C. St. John-street, Clerkenwell, distiller.
[Reardon and Davis, Corbet-court, Gracechurch-
street
Boulter, D. Reading, draper. [Green and Ashurst,
Sambrook-court, Basinghall street
Barnes, L. Heywood, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
[Wheeler and Bennett, John-street, Bedford-row;
Halsall, Middletown
Bannister, J. Merthyr Tydvi, Glamorganshire, cur-
rier. [Bicknell and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Bold and
Vaughan, Brecon
Burman, R. Southam, Warwick, money-scrivener.
[Patterson, Leamington Priors
Brown, T. Myton, York, merchant. [Scholefield, Hull
Burckhardt, J. C. Northumberland-street, Strand,
goldsmith. [Gucht and Co., Craven-street
Biggs, J. Lewisham, Kent, builder. [Smith, Ba-
singhall-street
Bird, W. Cheltenham, plasterer. [King, Serjeant's-
inn; Stratford, Cheltenham
Barnard, J. Glamford Briggs, Lincolnshire, draper.
[Nicholson and Co., Glamford Briggs; Eyre and
Co., Gray's-inn
Bouker, J. Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, innkeeper.
[Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Jardine and Co.,
Bolton-le-Moors
Coates, J. Long lane, Bermondsey, fellmonger.
[Humphreys, New-road St. George's East
Cross, F. jun. Hirtsmorton, Worcester, coppice-
wood-dealer. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane;
Higgins, Ledbury
Clark, W. Paternoster-row, bookseller. [Green and
Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall street
Cope, C. Birmingham, wine-merchant. [Bourdillon
and Hewitt, Bread-street, Cheapside; Simcox,
Birmingham
Cooms, S. Shepton-mallet, Somersetshire, brewer.
[Willett, Essex-street, Strand; Chard, Somerton,
Somersetshire
Clark, A. jun. Liverpool, merchant. [Mawdsley,
Liverpool; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Coulson, G. Derby, slater. [Few and Co., Henrietta-
street, Covent-garden; Clerke, Derby
Clisby, G. Crown-court, Pall-mall, perfumer. [Pop-
kin, Dean-street, Soho
Cayzer, J. John-street, Oxford-street, tailor. [Burra
and Nield, King-street, Cheapside
Calvert, S. Fore-street, Cripplegate, flax-dresser.
[Smith, Carthusian-street
Castle, G. Goole, York, ship-builder. [Capas, Redness
Chapman, W. St. Neot's, Huntingdon, courier. [Cur-
rier, Lord Mayor's court office

- Chapman, W. Newcastle-street, victualler. [Teague, Cannon-street]
- Criebley, R. Gloucester, carpenter. [Lediard and Co., Cirencester; Thompson and Co., Gray's-inn-square]
- Clarke, C. Nantwich, hatter. [Roache, Furnival's-inn; Broadhurst, Nantwich]
- Dean, G. L. Kensington, boot and shoemaker. [Bebb, Furnival's-inn]
- Dillon, J. Hereford, brazier. [Church, Great James-street, Bedford-row; Pateshall, Hereford]
- Dally, R. Chichester, ironmonger. [Sowton, Great James-street, Bedford-row; Sowton and Fuller, Chichester]
- Duncan, J. and W. Clegg, Liverpool, and T. Hollins, Manchester, merchants. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Crumps, Liverpool]
- Dwyer, J. New-street, Covent-garden, tailor. [Crowe, King-street, Cheapside]
- Dodson, J. Over, Cheshire, salt-manufacturer. [Turner, Middlewich]
- Evelyn, G. M. Skinner-street, Snow-hill, chip-hat-manufacturer. [Parker, Dyer's-buildings, Holborn]
- Elliston, R. W. late of the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, bookseller. [Miller, New-inn; Pullen and Son, Fore-street]
- Eagle, W. W. High-street, Southwark, hop-factor. [Collins, Spital-square]
- Elwin, C. Norwich, baker. [Buijtude, Norwich; Taylor and Co., King's-bench walk, Temple]
- Ferns, R. Meller, Derby, J. Langford, Manchester, and J. Hadfield, Roworth, Derby, merchants. [Perkins and Frampton, Gray's-inn; Lewlas, Manchester; Lingard and Co., Heaton-Norris]
- Franklin, W. Jermyn-street, tailor. [Reeves, Ely-place, Holborn]
- Firth, R. Almondbury, Yorkshire, clothier. [Stephenson, Holmfirth, Huddersfield; Battye and Co., Chancery-lane]
- Fryer, B. Bristol, timber-dealer. [Evans and Shearman, Hatton-garden; Haberfield, Bristol]
- French, J. sen. Frome Selwood, Somerset, clothier. [Ellis and Blackmoore, Gray's-inn; Rotton and Bush, Frome Selwood]
- Finch, R. Egham, grocer. [Henrich and Stafford, Buckingham-street, Strand]
- Fuller, J. Frederick-street, Hampstead-road, builder. [Loveiland, Symond's-inn]
- Fox, G. L. Sunderland, Durham, grocer. [Hindmarsh and Son, Crescent, Jewin-street]
- Fry, J. Artillery-street, Bermondsey, currier. [Piercy and Oakley, Three-Crown-square, Southwark]
- French, N. Cardiff, linen-draper. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Clarke, Bristol; and Savery, Bristol]
- Gooch, R. Southampton, merchant. [Roe, Temple-chambers, Fleet-street; Barney, Southampton]
- Grua, A. Albennarle-street, music-seller. [Cook and Hunter, New-inn]
- Garbett, R. Wellington, Shropshire, builder. [Williamson, Gray's-inn, Brown, Shiffall]
- Griffin, J. and J. M. Adams, Strand, goldsmiths. [Tilliard, Old Jewry]
- Gordon, J. Spring-gardens, army-agent. [Hodgson and Burton, Salisbury-street, Strand]
- Gunn, J. T. Foley-place, Mary-le-bone, coachmaker. [Vincent, Bedford-street Bedford-square]
- Grubb, A. Great Russell-street, Covent-garden, tavern-keeper. [McGhie, New-inn]
- Griffiths, T. Abergyle, Denbighshire, corn-factor. [Douglas, Temple; Williams and Co., Denbigh]
- Grant, J. Barnsley, York, grocer. [Pocock, Bartholomew-close; Monce, Barnsley]
- Grimshaw, J. Manchester, check-manufacturer. [Morris and Co., Manchester]
- Hill, J. Paternoster-row, printer. [Topping, Bartlett's-buildings]
- Hill, R. High-street, Southwark, stationer. [Richardson, Walbrook]
- Hopkins, S. Wootton-under-Edge, Gloucester, clothier. [Smith and Bailey, Basinghall-street]
- Hooper, G. Eldon-street, Finsbury, builder. [Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street]
- Harris, J. Leamington-Priors, Warwickshire, chemist. [Patterson, Leamington-Priors; Platt, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn]
- Harrison, W. Nottingham, grocer. [Buttery, Nottingham; Wolston, Furnival's-inn, Holborn]
- Hill, W. B. Manchester, shopkeeper. [Chew, Manchester; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row]
- Hammerton, W. Barnsley, York, innkeeper. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Cloughs and Co., Barnsley]
- Higgins, S. C. Gloucester, upholsterer. [Battley, John-street, Bedford-row]
- Hinton, J. Eyre-Arms tavern, St. John's-Wood-road, victualler. [Vandercom and Comyn, Bush-lane, Cannon-street]
- Heywood, J. Great Eastcheap, merchant. [Elgie, Poultry]
- Howard, C. Sharnkelwell, victualler. [Cranch, Union-court, Broad-street]
- Hillyard, W. and J. Morgan, Bristol, booksellers. [Jonson, Shannon-court, Bristol; Poole and Co., Gray's-inn]
- Horn, R. Oxford, baker. [Holmes and Elsam, Great James-street, Bedford-row; Taunton, Oxford]
- Hyde, G. Chapel-street, Tottenham-court-road, chemist. [Benion, Union-street, Southwark]
- Holt, M. and R. Hulme, Manchester, dyers. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Buckley, Manchester]
- Hudson, G. New Malton, York, ironmonger. [Wilson, Greville street; Allen, Malton]
- Hulme, T. Museum-street, pawnbroker. [Tanner, New Basinghall-street]
- Hayn, J. Fleet-market and Red Lion-square, wine-merchant. [Hutchison, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street]
- Harvey, T. Warwick, horse dealer. [Heydon and Co., Warwick]
- Halls, S. Stowmarket, plumber. [Dixon and Sons, New Boswell-court; Ransom, Stowmarket]
- Holl, S. Lakenham, Norfolk, beer-brewer. [Albott, Rolls-yard; Day, Norwich]
- Heath, J. New-street-square, victualler. [Pontifex, St. Andrew's court, Holborn]
- Hitchins, W. Oxford, painter. [Looker, Oxford; Miller, Ely-place]
- Haviland, R. and R. Cheltenham, distillers. [Dax and Co., Holborn-court, Gray's-inn]
- Jones, T. Shrewsbury, victualler. [Vates, Vyrnwy-bank, Shropshire]
- James, J. Adam's-place, Southwark, [Vincent, Clifford's-inn]
- Jones, T. Ynsmarchog, Llywell, Brecon, cattle-dealer. [Thomas, Llandilo]
- Jarman, W. Thayer-street, Manchester square, boarding-housekeeper. [Partington, Change-alley, Cornhill]
- James, T. Birmingham, draper. [Seckerson, Stafford]
- Ince, C. Craven-street, Strand, wine-merchant. [Clabon, Mark-lane]
- Ives, C. Cumberworth, York, clothier. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Stephenson, Huddersfield]
- Jones, O. Liverpool, draper. [Chester, Staple-inn; Fitlow, Liverpool]
- Jackson, G. V. Royal Arcade, Pall-mall, bookseller. [Taylor, Lyon's-inn]
- Larmuth, A. W. Exmouth-street, Spa-fields, linen-draper. [Spurr, Copthall buildings]
- Lucas, P. Preston, Lancaster, innkeeper. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Preston, Southward]
- Langdon, J. jun. Bronty-place, Walworth, commission-broker. [Pritchard, Bridge-street, Blackfriars]
- Leigh, E. and E. Chiddingstone, Kent, victuallers. [Lingard and Co., Tonbridge; Bigg, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane]
- Lock, W. Edward-street Dorset-square, builder. [Webber, New North-street, Red Lion-square]
- Lane, C. Oxford, builder. [Bridger, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street; Cecil, Oxford]
- Levet, J. Rowley Regis, Stafford, farmer. [Jessop and Jordan, Thavies-inn; Goode, Dudley]
- Low, A. and R. Thomas, Stockport, Cheshire, machine-makers. [Lingard and Co., Heaton Norris]
- Line, W. St. Paul's-terrace, Camden town, builder. [Fisher and Co, Walbrook]
- Leigh, A. Manchester, builder. [Allison, Huddersfield]
- Moss, J. Tothill-street, shoemaker. [Farris, Surrey-street, Strand]
- Martin, J. sen. Bath, carrier. [Jones, Crosby-square; Hellings, Bath]
- Musgrave, J. Bramley, York, cloth-manufacturer. [Smithson, Old Jewry; Kenyon, Leeds]
- Mundy, S. jun. Bradford, Wilts, fuller. [Dax and Co., Gray's-inn; Stone, Bradford]
- Miller, J. Norwich, chemist. [Goodwin, Norwich; Abbott, Rolls-yard, Chancery lane]
- Mitchell, W. Meeting-house-court, Old Jewry, merchant. [Oliverson and Denby, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry]
- Mellor, J. Micklehurst, Cheshire, dealer in wool. [Jaques and Battye, Coleman-street; Battye and Hesp, Huddersfield]
- M'Leod, J. Clement's-lane, Lombard-street leather-seller. [Rankin and Richards, Basinghall-street]
- Moon, E. Worthing, Sussex, grocer. [Hilliard and Hastings Gray's-inn; Tyler, Petworth]
- Mulcock, S. Farringdon, Berks, draper. [Green and Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street]
- Manigher, A. Mincing-lane, merchant. [Swain and Co., Frederick's-place, Old Jewry]
- Morling, D. Great Yarmouth, grocer. [Holt, Great Yarmouth]

- Maude, J. L. Andover, maltster. [Bousfield, Chatham-place; Man, Andover
Merrick, W. Bristol, flax-dresser. [Greville, Bristol;
Hicks and Co., Bartlett's buildings
Mackrill, G. Romsey, Estia, Hampshire, scrivener. [Pike, Queen-square
Major, R. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, wool-stapler. [King and Co., Gray's-inn-square
Newton, R. Liverpool, tailor. [Wheeler and Bennett, John-street, Bedford-row; Holden, Liverpool
Nelson, M. Preston, Lancashire, innkeeper. [Norris, John-street, Bedford-row; Barron, Preston
Neale, H. Percy-street, Rathbone-place, warehouseman. [Burt, Percy-street
Nangle, W. Liverpool, jeweller. [Chester, Staple-inn; Williams, Liverpool
Nickolls, J. Kidlington Mills, Oxford, miller. [Miller, Ely-place; Looker, Oxford
Nichols, S. Liverpool, woollen-draper. [Few and Co., Henrietta-street, Covent-garden; Hemingway, Leeds
Oliver, J. W. Cambridge, jeweller. [Goddard, Thavies-inn
Osborne, C. and J. Pall-mall, tailors. [Tanner, New Basinghall-street
Potter, H. S. Bridge-street, Southwark, cabinet-maker. [Fairthorne and Loft, King-street, Cheap-side
Peaker, R. Mirfield, Yorkshire, shopkeeper. [Alexander, Halifax; Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields
Prout, J. Bath, innkeeper. [Bridges and Mason, Red Lion-square; Wingate, Bath; and Hare and Little, Bristol
Peters, S. Sheephead, Leicestershire, grocer. [Fosbrook, Loughborough; Allen, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street
Proctor, J. and S. Leeds, machine-makers. [Tottle and Co., Leeds
Percy, H. Whaddon, Wilts, horse-dealer. [Sandys and Sons, Crane-court
Parsons, J. High-street, Shoreditch, butcher. [Hurd, Great Prescott-street, Goodman's-fields
Potter, G. Fenchurch-street, wine-merchant. [Dicas, Pope's-head-alley, Cornhill
Park, M. Old Trinity-house, Water-lane, merchant. [Vincent, Clifford's-inn
Parkes, G. Dudley, nail-ironmonger. [Wimburn and Collett, Chancery-lane; Robinson and Son, Dudley
Protheroe, J. Bristol, hatter. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Stephens and Goodhind, Bristol
Parkinson, J. Bolingbroke, Lincoln, stuff-manufacturer. [Dax and Alger, Bedford-row; Brackenbury and Babington, Spilaby
Parker, S. Whitchurch, Salop, ironmonger. [Stocker and Dawson, New Boswell-court; Brookes and Lee, Whitchurch
Russell, A. March, Isle of Ely, grocer. [Long and Co., Gray's-inn; Day, St. Ives
Roebuck, W. Huddersfield, cloth-dresser. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Allison, Huddersfield
Rogers, J. Shrewsbury, grocer. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Williams, Shrewsbury
Robertson, J. Tottenham, surgeon. [McGhie, New-inn
Ross, J. Wyncardsbury, Bucks, flock-manufacturer. [Thwaites, Carter-lane
Rodel, R. Crown-court, Threadneedle-street, wine-merchant. [Robinson, Walbrook
Robinson, J. Derby, tape-manufacturer. [Few and Co., Henrietta-street, Covent-garden
Reed, J. Bristol, tiler. [King and Co., Gray's-inn-square; Vernon, Stone, Staffordshire
Radcliffe, J. Burnley, Lancashire, painter. [Walker, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Hammer-ton, Burnley
Richardson, A. Manchester, victualler. [Teague, Cannon-street
Reynard, R. C. New Bond-street, tailor. [Mayhew, Chancery-lane
Richards, W. Fifehead Magdalen, Dorset, dealer. [Bowles and Co., Shaftesbury
Ross, J. sen. Horfield, Gloucester, farmer. [Meredith, Fish-Ponds, near Bristol
Ryder, W. H. Norton Falgate, tailor. [Dalton, Union-street, Bishopsgate-street
Sibson, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper. [Dunn,
- Princes-street, Bank; Wilson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne
Sweetman, W. Westow-hill, Norwood, Surrey, carpenter. [Gee and Drawbridge, New North-street, Red Lion-square
Stanley, I. Charlton-Kings, Gloucester, baker. [Lediard and Thompson, Cirencester; Thompson and Hurley, Gray's-inn-square
Shelley, S. Oulton, Stone, Stafford, flint grinder. [Willis and Co., Tokenhouse-yard; Vernon, Stone, Staffordshire
Salter, J. Lyncombe and Widcombe, Somerset, florist. [Price, Lincoln's-inn; Turner, Bath
Strong, J. and I. Dodds, Durham, engine-builders. [Williamson, Gray's-inn; Moor, Durham; Ingledew, Newcastle-upon-Tyne
Smith, P. Liverpool, hatter. [Norris, John-street, Bedford-row; Rymer and Norris, Manchester
Strange, T. Cheltenham, plasterer. [Pruen and Co., Cheltenham
Simonds, J. Bartholomew-lane, stock-broker. [Swain and Co., Frederick's-place, Old Jewry
Sutton, W. Beaumont-street, Mary-le-bone, coach-maker. [Whitehouse, Thavies-inn
Scholfield, J. Outrington, Cheshire, victualler. [Law and Coates, Manchester; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Shepherd, J. L. and H. Fricker, Southampton, linen-draper. [Green and Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street
Till, T. Minster, Kent, farmer. [Cole, Charlotte-street, Blackfriars-road
Trehern, T. Hereford, carpenter. [Pateshall, Hereford; Church, Great James-street, Bedford-row
Thorne, T. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, brewer. [Miller, Frome; Hartley, Blackfriars
Tennant, J. Malmesbury, grocer. [Ross and Cooke, New-inn; Ross, Chalford-hill
Thompson, A. New-grove, Mile-end-road, nurseryman. [Phillips and Bolger, St. Swithin's-lane
Thompson, L. Great St. Helens, printer. [Scargill and Rothery, Hatton-court, Threadneedle-street
Tate, J. Manchester, grocer. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Kershaw, Manchester
Turner, N. Allhallows-lane, fish-dealer. [Saunders and Heawood, Upper Thames-street
Taylor, E. Dodworth, York, linen-manufacturer. [Pocock, Bartholomew-close; Mence, Barnsley
Taylor, J. W. Exchange-buildings, merchant. [Ravenhill, Poultry
Taylor, J. Balham-hill, Surrey, builder. [Fisher and Co., Walbrook
Taylor, G. Melcham, York, clothier. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Stephensons, Holmfirth
Thompson, L. Hesse, Kingston-upon-Hull, miller. [Kaye and Whittaker, Thavies-inn; Rushworth, Hull
Vining, J. Pall-mall, jeweller. [Wood, Richmond-buildings, Soho
Watson, J. T. Stepney, master-mariner. [Cox, Poultry
Wood, H. W. and J. W., and M. W. Wakefield, woolstaplers. [Few and Co., Henrietta-street, Covent-garden
Wallis, W. H. Carlisle-street, Soho, perfumer. [Burra and Nield, King-street, Cheapside
Williams, M. Tring, builder. [Williams and Bethell, Gray's-inn
Wright, J. Peckham-rye, brick-maker, [Helder, Clement's-inn
Whicher, G. Petworth, Sussex, apothecary. [Hill-hard and Hastings, Gray's-inn; Tyler, Petworth
Webb, J. Nailsworth, Gloucester, grocer. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Wathen, Stroud
Wilkinson, G., S. Bateson, and J. Meggs, King's-arms-yard, merchants. [Spurr, Copthall-buildings
Walker, R. Preston, Lancashire, corn-merchant. [Blakelock, Serjeant's-inn; Blanchard and Bickerstaff, Preston
Winkly, H. Chorlton-row, Lancashire, victualler. [Owen and Co., Manchester
Warner, H. Lamb's-conduit-street, linen-draper. [Jones, Size-lane
Wasbrough, M. Bridges-street, Covent-garden, stationer. [Hodgson and Co., Salisbury-street, Strand
Wain, R. and W. Longnor, Staffordshire, grocers. [Brittlebank and Son, Oddy, Derbyshire; Holme and Co., New-inn

DIVIDENDS.

- Asdell, J. Oxford-street, Dec. 15
Albany, J. Ware, Dec. 10
Alley, J. and N. Aspinall, Liverpool, Dec. 27
Applegath, A. Stamford-street, Lambeth, Jan. 9
Atkinson, E. Morpeth, Northumberland, Jan. 6
Atkinson, J. Liverpool, Jan. 3
Archer, W. Hertford, Jan. 5
Abbott, P. D. Fowls-place, Great Ormond-street, Jan. 2

- Brown, J. Liverpool, Jan. 10
 Best, G. Spring gardens, Jan. 12
 Bond, W. Altrincham, Cheshire, Dec. 20
 Burbidge, W. and Co. Birmingham, Dec. 19
 Brathwaite, J. Leeds, Dec. 16
 Browne, G. and H. Liverpool, Dec. 19
 Booth, R. Laundmill, Lancaster, Dec. 22
 Bell, W. Fenchurch street, Dec. 19
 Booty, J. Newport, Isle of Wight, Dec. 19
 Batger, W. Henley-on-Thames, Dec. 19
 Bray, T. Chelsea, Dec. 19
 Booth, R. Laund-mill, Lancashire, Dec. 22
 Bunn, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Dec. 20
 Barber, J. and E. Cowper's-court, Cornhill, Dec. 22
 Biggs, E. Birmingham, Dec. 30
 Blagg, E. Yarmouth, Dec. 19
 Beverley, B. Bucklersbury, Dec. 29
 Baker, J. Bristol, Jan. 3
 Bardon, W. York, Dec. 13
 Baker, J. West-street, St. Philip and St. Jacob, Gloucester, Jan. 3
 Barrow, H. Thavies-inn, Dec. 5
 Burnett, W. S. New London-street, Jan. 5
 Brown, J. Godmanchester, Jan. 5
 Barker, A. Somers-place, New-road, Jan. 5
 Blagg, E. Yarmouth, Dec. 22
 Burdwood, J. and W. H. Coltman, Devonport, Jan. 8
 Cannan, D. Lothbury, Dec. 15
 Cooke, T. and J. Cheltenham, Dec. 18
 Comfort, E. Hosier-lane, Dec. 1
 Coxhead, B. L. Cannon-street, Dec. 19
 Chubb, W. Bristol, Dec. 27
 Children, G. Tonbridge, Dec. 22
 Crowther, J. Liverpool, Jan. 9
 Cundey, W. and J. Holymoorside, Derby, Jan. 3
 Clarke, W. and A. Dimsdale, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry, Dec. 29
 Cockle, J. Deritend, Warwick, Dec. 30
 Colton, Rev. C. E. Princes-street, Soho, Jan. 5
 Cook, H. Lancaster-place, Strand, Jan. 5
 Clarke, J. Worcester, Jan. 10
 Coley, W. P. and H. H. Brown, Winchester-house, Old Broad-street, Jan. 12
 Champion, G. Bristol, Jan. 12
 Clarke, G. Basinghall-street, March 2
 Davidson, J. East-India-chambers, Dec. 15
 Dent, J. Stone, Stafford, Dec. 16
 Dubois, C. King-street, Covent-garden, Dec. 19
 Duncan, H. Portsmouth, Dec. 22
 Deudney, J. Camberwell, Dec. 19
 Dicken, J. Blithfield, Staffordshire, Dec. 20
 Damant, W. Sudbury, Dec. 29
 Dobson, J. Hesketh-with-Beccon-sall, Lancashire, Dec. 29
 Dodd, S. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Jan. 5
 Daniel, J. Newgate-srreet, Jan. 26
 Dow, J. Rhodeswell, Bow-common, Middlesex, Jan. 9
 Dallman, T. Old-Bond-street, June 26
 Deabwell, R. Doncaster, Jan. 18
 Evans, H. Cheapside, Jan. 5
 Eaton, R. Swansea, Jan. 3
 Ford, W. Exeter, Dec. 21
 Fleet, F. Aylesbury, Dec. 26
 Foden, E. Warwick, Jan. 1
 Friedman, J. W. Finsbury-square, Dec. 29
 Fisher, J. Llanthowy, Monmouth, Jan. 6
 Fry, J. Dorset-street, Salisbury-square, Jan. 5
 Forsyth, G. Eton-court, Carlisle, Jan. 22
 Ferguson, G. Catterick, Yorkshire, Jan. 8
 Foster, T. Maidenhead, Dec. 19
 Forsaith, S. Shoreditch, Dec. 29
 Groom, J. Watford, Dec. 15
 Greenwell, J. and R. Sherburn, Durham, Dec. 22
 Godwin, W. Strand, Dec. 22
 Gibbs, T. Devonport, Jan. 1
 Gibbons, T. jun. Wells, Norfolk, Jan. 5
 Gilbert, J. and H. Taylor, Bristol, Dec. 30
 Guth, J. jun. Shad-Thames, South-wark, Jan. 19
 Gray, T. March, Cambridge, Jan. 4
 Higginbotham, S. Macclesfield, Dec. 15
 Hodges, T. Warebon, Kent, Dec. 15
 Hall, T. Chesterfield, Dec. 19
 Harding, T. Poplar, Dec. 19
 Harvey, R. C. Allburgh, and E. Hill, Wortwell, Norfolk, Dec. 23
 Haynes, G. sen. and Co., Swansea, Dec. 29
 Hyatt, W. Dorset-street, Manchester-square, Dec. 26
 Hatfield, J. Cambridge, Dec. 22
 Hodgson, J. Birmingham, Dec. 30
 Hooper, A. Worcester, Dec. 26
 Hudson, J. Birch-in-lane, Dec. 29
 Hetherington, D. King-street, Cheapside, Dec. 29
 Harkness, J. Chapel-place, Long-lane, Southwark, Jan. 5
 Humphreys, S. Charlotte-street, Portland-place, Dec. 12
 Hibbert, W. Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, Jan. 2
 Haycock, J. St. Albans, Jan. 9
 Harker, J. C. Old-Bond-street, Jan. 19
 Hooper, C. Throgmorton-street, Jan. 12
 Haslewood, W. Stratford, Essex, Jan. 16
 Joll, H. Hadlow-street, Dec. 15
 Jones, J. Cheltenham, Dec. 18
 Jones, R. Romford, Dec. 19
 Jones, G. Wootton-under-edge, Gloucester, Jan. 1
 Ingram, E. Reading, Dec. 19
 Jenkins, T. Cirencester, Dec. 19
 Jones, M. London-road, Dec. 22
 Jackson, W. Holbeck, Leeds, Dec. 28
 Jellyman, J. and J. Downton, Wilts, Jan. 1
 Jenkin, J. and J. W. Cruttenden, Wapping, Dec. 29
 Jackson, W. Deighton, Huddersfield, Jan. 3
 Jones, S. King's-Arms-buildings, Wood-street, Cheapside, Jan. 9
 Johnson, G. King Stanley, Gloucestershire, Jan. 12
 Kite, J. and B. Best, Macclesfield-wharf, New-North-road, Shoreditch, Dec. 29
 Kelly, J. St. James's-street, Jan. 5
 Keating, G. Waterloo-road, Jan. 5
 Little, J. Trowbridge, Wiltshire, Dec. 21
 Leader, W. Wells-street, Oxford-street, Dec. 22
 Linsell, W. P. Sun-street, Dec. 22
 Le Roy, C. Pall-Mall, Jan. 9
 Launitz, C. F. Bucklersbury, Jan. 5
 Langwith, J. Mottram, Cheshire, Jan. 8
 Mead, W. and C. E. Macomb, Battersea, Dec. 15
 McCormick, J. Broad-street, Dec. 18
 Messiter, N. Frome Selwood, Dec. 21
 Marshall, W. Regent-street, Dec. 8
 Mackie, E. Maidenhead, Berks, Jan. 9
 Meads, G. Bath, Jan. 1
 Morgan, T. L. Bristol, Jan. 4
 Martelly, L. H. and J. Dayne, Finsbury-square, Dec. 19
 March, M. and T. Shute, Gosport, Jan. 3
 Milligam, T. Hanway-street, Dec. 12
 Mayor, C. Somerset-street, Portman-square, Jan. 2
 Marsden, W. Salford, Manchester, Jan. 11
 Meager, W. Newport, Isle of Wight, Jan. 5
 Merryweather, W. Long-Acre, Jan. 5
 Masterman, J. Hatton-Garden, Jan. 5
 Moxon, R. W. G. and J. Kingston-upon-Hull, Jan. 10
 Morris, J. jun. Oxford-street, Jan. 12
 Machen, E. L. Berkhamstead, Jan. 9
 Mason, J. Little Thorock, Essex, Dec. 22
 Nancolas, E. Tothill-street, Dec. 15
 Neville, J. G. Sheffield, Dec. 15
 Nash, T. Chesham, Bucks, Jan. 2
 Old, J. Bridgewater, Dec. 28
 O'Hara, M. Watford, Dec. 29
 Penny, J. Lymington, Feb. 2
 Powell, E. Dover, Jan. 1
 Pigott, W. Norwich, Dec. 27
 Parker, H. Sheffield, Jan. 1
 Powell, J. Worcester, Jan. 4
 Pomeroy, R. jun. Boixham, Devonshire, Feb. 2
 Richardson, G. and J. Henderson, West Cowes, Dec. 13
 Richardson, W. and Farrow, Kensington Gravel-pits, Dec. 15
 Rose, J. Ibstock, Leicestershire, Dec. 19
 Robinson, P. Claypole, Lincoln, Jan. 2
 Rutledge, R. Weedon Beck, Northampton, Dec. 8
 Read, J. Regent-street, Jan. 2
 Radford, J. S. Kingston-upon-Hull, Jan. 6
 Rutland, J. Oxford-street, Dec. 29
 Redshaw, T. Fleet-street, Jan. 2
 Raine, J. S. Wapping Wall, Dec. 15
 Rowley, W. Regent-street, Jan. 2
 Reyner, E. and J. Medley, Newport, Isle of Wight, Jan. 6
 Rice, J. Great Torrington, Devonshire, Jan. 6
 Robinson, T. and N. Lawrence, Liverpool, Jan. 6
 Robinson, H. T. Gun-street, Old Artillery Ground, Dec. 22
 Rossi, R. Harp-lane, Tower-street, Jan. 12
 Rogers, W. Lad-lane, Jan. 12
 Ridley, W. Whitehaven, Jan. 8
 Rutter, J. Winterton, Lincolnshire, Jan. 9
 Smith, F. A. and J. Allingham, New Brentford, Dec. 15
 Shaw, J. W. and A. W. Elmslie, Fenchurch-buildings, Dec. 15
 Sprigg, J. Drury-lane, Dec. 15
 Symonds, N. W. Crutched-Friars, Dec. 19
 Stelfor, P. Saddleworth, Yorkshire, Dec. 22
 Sparrow, I. E. Bishopsgate-street-within, Dec. 19
 Starling, S. Poole, Dec. 28 and Jan. 26
 Sadler, H. and T. Oxford, Jan. 4
 Sumner, T. Clitheroe, Dec. 30
 Smith, S. Liverpool, Jan. 3
 Shepherd, D. and J. Haworth, Bury, Lancashire, Jan. 4
 Selden, D. and W. Hinde, Liverpool, Jan. 6
 Steadman, C. and J. McLean, Lamb-street, Jan. 5
 Smith, T. Gordon-House, Kentish-town, Jan. 5
 Scholey, R. C. Doncaster, Jan. 18
 Shute, T. and S. Crediton, Devonshire, Jan. 11
 Tyrrell, W. East-Isley, Berkshire, Dec. 20
 Tuckett, W. Bath, Dec. 10
 Turner, M. J. Clonmel, Ireland, Jan. 2

Underdown, J. Ramsgate, Dec. 15
 Were, T. Bucklersbury, Dec. 15
 Whyte, M. and J. Great-Eastcheap,
 Dec. 12
 Williams, T. West Smithfield, and
 Union-street, Southwark, Dec.
 15
 Wood, T. Bilston, Somersetshire,
 Dec. 20
 Walker, W. and T. Barker, Cannon-
 street, Dec. 15
 Wylam, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne,
 Dec. 21

Wheeler, W. Chenies-mews, Bed-
 ford-square, Dec. 19
 White, J. jun. Bishopswearmouth,
 Dec. 22
 Walker, J. Upper Russell-street,
 Bermondsey, Dec. 19
 Winbolt, W. St. Paul's Church-
 yard, Dec. 22
 Woolston, S. High-street, Blooms-
 bury, Jan. 5
 Walmsley, W. Manchester, Dec.
 27
 Washer, J. E. Bristol, Jan. 5

Winstanley, R. jun. King-street,
 Cheapside, and G. Hudson, Man-
 chester, Dec. 15 and Dec. 22
 Ward, D. and S. Smith, Liverpool,
 Dec. 30
 Wetherell, J. Litchfield-street,
 Westminster, Dec. 29
 Wilkinson, T. and T. Mulcaster,
 Wood-street, Jan. 5
 Wilson, W. jun. Nicholas-lane,
 Jan. 5
 Woods, W. and H. Williams, Has-
 tings, Jan. 9

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. J. Hitchings, to the Vicarage of Wargrave,
 Berks—Rev. M. Riddle, to the Living of Easton, near
 Winchester—Rev. R. Pole, to the Rectories of Saint
 Mary Tavy, and Stevrocke, in the diocese of Exeter
 —Rev. D. Evans, to the Vicarage of Llanofanfawr,
 with the three chapels annexed, Brecon—Rev. J.
 Kempthorne, to the Rectory of St. Michael, Glou-
 cester—Rev. J. L. Freer, to the Vicarage of Was-
 perton, Warwick—Rev. W. T. Birds, to the Rec-
 tory of Preston-on-the-Wild-Moors, Salop—Rev. A.
 Smith, to the Curacy of Knottingley—Rev. Dr.
 Monk, to be Speaker of the Lower House of Con-
 vocation—Rev. J. Jarvis, to the Vicarage of Tut-
 ington, Norwich—Rev. C. Thorp, to the Prebend
 of Llandrindod, in the collegiate church of Brecon—
 Rev. W. Davies, to the perpetual Curacy of Mount,
 Cardigan—Rev. J. Hamer, to the Rectory of Llan-
 bedr, with the Vicarage of Caerhun, Carnarvon—
 Rev. J. W. R. London, to the Vicarage of Braun-
 ton, Devon—Rev. T. Cockayne, to the Rectory of

Dogmersfield, Hants—Rev. W. B. Bere, to the per-
 petual Curacy of Upton, Somerset—Rev. H. Venn,
 to the perpetual Curacy of Drypool, York—Rev.
 A. B. Lechnere, to the Vicarage of Bidersfield,
 Worcester—Rev. W. F. Holt, to be Minister of
 Laura Chapel, Bath—Rev. J. Bockett, to the Rec-
 tory of Stoodleigh, Devon—Rev. W. H. C. Lloyd,
 to the Rectory of Norbury, and Vicarage of Ron-
 ton, both in Staffordshire—Rev. T. Wood, to the
 Vicarage of Ashford, Kent—Rev. W. Bowen, to
 the perpetual Curacy of Kenderchurch, Hereford-
 shire—Rev. T. Davies, to the perpetual Curacy of
 Coelbren chapel, Brecon—Rev. Mr. Riddle, to the
 Living of Easton, Hants—Rev. Mr. Kemp, to the
 Living of Eastmeon, Hants—Rev. Mr. Renaud, to
 the Living of Messingham, Lincoln—Rev. T. At-
 wood, to the perpetual Curacy of Hammersmith—
 Rev. E. Pendrill, to the perpetual Curacy of Llan-
 guick, St. David's.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON.

CHRONOLOGY.

Nov. 23.—The Recorder made a report to the
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 The rest were respited during the Royal pleasure.

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 ordered for execution.

17.—English troops sent to Lisbon, to repel the
 invasion of the Spaniards into Portugal, under the
 command of Lieut. General Clinton.

MARRIAGES.

At Langham-place, Francis Dugdale Astley, esq.,
 son of Sir J. D. Astley, Bart. M.P., Wilts, to Emma

Dorothea, daughter of Sir T. B. Lethbridge, Bart.
 M.P., Somerset—At East-Shoen, J. F. V. Went-
 worth, esq., of Wentworth-Castle, York, to the
 Lady A. L. B. Bruce, daughter of the Marquis
 of Aylesbury — At Twickenham, John, eldest
 son of J. Fane, esq. M.P., Oxfordshire, to Ca-
 therine, daughter of Sir Benjamin Hobhouse,
 Bart.—At St. Giles's in the Fields, the Rev. W.
 Start, to Louisa, daughter of J. Gurney, esq., King's
 counsel.

DEATHS.

At Highbury-place, John Nichols, esq., 82, for
 nearly 50 years editor of the Gentleman's Magazine—
 In Albermarle-street, Lieut.-General A. Kyd, 73—
 At Maida-Hill, Lieut.-Colonel W. C. Royall—In
 Wimpole-street, Mathew Raper, esq., of Wendover
 Dean, Bucks, 85, F.R.S. and V.P.A.S.; he had
 published several literary and philological works
 for the amusement of himself and friends—In Great-
 Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, R. Rudd, esq.,
 85—In Bishopsgate-street, P. A. Macaroni, esq., 76;
 he was the only remaining son of a Roman noble-
 man, who had been ruined by a 22 years' lawsuit
 with Pope Pius VI.—At Broadstairs, the Right Hon.
 Bridget Lady Teynham—At East Barnett, Rear-
 Admiral Henry Warre, 74—In Buckingham-street,
 Fitzroy-square, in his 72d year, John Flaxman, esq.,
 R.A., and Professor of Sculptor at the Royal Aca-
 demy—Mr. W. Ward, A.R.A.—At Ham Common,
 Major Hook, 75; he kept his wife's corpse unburied
 for 30 years, as, by the will of a relation, he was en-
 titled to an annuity "whilst his wife was above
 ground!"—C. Griffiths, esq., deputy inspector of
 hospitals, &c., 73; he had been 46 years in H.M.'s
 service—At Richmond, Lady Price, wife of Sir

- Brown, J. Liverpool, Jan. 10
 Best, G. Spring gardens, Jan. 12
 Bond, W. Altrincham, Cheshire, Dec. 20
 Burbidge, W. and Co. Birmingham, Dec. 19
 Brathwaite, J. Leeds, Dec. 16
 Browne, G. and H. Liverpool, Dec. 19
 Booth, R. Laundmill, Lancaster, Dec. 22
 Bell, W. Fenchurch street, Dec. 19
 Booty, J. Newport, Isle of Wight, Dec. 19
 Batger, W. Henley-on-Thames, Dec. 19
 Eray, T. Chelsea, Dec. 19
 Booth, R. Laund-mill, Lancashire, Dec. 22
 Bunn, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Dec. 20
 Barber, J. and E. Cowper's-court, Cornhill, Dec. 22
 Biggs, E. Birmingham, Dec. 30
 Blagg, E. Yarmouth, Dec. 19
 Beverley, B. Bucklersbury, Dec. 29
 Baker, J. Bristol, Jan. 3
 Bardon, W. York, Dec. 13
 Baker, J. West-street, St. Philip and St. Jacob, Gloucester, Jan. 3
 Barrow, H. Thavies-inn, Dec. 5
 Burnett, W. S. New London-street, Jan. 5
 Brown, J. Godmanchester, Jan. 5
 Barker, A. Somers-place, New-road, Jan. 5
 Blagg, E. Yarmouth, Dec. 22
 Burdwood, J. and W. H. Coltman, Devonport, Jan. 8
 Cannan, D. Lothbury, Dec. 15
 Cooke, T. and J. Cheltenham, Dec. 18
 Comfort, E. Hosier-lane, Dec. 1
 Coxhead, B. L. Cannon-street, Dec. 19
 Chubb, W. Bristol, Dec. 27
 Children, G. Tonbridge, Dec. 22
 Crowther, J. Liverpool, Jan. 9
 Cundey, W. and J. Holymoorside, Derby, Jan. 3
 Clarke, W. and A. Dimsdale, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry, Dec. 29
 Cockle, J. Deritend, Warwick, Dec. 30
 Colton, Rev. C. E. Princes-street, Soho, Jan. 5
 Cook, H. Lancaster-place, Strand, Jan. 5
 Clarke, J. Worcester, Jan. 10
 Coley, W. P. and H. H. Brown, Winchester-house, Old Broad-street, Jan. 12
 Champion, G. Bristol, Jan. 12
 Clarke, G. Basinghall-street, March 2
 Davidson, J. East-India-chambers, Dec. 15
 Dent, J. Stone, Stafford, Dec. 16
 Dubois, C. King-street, Covent-garden, Dec. 19
 Duncan, H. Portsmouth, Dec. 22
 Deudney, J. Camberwell, Dec. 19
 Dicken, J. Blithfield, Staffordshire, Dec. 20
 Damant, W. Sudbury, Dec. 29
 Dobson, J. Hesketh-with-Beccon-sall, Lancashire, Dec. 29
 Dodd, S. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Jan. 5
 Daniel, J. Newgate-srreet, Jan. 26
 Dow, J. Rhodeswell, Bow-common, Middlesex, Jan. 9
 Dallman, T. Old-Bond-street, June 26
 Deabwell, R. Doncaster, Jan. 18
 Evans, H. Cheapside, Jan. 5
 Eaton, R. Swansea, Jan. 3
 Ford, W. Exeter, Dec. 21
 Fleet, F. Aylesbury, Dec. 26
 Foden, E. Warwick, Jan. 1
 Friedman, J. W. Finsbury-square, Dec. 29
 Fisher, J. Llanthwy, Monmouth, Jan. 6
 Fry, J. Dorset-street, Salisbury-square, Jan. 5
 Forsyth, G. Eton-court, Carlisle, Jan. 22
 Ferguson, G. Catterick, Yorkshire, Jan. 8
 Foster, T. Maidenhead, Dec. 19
 Forsaith, S. Shoreditch, Dec. 29
 Groom, J. Watford, Dec. 15
 Greenwell, J. and R. Sherburn, Durham, Dec. 22
 Godwin, W. Strand, Dec. 22
 Gibbs, T. Devonport, Jan. 1
 Gibbons, T. jun. Wells, Norfolk, Jan. 5
 Gilbert, J. and H. Taylor, Bristol, Dec. 30
 Guth, J. jun. Shad-Thames, South-wark, Jan. 19
 Gray, T. March, Cambridge, Jan. 4
 Higginbotham, S. Macclesfield, Dec. 15
 Hodges, T. Warebon, Kent, Dec. 15
 Hall, T. Chesterfield, Dec. 19
 Harding, T. Poplar, Dec. 19
 Harvey, R. C. Allburgh, and E. Hill, Wortwell, Norfolk, Dec. 23
 Haynes, G. sen. and Co., Swansea, Dec. 29
 Hyatt, W. Dorset-street, Manchester-square, Dec. 26
 Hatfield, J. Cambridge, Dec. 22
 Hodgson, J. Birmingham, Dec. 30
 Hooper, A. Worcester, Dec. 26
 Hudson, J. Birchin-lane, Dec. 29
 Hetherington, D. King-street, Cheapside, Dec. 29
 Harkness, J. Chapel-place, Long-lane, Southwark, Jan. 5
 Humphreys, S. Charlotte-street, Portland-place, Dec. 12
 Hibbert, W. Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, Jan. 2
 Haycock, J. St. Albans, Jan. 9
 Harker, J. C. Old-Bond-street, Jan. 19
 Hooper, C. Throgmorton-street, Jan. 12
 Haslewood, W. Stratford, Essex, Jan. 16
 Joll, H. Hadlow-street, Dec. 15
 Jones, J. Cheltenham, Dec. 18
 Jones, R. Romford, Dec. 19
 Jones, G. Wootton-under-edge, Gloucester, Jan. 1
 Ingram, E. Reading, Dec. 19
 Jenkins, T. Cirencester, Dec. 19
 Jones, M. London-road, Dec. 22
 Jackson, W. Holbeck, Leeds, Dec. 28
 Jellyman, J. and J. Downton, Wilts, Jan. 1
 Jenkin, J. and J. W. Cruttenden, Wapping, Dec. 29
 Jackson, W. Deighton, Huddersfield, Jan. 3
 Jones, S. King's-Arms-buildings, Wood-street, Cheapside, Jan. 9
 Johnson, G. King Stanley, Gloucestershire, Jan. 12
 Kite, J. and B. Best, Macclesfield-wharf, New-North-road, Shore-ditch, Dec. 29
 Kelly, J. St. James's-street, Jan. 5
 Keating, G. Waterloo-road, Jan. 5
 Little, J. Trowbridge, Wiltshire, Dec. 21
 Leader, W. Wells-street, Oxford-street, Dec. 22
 Linsell, W. P. Sun-street, Dec. 22
 Le Roy, C. Pall-Mall, Jan. 9
 Launitz, C. F. Bucklersbury, Jan. 5
 Langwith, J. Mottram, Cheshire, Jan. 8
 Mead, W. and C. E. Macomb, Battersea, Dec. 15
 M'Cormick, J. Broad-street, Dec. 18
 Messiter, N. Frome Selwood, Dec. 21
 Marshall, W. Regent-street, Dec. 8
 Mackie, E. Maidenhead, Berks, Jan. 9
 Meads, G. Bath, Jan. 1
 Morgan, T. L. Bristol, Jan. 4
 Martelly, L. H. and J. Dayne, Finsbury-square, Dec. 19
 March, M. and T. Shute, Goepport, Jan. 3
 Milligam, T. Hanway-street, Dec. 12
 Mayor, C. Somerset-street, Portman-square, Jan. 2
 Marsden, W. Salford, Manchester, Jan. 11
 Menger, W. Newport, Isle of Wight, Jan. 5
 Merryweather, W. Long-Acre, Jan. 5
 Masterman, J. Hatton-Garden, Jan.
 Moxon, R. W. G. and J. Kingston-upon-Hull, Jan. 10
 Morris, J. jun. Oxford-street, Jan. 12
 Machen, E. L. Berkhamstead, Jan. 9
 Mason, J. Little Thorock, Essex, Dec. 22
 Nancolas, E. Tothill-street, Dec. 15
 Neville, J. G. Sheffield, Dec. 15
 Nash, T. Chesham, Bucks, Jan. 2
 Old, J. Bridgewater, Dec. 28
 O'Hara, M. Watford, Dec. 29
 Penny, J. Lymington, Feb. 2
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 Rowley, W. Regent-street, Jan. 2
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 Symonds, N. W. Crutched-Friars, Dec. 19
 Stelfor, P. Saddleworth, Yorkshire, Dec. 22
 Sparrow, I. E. Bishopsgate-street-within, Dec. 19
 Starling, S. Poole, Dec. 28 and Jan. 26
 Sadler, H. and T. Oxford, Jan. 4
 Sumner, T. Clitheroe, Dec. 30
 Smith, S. Liverpool, Jan. 3
 Shepherd, D. and J. Haworth, Bury, Lancashire, Jan. 4
 Selden, D. and W. Hinde, Liverpool, Jan. 6
 Steadman, C. and J. McLean, Lamb-street, Jan. 5
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 Scholey, R. C. Doncaster, Jan. 18
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 Tyrrell, W. East-Isley, Berkshire, Dec. 20
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 Bermondsey, Dec. 19
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 Woolston, S. High-street, Blooms-
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Winstanley, R. jun. King-street,
 Cheapside, and G. Hudson, Man-
 chester, Dec. 15 and Dec. 22
 Ward, D. and S. Smith, Liverpool,
 Dec. 30
 Wetherell, J. Litchfield-street,
 Westminster, Dec. 29
 Wilkinson, T. and T. Mulcaster,
 Wood-street, Jan. 5
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 petual Curacy of Upton, Somerset—Rev. H. Venn,
 to the perpetual Curacy of Drypool, York—Rev.
 A. B. Lechmere, to the Vicarage of Bidersfield,
 Worcester—Rev. W. F. Holt, to be Minister of
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 the Living of Messingham, Lincoln—Rev. T. At-
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 M.P., Somerset—At East-Sheen, J. F. V. Went-
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 of Aylesbury — At Twickenham, John, eldest
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 Bart.—At St. Giles's in the Fields, the Rev. W.
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 hospitals, &c., 73; he had been 46 years in H.M.'s
 service—At Richmond, Lady Price, wife of Sir

Rose Price, Bart.—Mrs. Lewis, 75, relict of the late Mr. W. T. Lewis, principal comedian at Covent-Garden Theatre.—Mrs. George Dorian, sister of W. H. Ashurst, esq., M.P. for Oxfordshire.—The Right Hon. Charles Kinnaird, Baron Kinnaird.—In Arlington-street, Hon. G. Duncombe, Grenadier-Guards, son of Lord Feversham.—Joseph Cradock, esq., 85, senior fellow of the Society of Antiquaries.—At Pimlico, Mrs. Burnett, 83, widow of the late General Burnett.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At the British Ambassador's, Paris, the Hon. F.

St. John, to Selina Charlotte, daughter of Colonel Keatinge, and niece to the Earl of Meath.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Martinique, Lieut.-General Francis Delaval—At Florence, Isabella Langley, wife of John Moore Cave, esq.—At Boulogne-sur-Mer, John Chalmers, esq., 74—At Lisbon, John James Stephens, esq., 79, member of the ex-British Factory of that city—The most noble Francis Rawdon Hastings, Marquess of Hastings, 72, on board H.M.'s ship *Revenge*, in the Mediterranean—At Berlin, the celebrated astronomer Professor Bode, 80.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

The foundation-stone of the Intended Suspension Bridge across the Wansbeck, near Morpeth, was laid Nov. 20; the subscription list contains the names of the members, the late candidates, and most of the gentlemen of the county.

Dec. 2, a meeting of the coal-owners of the Tyne was held at Newcastle, when they resolved to co-operate with the ship-owners in their project to retard the selling of coals in the London market, and for this purpose appointed a committee to proceed to the metropolis.—*Tyne Mercury*.

Died.] At Swarland-house, Mrs. Harriet Davison, sister to W. Gosling, esq. of Portland-place—At Newcastle, Jane Robson, 100—At Callaby Castle, J. Clavering, esq., 62.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

The weavers of Carlisle have sent a petition to the House of Lords on the subject of the Corn-Laws, and their dreadful distresses, in which they say, "tens of thousands of suffering persons were asking whether it would be better to die on the scaffold or to die of hunger?"

A great number of pictures exhibited at the late Exhibition at Carlisle have been sold—a very flattering proof of the preeminence of this northern display of the Fine Arts, considering the state of the times.

YORKSHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

A meeting at Saddleworth of the merchants, manufacturers, and other inhabitants, has been held in the Parish Church, at which petitions passed for the Legislature, praying "that a progressively decreasing duty should be laid upon the import of foreign grain, assuring a fall of from 10 to 15 per cent., and to be slowly decreased until the importation was entirely free.

The fund subscribed for the relief of distressed work people at Sheffield, amounts to £3,593. 2s. 6d. all of which has been expended, a balance of about £13. excepted. One subscriber gave £1,000, under the appellation of *Londinensis*.

On the 29th of November, the foundation of an elegant bridge and terrace, to be erected at Scarborough, for the purpose of making the ascent and descent from the cliff easier, was laid by E. Hebden, Esq., the senior bailiff of that town. The projector of this useful design is R. Cattle, Esq., of York.

There are between 80 and 90 prisoners for trial in York-Castle: a larger number than was ever remembered—as it wants nearly three months to the assizes.

At a meeting of the Hull Choral Society, on the 13th of December, nearly £1,200 were subscribed for

the purpose of erecting a new suite of rooms in that town, for balls, concerts, &c.

A bazaar, under the patronage of the Archbishop of York, was opened in the Festival Concert Room, on the 19th of December, for the sale of Ladies' Work—for the benefit of the distressed manufacturers.

Died.] At Blessington-Hall, Yorkshire, Harrington Hudson, esq., member in the last two parliaments for Helston.

LANCASHIRE.

At the recent Kirkdale sessions, two boys, one only eleven years of age, were tried for stealing 10 lbs. of manure. They were in the habit of collecting manure on the roads, and they happened to go into a field at Ormskirk, and collected a small quantity of *cow-dung*, for which offence they were taken before a clerical magistrate, and by him committed for trial. The poor boys were confined in gaol nearly two months upon this trivial charge, and put upon their trial. The jury very properly returned a verdict of not guilty, and they were discharged.—We recollect, at the Leicester assizes a few years ago, Mr. Justice Grose exclaiming: "I wish there was not a parson upon the bench; discharge the woman immediately!" The cause of his warmth arose from the situation of a poor woman, who had been kept in gaol five months for stealing a *mutton pie* from the basket of an itinerant vender of those savoury delicacies at Loughborough!

The inhabitants of Rochdale, including all parties in politics, and all denominations in religion, have presented the Rev. J. Aspinall, curate of that place, four splendid chased silver dishes and covers, of the value of £200, in testimony of their esteem for his services whilst he resided among them, and especially for his exertions in behalf of the poor during the severe distress of 1826!!!

The length of the two late petitions from the inhabitants of Great and Little Bolton against the Corn-Laws to the Legislature, exceeds 66 yards—and the number of signatures to each petition is more than 8000. They were signed by all parties.

A dreadful accident has happened at Liverpool, occasioned by the fall of an immense chimney of the smelting furnace of Messrs. Acken and Co. In falling, it demolished three houses in Norris-court, and the whole of the inmates were buried in the ruins. Three were taken out dead, and seven dreadfully wounded and bruised.

Died.] Rev. John Yates, of Dinglehead, 71—At Hawkeshead, Mrs. Park, sister of Sir Robert Peel, Bart.

STAFFORDSHIRE AND WARWICKSHIRE.

The new church (an elegant specimen of the florid Gothic) at Hampton Lucy has been consecrated and opened. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of the diocese. It has been erected by the liberality of the Lucy family; the descendants of the prosecutor of Shakspeare for his venison propensities.

The Court of King's Bench has granted a rule for a criminal information against the present mayor and eight aldermen (out of 12) of Warwick, for corruption, and in concert omitting to attend the usual charter-day of presentation and election of mayor (on 20th Sept. last), and swearing in the present mayor for his third successive year, the charter prescribing the annual new election of an alderman for the office of mayor, who had not served that office within two years. The burgesses complained that one of the corporation is not only a non-resident, but a colonel in active service, and member for the borough also; whilst another is a non-resident clergyman! Since the proceedings of the Court of King's Bench, the burgesses have met and chosen another mayor—and, we understand, that ulterior measures will be taken by them relative to the rights, franchises and public charities of the borough.

A rule has been granted against the mayor of Stafford, to shew by what authority he holds the office of mayor *this* year, he having held it *last* year.

Died.] At Winson Green, Mrs. Steward, 82—At Rugby, Mrs. Scarborough.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE AND LINCOLNSHIRE.

Died.] At Grantham, R. Holt, esq. 68.

LEICESTERSHIRE AND RUTLAND.

The Hinckley Clothing Society has distributed linen and flannel to upwards of 300 aged and indigent women.

Died.] At Leicester, W. Harrison, esq. 66, deputy-registrar of the archdeaconry court—At Hallaton, the Rev. J. Wilson.

WORCESTERSHIRE AND HEREFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Worcester, J. Dimsdale, esq., son of the late Baron Dimsdale, to Jemima, daughter of the Rev. H. Pye, prebendary of Worcester.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

Some time ago, when it became necessary to purchase a tenement to improve one of the docks of the Bristol Bridge, the proprietor, a person in humble life, brought forward his original deed, which was a grant from King Stephen, rudely and almost unintelligibly written on a piece of parchment, with that monarch's signature attached.

A liberal subscription has been set on foot at Gloucester (very worthy of imitation at this melancholy season!) to form a fund to assist the poor in the purchase of clothing.

The trustees of the Wells turnpikes have contracted for making a new line of road from Chewton Mendip to Bristol, so as to avoid the dangerous hill leading out of Chewton.

The Report of the Bristol committee for the relief of the distressed manufacturers, claiming the public sympathy for an additional fund, states—"In the townships of Blackburn there are, at this moment (Dec. 7), more than 30,000 paupers, rendered such through absolute want of employment, and on the remaining 70,000 inhabitants so heavy is the pressure of the poor-rates, that, if urged much further, they also will be reduced to the class of pauperism! The employment of the people of Blackburn was handloom weaving—it is gone for ever!!!—The powerloom has entirely superseded it!!!"

A dreadful fire has happened at Bristol, at the house of Mr. Oxley—Mrs. Oxley and three of her children were burnt to ashes by this dreadful calamity.

Died.] At Cheltenham, Sir James Monk, formerly Chief Justice in Lower Canada—At Gloucester, Sarah Weatherstone, aged 106—At Bristol, Mr. James Bevan, 34; he had occasionally delivered chemical and other lectures at "the Inquirer's Society," and, although his early education was a very slender one, he had made himself a proficient in the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Spanish and French languages, and had compiled a Hebrew dictionary.

DERBYSHIRE.

Married.] At Heanor, H. S. Wilmot, esq., eldest son of Sir Robert Wilmot, Bart., to Maria, eldest daughter of E. M. Mundy, esq. of Shipley-Hall; and the Hon. and Rev. F. Curzon, son of Lord Scarsdale, to Augusta Marian, second daughter of Mr. Mundy.

Died.] At Stanton-by-Bridge, Mary Holt, 82; she was aunt and great-aunt to 140 persons, and has left a legacy to each!

OXFORDSHIRE.

Died.] At Oxford, A. Robertson, D.D. F.R.S. Savilian Professor of Astronomy and Radcliffe Observer, 75.

BUCKS AND BERKS.

The number of prisoners in Aylesbury goal amount to 153! Among these, no less than one-third have been committed for *poaching*!—Young hungry country fellows do not require, at this pinching season, to be *dragged* to goal, when they can get but 4s. or 5s. a week as allowance from their parish, and see such ample provision, with good security, before them. On Sunday last, three men of this description exhibited a curious spectacle on their way to goal. The officer in whose custody they had been placed walked *before* them down the market-place, and they followed him very orderly. They had, on Saturday, come from Sherrington, about 27 miles distant, and, after walking with their conductor 20 miles, they had slept that night, *under no unnecessary restraint*, at Wing. From such a case as this the general state of the country may be fairly inferred!!!—*Bucks Chronicle*.

The question whether the corporation of Reading had a right to toll on corn, was decided last week in the Exchequer, after being 13 years in dispute, against the corporation, who have expended, it is said, about £5,000 in litigating their claim.

Died.] At Terrier's-House, Bucks, the Right Hon. Lord Dormer, of Grove-Park, near Warwick—At Formosa-place, Berks, Sir Samuel Young, Bart. 61, F.R.S. and F.A.S.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

Nov. 25, a numerous and respectable meeting of the owners and occupiers of land was held at the Shire-Hall, Norwich, for the purpose of resisting an increase in the county rates, "for appointing district surveyors of the highways," and for expressing their sentiments as to the practice which prevails at the Shire-Hall of "conducting the county business with closed doors," &c.; when several spirited resolutions were passed against the preceding measures, as well as petitions to the Houses of Lords and Commons, declaratory of the same. It appears by one of the resolutions, that the county rate in 1807 was £7,200—and in this year, viz. at Midsummer last, it was at the enormous sum of £20,400!!! In 1781, the expenditure for Norwich made by the chief-constable, amounted to £304. 19s. 10½d.—in 1826, to £3,876. 12s. 4d.!!!

A meeting at Yarmouth has been held at the Town-Hall, for the purpose of opposing the project of making a harbour at Lowestoft, and a ship navi-

gation from thence to Norwich, and the members of the town have been requested to use their influence in Parliament to oppose the same.

Meetings have been held at Norwich and Lynn for the purpose of not altering the Corn-Laws.—At the meeting at Bury, for the petition against the Corn-Laws, it was asserted by one of the speakers that the land owners were driving our trade to America and the Continent! at a time, too, when distress was never so general and extensive as at present!

Died.] At Brundall, Elisha De Hague, esq., town clerk of Norwich since 1792, aged 72.—At Barham, John Jennings, 93, postman for 67 years: he had walked in his occupation 440,000 miles, or 17 times the circuit of the globe. The General Post Office had very properly given him a pension of £10 per annum since 1796 to his death. His great-uncle and his father had been postmen in the same place for 62 years, making 114 years altogether!—At Hillington-Hall, Mr. J. Harrison, 80; he had lived 62 years in the service of three generations of the Folkes' family.—At Highnam, Thomas Batley, 75, commonly called Blind Tom, who had been deprived of sight from his youth. He was the regular postman for the conveyance of letters and parcels from Gazeley to Highnam, without the guidance either of a fellow creature or a dog.—At North Waltham, Mrs. Lacock, 58.

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

There are no less than 50 prisoners in the county (Hants) Bridewell for offences under the Game-Laws; besides several persons in the county goal for trial on charges of having been found armed for the destruction of game, contrary to the statute, which is the result of our precious system of Game-Laws!!!

The *Hampshire Chronicle* says, that during a late visit at Somerly 1,463 head of game were killed by four guns in six days, viz. 842 pheasants, 334 hares, 222 rabbits, 58 partridges, 5 woodcocks, and 2 snipes!!! Talk of the Corn-Laws, indeed! here is an evil that in an instant tells its own tale! How many families are ruined and goals filled with offenders against the Game-Laws, to achieve a massacre like this, at which a sportsman of the old school would disdain to assist!!!

Died.] At Ashling, near Chichester, Rear-Admiral Stair Douglas.—At Bramore, Mrs. Emma Curtis, in her 107th year.—At Chichester, Sir Justly Watson Green, Bart. 72.—At Southampton, Matilda, relict of P. C. Methuen, esq.—At Brighton, Mary, sister of Sir Hugh Palliser, Bart.

DORSETSHIRE AND WILTS.

The Lords of the Treasury have been pleased to issue their warrant granting an annual allowance to the widows, as well as to the children under 14 years of age, who were rendered destitute and fatherless by the loss of the crew of the Francis Freeling packet.

The repairs of the Cobb at Lyme have just been finished, and it now appears a piece of beautiful architecture.

Dec. 5, a fire broke out in the flax and rope factory of Mr. Parsons, at Melksham, which was totally destroyed; the damage is supposed to amount to £10,000, and 200 people, by this awful calamity, will be thrown out of employment. One of the men has been committed to goal on suspicion of setting the premises on fire.

Thirteen persons have been committed to prison at Devizes within the last week (Dec. 16) for offences against the Game-Laws, and seven to Fisherton goal!!!

Mr. Estcourt informs us, that Long Newton parish contains 140 poor persons, divided into 32 families, principally labourers; and that the cottage system has been introduced there with such effect, as to occasion the following difference in the poor-rate—its amount the last six months before this plan

took effect, was £213. 16s., of which sum £206. 8s. was applied to the relief of the poor—while the amount of the poor-rate the last corresponding six months after the plan took place, was £12. 6s., of which £4. 12s. 6d. was applied to the relief of the poor!!! May this plan be universally followed, that again we may sing with the poet—

"That every rood of ground maintains its man!!!"

Married.] At Kingston Magna, the Rev. Thomas Manners Sutton, to Miss L. S. Mortimer.

Died.] At Rowde, J. Sutton, esq. 83.

DEVONSHIRE AND SOMERSET.

The inhabitants of Wiveliscombe have entered into a subscription for pulling down their old church, and for erecting an elegant new Gothic structure in its stead, which, from its superior size, will give them accommodation for full 500 additional sittings.

The cottage system has been introduced in the neighbourhood of Wells with the happiest results. The Bishop has tried the experiment on 44 acres, letting them at the rate of 10s. per quarter of an acre. 112 families, none of whom receive parish pay, already enjoy its benefits.

The blanket manufactory established at Frome, for the purpose of supporting the unemployed manufacturers, succeeds beyond the original expectations.

A society has been formed at Bath auxiliary to the Irish Society, for promoting the education of the native Irish through the medium of their own language, it appearing that at least 1,500,000 Irish employ the ancient language of their country as the sole and natural vehicle of their thoughts.

At a public meeting late held at Wenmore, it was resolved to make a new turnpike road from Langport through Shapwick, Wedmore, Chedhar, Shipham, and Rowberrow, to join the new cut of the Bristol turnpike at that place.

At the Consistorial Court at Exeter, Dec. 1, the vicar of Maker instituted a suit, claiming the tythe of sea-fish from the proprietors or occupiers of any fishing-boat, sean, net or fishing croaft, at the rate of £1. 13s. 4d. yearly, and one penny out of every shilling of the earnings of the poor men, from money, share or allowance!!! The Judge dismissed the defendants from the suit, and condemned the plaintiff in their costs. We need scarcely add, that the decision against this *ne plus ultra* of tythe-ism, has given great satisfaction to the natives.

Lectures on Astronomy have been delivered at the Bridgewater Mechanics' and Apprentices' Institution. Its members are fast increasing, and its usefulness rapidly rising.

Married.] At Dawlish, P. C. de la Garde, esq. to Susan, daughter of the late Rev. J. Lempriere, D.D.

Died.] At Ilfracombe, Jesse Foot, esq. 83, long known in the medical world; he was author also of a Life of Arthur Murphy, the celebrated dramatic writer.—At Holme, Sir Bouchier Wray, Bart. 76, of Tavistock-Court, and of Home-Chase, Devon.—At Plymouth, R. Creyke, esq., 80, commissioner of the Victualling Board at that place.—At Holsworthy, T. Pearce, esq., 76.—At Bath, Miss Woodward, daughter of the late Bishop of Cloyne.

NORTHAMPTON AND HUNTINGDON.

A petition has been presented to the Trustees of Laurence Sheriff's Almshouses, by the almsmen at Rugby, for an additional 1s. 6d. per week, ordered for them by the Lord Chancellor ever since August 4, 1823!!!—These poor fellows say, "they are, from age and infirmity, in a great measure helpless;" and well they may say so, as we find their ages in September last, thus designated—"W. Overton, 74; G. Collis, 78; A. Parker, 78; T. Bachelor, 79; G. Bachelor, 80; T. Brookes, 81; J. Buckland, 81; B. Harrod, 82; E. Green, 95"!!!

Died.] At Northampton, Mr. J. Sanders, 84; he had been parish clerk for more than 47 years—his predecessor had filled that office 55 years—At Weston Underwood, the Rev. J. Buchanan.

BEDFORD AND HERTS.

Dec. 6, the winter assizes commenced at Hertford, when there were no less than 44 prisoners for trial. The learned Judge (Bayley) in addressing the grand jury, alluded to "the beneficial effects of our meeting together for the purpose we do at *this season*"—thereby evincing the necessity of other counties having general goal deliveries oftener than twice in the year; or, at least, at *this season*, thus preventing the accused from being kept in goal all the winter before they are tried.

Died.] At Bedford, J. Wing, esq., alderman; he had filled the office of mayor several times.

CORNWALL.

A beautiful specimen of native copper has been presented to the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall by Mr. Pendarves; it weighs 120 lbs., and is the produce of Condurrow mine. On an assay of a part of the specimen, it was found to contain 99 parts in 100 of pure copper.

A new suite of rooms (patronised by the members of the county) with a Doric colonnade, have been opened at Falmouth by subscription, for the convenience of proprietors and subscribers, and the general accommodation of the gentlemen in the army and navy, and other strangers who may visit the town and neighbourhood. We understand this institution is the precursor to the constructing marine and other baths on the premises, which are open to a fine view of the harbour.

Lord Mount Edgcumbe has given a piece of ground at Stonehouse for a chapel of ease, which is to contain sittings for 1,400 persons—450 of them free. The expense of building, which will be £4,000, is to be defrayed by subscription, aided by the Commissioners of Church Buildings.

The late mayor of Tregony has been sentenced, by the King's Bench Court, to pay a fine of £100, and to be imprisoned six months in Bodmin goal, for a contempt in disobeying a mandamus to elect a new mayor for that borough.

Dec. 7, a county court was held at Penrith, at which there was not a single cause !!!

A memorial is about to be presented to Government, for the improvement of Padstow Harbour, at the entrance of which so many melancholy accidents have happened.

Died.] At Padstow, Mr. C. Boney, 80, celebrated for his scientific ingenuity in astronomical mechanism—At Marazion, Mrs. Grenfell, relict of the late Pascoe Grenfell, esq., aged 94—At St. Pinnock, Mr. Little, 85—At Truro, J. Vivian, esq., 77, vice-warden of the tanneries, and for many years chairman of the quarter sessions—At Penzance, T. Greenway, esq., of Warwick, late Master in Equity, and Chief Commissioner of the Court of Requests at Madras—At Trevanno, Helston, C. Wallis, esq., 82.

SALOP AND WALES.

A subscription has been entered into at Shrewsbury for the purpose of building a new Infirmary, and more than £6,000 have been already subscribed. The list of the contributors to this laudable undertaking, reflects the highest credit on the extreme liberality and high public spirit of the county.

A Tradesman and Mechanic's Institution was unanimously determined on and established at a numerous assemblage of the inhabitants, at the Town-Hall of Swansea, Nov. 29—and the first meeting was held at the Town-Hall, Dec. 7, when an introductory address was delivered, including a concise view of the first principles of natural philosophy—Geological

lectures have also been since delivered.—Progressive increase of tonnage on the Swansea-canal of stone, coal, and culm: 1818, 77,243—1823, 96,629—1824, 124,551—1825, 126,439—1826, 143,309.—Two first-rate ships of war are ordered to be immediately laid down at the Royal Dock-Yard, in Milford Haven.

Died.] At Carmarthen, Mrs. Stacey, 82—At Aberystwith, Jane, daughter of General Davies; and Mr. W. Jenkins, 90—At Eriylatt, Lieut.-Colonel J. P. Foulkes.

SCOTLAND.

A petition to the Legislature has been voted by a meeting of the inhabitants of the county of Renfrew, praying "Parliament earnestly, without delay, to pass a law authorising the free importation of all kinds of human food, in exchange for the manufactures of this country."—The petition from Lanark has been signed by upwards of 2,000 signatures, for the repeal of the Corn-Laws.

One of the most tremendous and awfully destructive storms of wind and snow ever experienced in this country, devastated the Highlands of Perth and Inverness-shires on Friday and Saturday last. The loss of human life already ascertained is deplorable, and the destruction of sheep and cattle in the Highland districts immense. In a letter from Inverness, addressed to a gentleman in this town, it is stated, that "such a dreadful storm had never been known there as that on Friday—a strong north-east wind, with heavy snow, so thick and dark, that one's sight could not penetrate it a dozen of yards. This continued all day. In the evening less snow fell, but the wind continued awful during the night. It being our Martinmas market, numbers of poor people from the country, attending the fair, lost their lives on this dreadful night. I have heard that 30 dead bodies have already been found among the snow. Trees, that had for ages stood the storms of winter, strewed the forest like rushes. The snow," it is added, "in the Highlands, south of Inverness, is drifted in some places to the depth of 100 feet." Among the mountains of our own county, the storm was no less dreadful. The accounts from sea are equally disastrous.—*Perth Courier*.

An earthquake was very sensibly felt and heard in the Isle of Arran, Nov. 26, a little before four o'clock in the afternoon. The motion continuing for about four seconds. The sky was serene and clear, and scarcely any wind.

Died.] At Nigg (Kincardineshire), aged 82, the Rev. Dr. Cruden, who for more than half a century presided over that parish as minister—At Rosemount, Ayrshire, Mrs. Fullarton, 77, sister to the late Countess of Dumfries, and aunt to the Marquis of Bute—At Dumfries, R. Hope, esq.; he was the most extensive cattle dealer probably in all Scotland, his yearly transactions averaged £300,000—At Edinburgh, the Hon. Miss Henrietta Fraser, daughter of Lord Saltoun.

IRELAND.

In the southern districts of this unfortunate country, a very alarming extent of distress at present exists. The public may guess at it from the representation of the Rev. M. O'Callaghan, in his report made to a charitable meeting at Cork: "Such wretchedness and misery were never before witnessed—besides those who exhibit their poverty in the streets, there are others still worse off housed in lanes and garrets, without even a particle of straw or covering, much less of food, and in this state they remain until they expire of absolute famine. I have known instances of what I state to occur within this week." !!!

Died.] At Coonogue, Wexford, Hugh Carill, 103; he requested to be buried without a coffin, which was complied with—At Rathmines, the Right Hon. Lord Clonbrock, of Clonbrock, Galway.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,
From the 21st of November to the 20th of December 1826.

| No. | Bank Stock. | 3 Pr. Ct. Red. | 3 Pr. Ct. Consols. | 3 1/2 Pr. Ct. Consols. | 3 1/2 Pr. Ct. Red. | N4 Pr. Ct. Ann. | Long Annuities. | India Stock. | India Bonds. | Exch. Bills. | Consols. for Acc. |
|-------|-----------------|----------------|--------------------|------------------------|--------------------|-----------------|-----------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|-------------------|
| 21 | 203 1/2 204 1/2 | 82 1/2 | 83 1/2 | 80 1/2 | 88 1/2 89 1/2 | 90 1/2 91 1/2 | 19 1/2 9-16 | — | 41 42p | 22 24p | 83 5-8 1/2 |
| 22 | 203 1/2 203 1/2 | 82 1/2 | 82 1/2 | 80 1/2 | 88 1/2 89 1/2 | 90 1/2 91 1/2 | 19 1/2 9-16 | 240 1/2 249 | — | 21 24p | 82 7-8 1/2 |
| 23 | 203 1/2 | 82 1/2 | 82 1/2 | 80 1/2 | 88 1/2 89 1/2 | 90 1/2 91 1/2 | 19 1/2 9-16 | — | 39 40p | 21 24p | 83 1/2 |
| 24 | 202 1/2 | 82 1/2 | 83 1/2 | 80 1/2 | 88 1/2 89 1/2 | 90 1/2 91 1/2 | 19 5-16 | — | 37 39p | 20 23p | 83 1/2 |
| 25 | 202 1/2 | 83 1/2 | 83 1/2 | — | 88 1/2 89 1/2 | 97 1/2 8 1/2 | 19 7-16 | 249 | 36 38p | 18 20p | 83 1/2 |
| 26 | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| 27 | 203 1/2 | 82 1/2 | 83 1/2 | — | 88 1/2 89 1/2 | 90 1/2 91 1/2 | 19 7-16 | — | 36 38p | 18 22p | 83 5-8 |
| 28 | 203 1/2 | 82 1/2 | 83 1/2 | — | 88 1/2 89 1/2 | 90 1/2 91 1/2 | 19 7-16 | — | 37 39p | 17 21p | 84 84 3-8 |
| 29 | 203 1/2 202 1/2 | 83 1/2 | 84 1/2 | — | 89 1/2 80 1/2 | 90 1/2 91 1/2 | 19 1/2 | 240 1/2 249 | — | 18 22p | 84 3-8 1/2 |
| 30 | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| 31 | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| Dec 1 | 203 1/2 | 82 1/2 | 83 1/2 | 80 1/2 | 88 1/2 89 1/2 | 90 1/2 91 1/2 | 19 7-16 | 245 | 35 39p | 18 22p | 84 3-8 |
| 2 | 202 1/2 | 82 1/2 | 83 1/2 | 80 1/2 | 88 1/2 89 1/2 | 90 1/2 91 1/2 | 19 1/2 | 246 249 | 36 37p | 18 22p | 84 1/2 |
| 3 | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| 4 | — | 82 1/2 | 83 1/2 | — | 89 1/2 80 1/2 | 90 1/2 91 1/2 | 19 1/2 | 248 | 35p | 17 21p | 84 1/2 |
| 5 | — | 82 1/2 | 83 1/2 | — | 89 1/2 80 1/2 | 90 1/2 91 1/2 | 19 1/2 | 249 249 | 34 36p | 17 21p | 84 1/2 |
| 6 | — | 82 1/2 | 83 1/2 | — | 89 1/2 80 1/2 | 90 1/2 91 1/2 | 19 7-16 1/2 | — | 35 37p | 18 22p | 84 1/2 |
| 7 | 203 1/2 | 83 1/2 | — | — | 89 1/2 80 1/2 | 90 1/2 91 1/2 | 19 9-16 5-8 | — | 37 39p | 18 22p | 84 5-8 |
| 8 | 203 1/2 | 83 1/2 | — | — | 89 1/2 80 1/2 | 90 1/2 91 1/2 | 19 5-8 | — | 38 40p | 18 22p | 84 5-8 |
| 9 | 203 1/2 | 82 1/2 | — | — | 89 1/2 80 1/2 | 90 1/2 91 1/2 | — | — | 40 42p | 19 23p | 84 1/2 |
| 10 | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| 11 | 203 1/2 | 82 1/2 | — | — | 89 1/2 80 1/2 | 90 1/2 91 1/2 | 19 1/2 | — | 41 43p | 22 24p | 84 1/2 |
| 12 | 201 1/2 202 1/2 | 76 1/2 9 1/2 | — | — | 86 1/2 85 1/2 | — | 18 5-8 1/2 | — | 27 30p | 10 18p | 80 1/2 81 |
| 13 | — | 77 1/2 79 | — | — | 85 1/2 83 1/2 | — | 18 9-16 18 | — | 27 29p | 3 18p | 90 5-8 |
| 14 | 198 1/2 199 1/2 | 76 1/2 79 | — | — | 82 1/2 81 1/2 | — | 18 17 1/2 | — | 17p | 8p | 77 1/2 79 |
| 15 | 197 1/2 198 1/2 | 75 1/2 6 1/2 | — | — | 82 1/2 81 1/2 | — | 17 1/2 18 1/2 | — | 5 10p | 1 7p | 78 3-8 |
| 16 | 200 1/2 | 77 1/2 9 1/2 | — | — | 84 1/2 5 1/2 | — | 18 1/2 | — | 13 15p | 4 9p | 79 1/2 80 1/2 |
| 17 | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| 18 | 199 1/2 | 78 1/2 9 | — | — | 84 1/2 5 | — | 18 1/2 | — | 18p | 5 11p | 80 3-8 |
| 19 | 198 1/2 199 1/2 | 78 1/2 79 | — | — | 85 1/2 84 1/2 | — | 18 1/2 | — | 21 25p | 6 12p | 80 1/2 |
| 20 | 199 1/2 | 78 1/2 79 | — | — | 86 1/2 84 1/2 | — | 18 1/2 | — | 26 30p | 11 20p | 79 1/2 80 1/2 |

E. Erson, Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From 20th Nov. to 19th Dec. inclusive.

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co., 50, High Holborn.

| November. | Rain Gauge. | Moon. | Therm. | | | Barometer. | | De Luc's Hygro. | | Winds. | | Atmospheric Variations. | | |
|-----------|-------------|-------|---------|------|------|------------|----------|-----------------|----------|---------|----------|-------------------------|---------|----------|
| | | | 9 A. M. | Max. | Min. | 9 A. M. | 10 P. M. | 9 A. M. | 10 P. M. | 9 A. M. | 10 P. M. | 9 A. M. | 2 P. M. | 10 P. M. |
| 20 | | | 44 | 47 | 42 | 30 24 | 30 33 | 85 | 93 | NE | NE | Clo. | Clo. | Clo. |
| 21 | | | 45 | 46 | 40 | 30 35 | 30 33 | 75 | 86 | NE | NNE | — | — | — |
| 22 | | | 44 | 46 | 43 | 30 27 | 30 17 | 77 | 81 | N | N | — | — | — |
| 23 | | | 44 | 49 | 43 | 29 97 | 29 76 | 93 | 88 | NNE | NE | — | — | S. Rain |
| 24 | | | 45 | 47 | 32 | 29 41 | 29 31 | 90 | 80 | WSW | WSW | — | — | Fine |
| 25 | | | 38 | 43 | 28 | 29 08 | 29 11 | 74 | 89 | WSW | WSW | Fine | — | Clo. |
| 26 | | | 31 | 36 | 30 | 29 21 | 29 40 | 75 | 83 | WSW | W | — | Fine | Foggy |
| 27 | | | 33 | 37 | 32 | 29 60 | 29 64 | 83 | 88 | W | SW | — | — | — |
| 28 | | | 35 | 48 | 47 | 29 68 | 29 43 | 91 | 96 | WSW | SW | Foggy | S. Rain | S. Rain |
| 29 | | | 48 | 50 | 43 | 29 28 | 29 31 | 87 | 93 | SW | SW | — | Fair | Rain |
| 30 | | | 46 | 48 | 36 | 29 28 | 29 40 | 94 | 94 | WSW | W | Clo. | — | Foggy |
| Dec. 1 | | | 45 | 46 | 39 | 29 33 | 29 13 | 93 | 97 | WSW | WSW | — | Rain | Rain |
| 2 | | | 42 | 47 | 39 | 29 10 | 29 10 | 87 | 87 | WSW | W | Fair | — | Fair |
| 3 | | | 40 | 45 | 34 | 29 29 | 29 31 | 84 | 85 | W | W | Clo. | Clo. | Clo. |
| 4 | | | 37 | 39 | 35 | 29 31 | 29 61 | 88 | 82 | WNW | NW | — | — | — |
| 5 | | | 40 | 41 | 33 | 29 62 | 29 56 | 84 | 89 | NW | NW | — | — | Rain |
| 6 | | | 36 | 50 | 50 | 29 60 | 29 62 | 98 | 98 | ESE | SSW | Rain | Rain | — |
| 7 | | | 52 | 54 | 47 | 29 50 | 29 33 | 90 | 98 | WSW | SW | — | — | Clo. |
| 8 | | | 50 | 52 | 42 | 29 20 | 29 45 | 90 | 88 | SW | W | Clo. | Clo. | — |
| 9 | | | 42 | 48 | 47 | 29 76 | 29 73 | 92 | 97 | W | S | — | — | Rain |
| 10 | | | 52 | 54 | 49 | 29 74 | 29 80 | 99 | 97 | SSW | S | Rain | Rain | Clo. |
| 11 | | | 52 | 53 | 46 | 29 73 | 29 80 | 98 | 95 | SSW | SSW | — | Fair | Fair |
| 12 | | | 50 | 51 | 44 | 29 71 | 29 46 | 93 | 94 | S | SSE | Fair | — | Clo. |
| 13 | | | 48 | 52 | 43 | 29 48 | 29 49 | 97 | 97 | SW | SW | — | — | — |
| 14 | | | 46 | 50 | 45 | 29 49 | 29 52 | 91 | 92 | SW | S | — | — | — |
| 15 | | | 47 | 49 | 45 | 29 53 | 29 50 | 90 | 97 | SE | E | Foggy | — | — |
| 16 | | | 47 | 49 | 44 | 29 47 | 29 60 | 98 | 97 | E | E | Clo. | — | — |
| 17 | | | 45 | 46 | 41 | 29 75 | 29 84 | 98 | 94 | E | ENE | — | — | Fair |
| 18 | | | 42 | 43 | 40 | 29 87 | 29 92 | 89 | 85 | E | E | — | — | — |
| 19 | | | 42 | 44 | 40 | 29 92 | 29 94 | 87 | 90 | E | ENE | — | Clo. | Clo. |

The Rain Gauge having frozen, no account was taken of the quantity of Rain fallen